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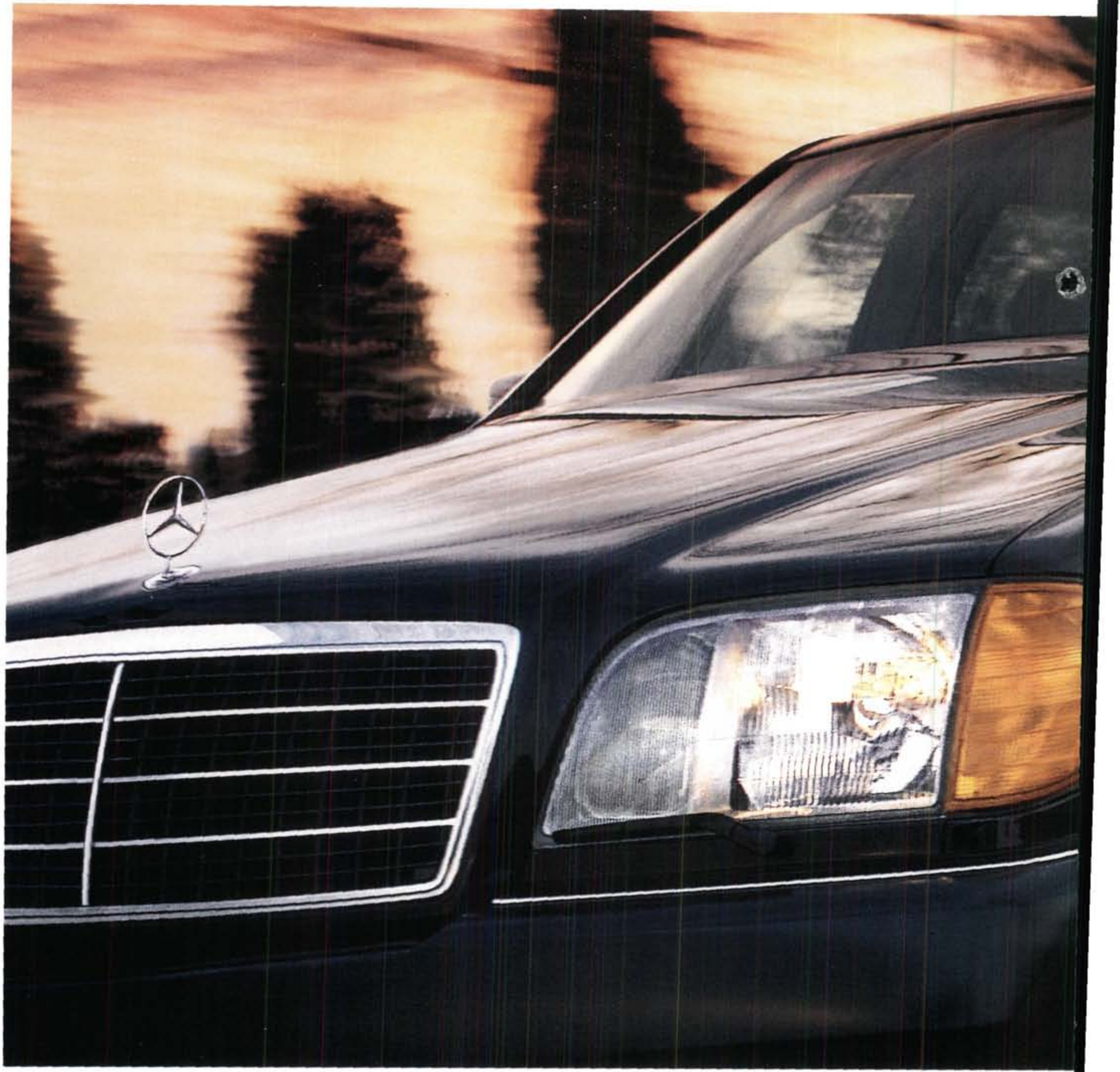

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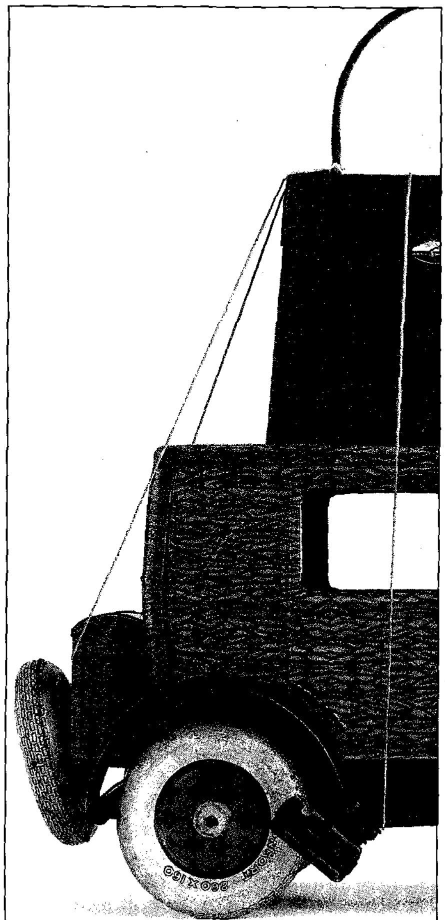

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THE NEW YORKER

MARCH 28, 1994

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DRAWINGS *Robert Mankoff, Victoria Roberts, Edward Koren, Mike Twohy, Frank Cotham, Lee Lorenz, Mischa Richter, John O'Brien, Dean Vietor, Bernard Schoenbaum, Richard Cline, W.B. Park, Eric Teitelbaum*

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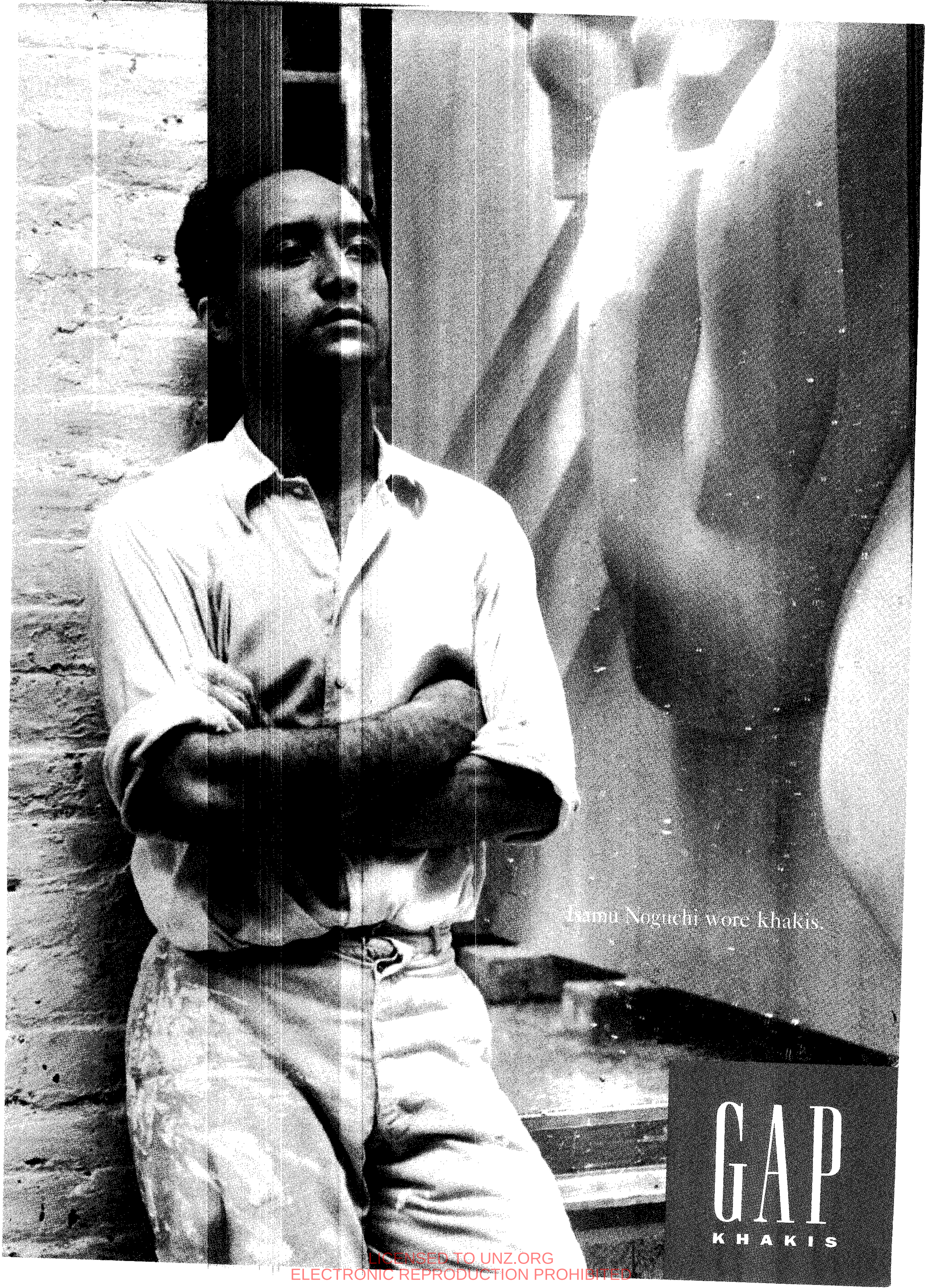
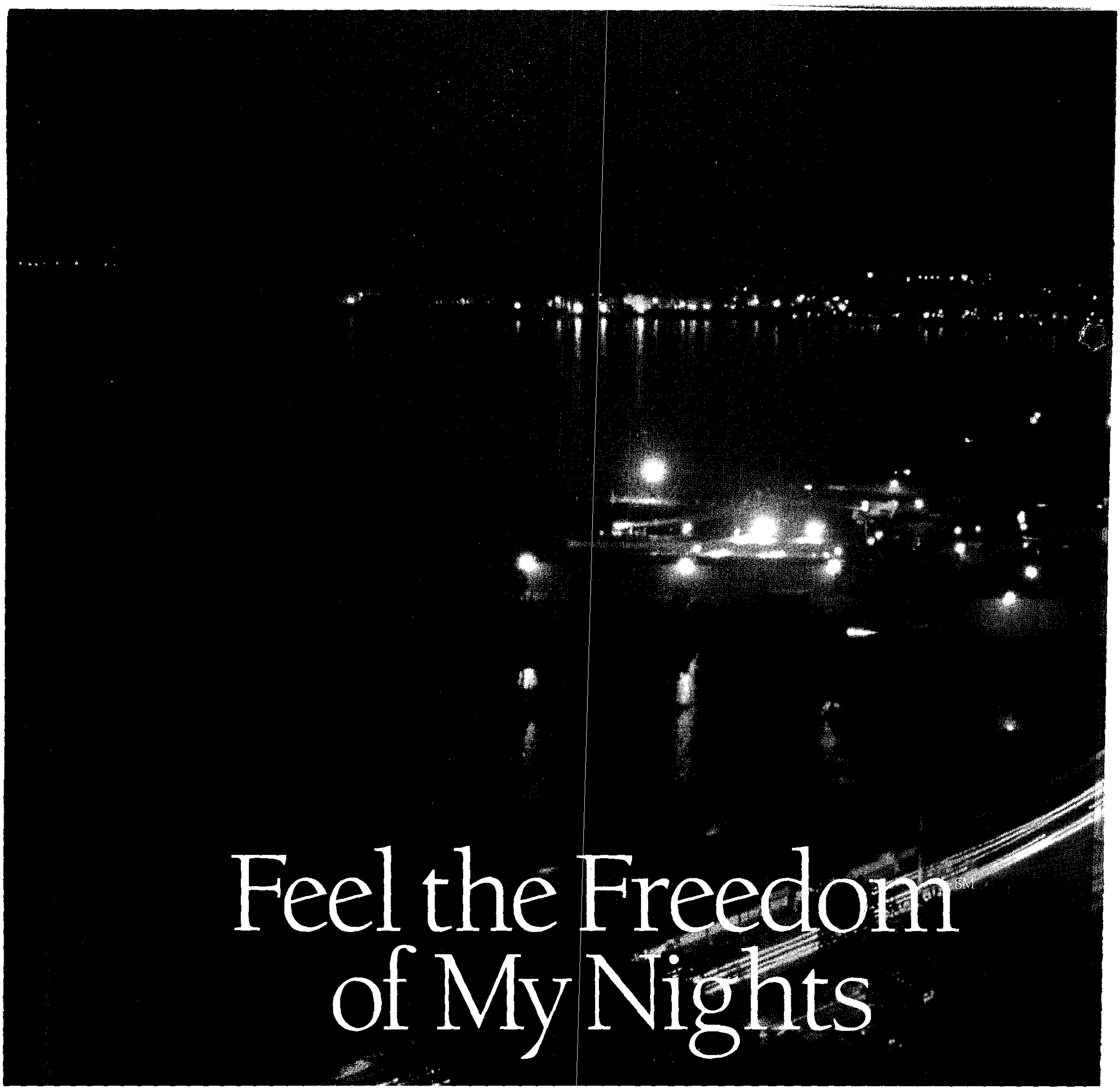

Isamu Noguchi wore khakis.
GAP
KHAKIS



I am dancers moving sensuously to the rhythms of romantic Latin music. Lovers sipping cool Panamanian rum in sidewalk cafes fragrant with jasmine and wild orchid.

I am skyscrapers towering over 16th century courtyards. And Lady Luck taking hold of your hand in a late-night casino.

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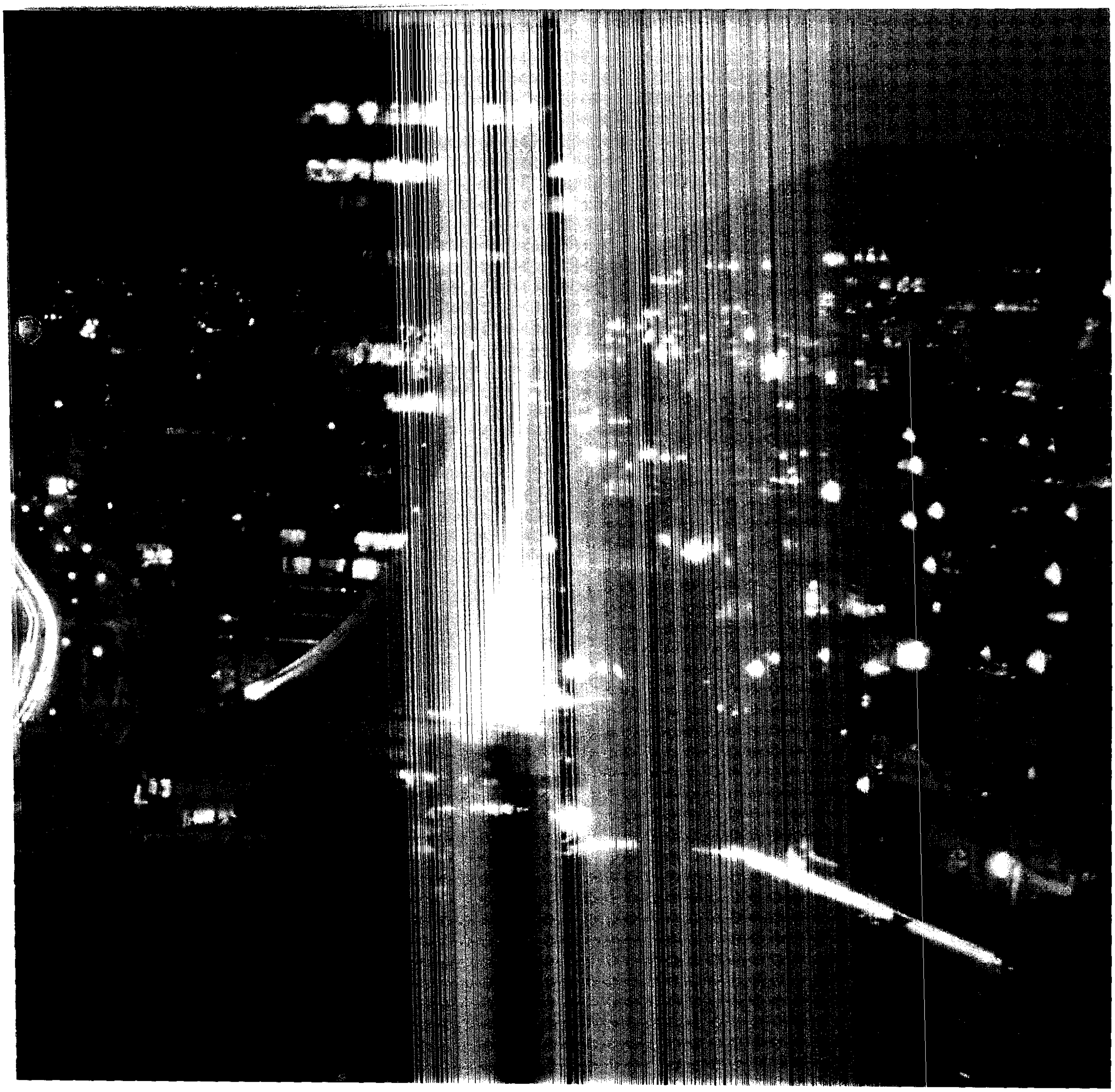
I am the delightful surprise of being served lobster dinners for two in a smart supper club for a price lower than you ever dreamed. And savoring native dishes like *Seviche* and *Sancocho,* along with lusty, local Panamanian beer.

I am the Panama Canal by moonlight. And proud



Panamanian women doing high-spirited folkloric dances in my colorful national dress – the *pollera.*

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COMMENT

VENDETTA

If the American Bar Association ever establishes an award for obnoxiousness, the first recipient could easily be Bruce Cutler, Esq. Cutler represented John Gotti, whom the tabloids breathlessly (and accurately) called New York's top organized-crime boss. By 1992, after seven years of this particular attorney-client relationship, the client was in prison for life, and the attorney had become a caricature of him. Cutler, who has the physique of a wrestler, can be a bully in the courtroom, with a boorish, overbearing style of baiting not only witnesses but also (bad idea) judges. In 1991, when the news broke that Cutler was under investigation by a federal grand jury—an investigation that Fredric Dannen recently described in these pages ("Defending the Mafia," February 21st)—there were many who privately rejoiced: it seemed about time for Cutler to be brought to justice.

Now he has been—even though the grand jury is still out. In a trial that concluded in January of this year, Cutler was found guilty of breaking the law, and the defense community is betting that the judge in the case, Thomas C. Platt, who was also the finder of fact (it was a nonjury trial), will sentence him to prison. (The maximum term is six months.) What, exactly, was Cutler's crime? Obstruction of justice? Tax fraud? Suborning perjury? No. It was talking to the news media. The judge in the most recent Gotti case, I. Leo Glasser, had instructed Cutler not to make public statements that could interfere with the trial, and Cutler had had the gall to give interviews in which he asserted his client's innocence and vouched for his character. For that, he has been convicted of contempt.

There is no cause here for rejoicing. The defense bar has rallied around Cutler, but the public has largely ignored the case, assuming that it's about a loudmouthed lawyer getting his comeuppance. Not so. Cutler's own nastiness has served to disguise the nastiness of the case against him, which is nothing less than an attack on the First

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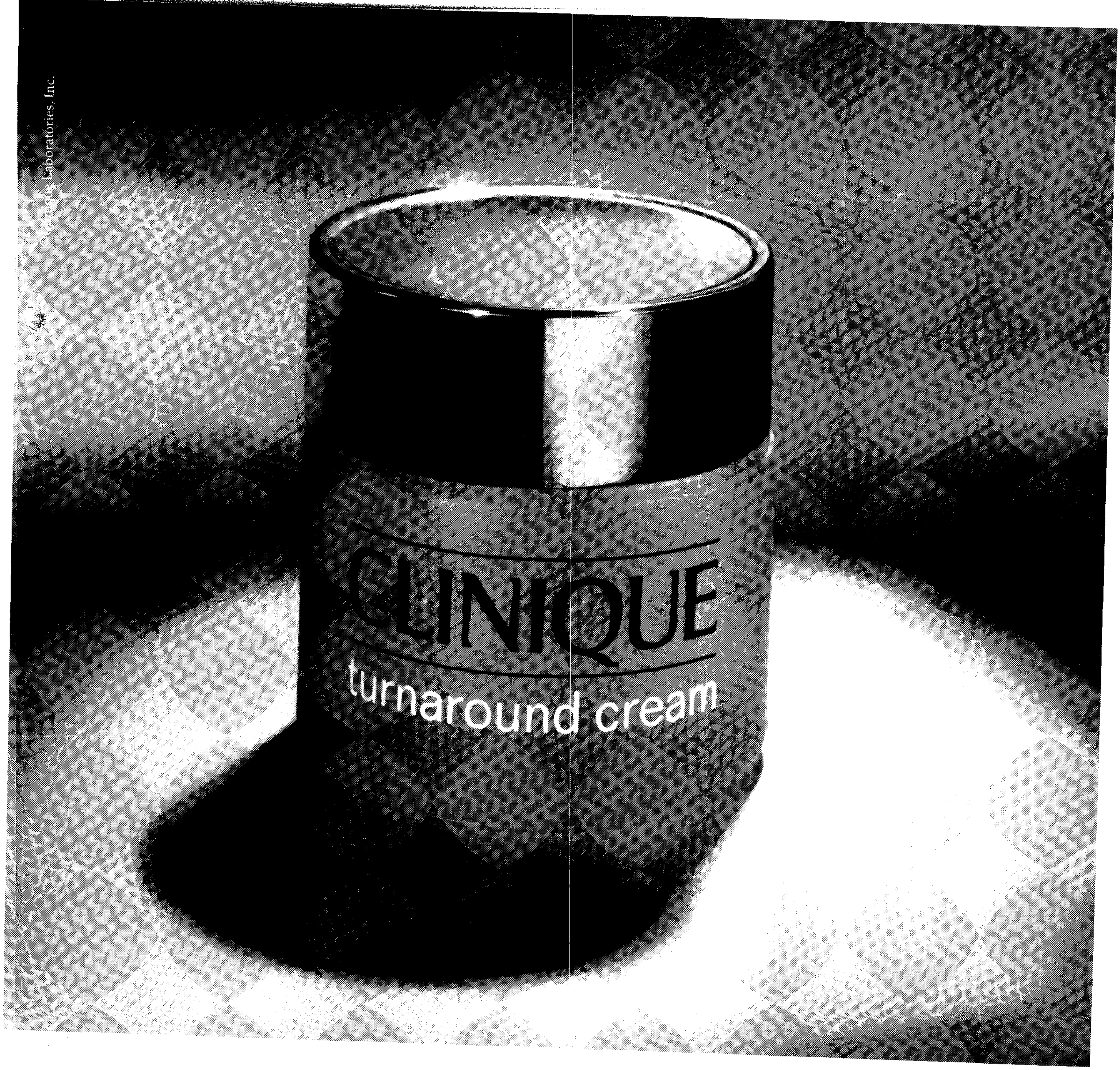

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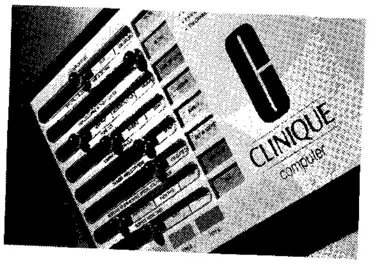

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Amendment and on the presumption of innocence.

Cutler and Glasser crossed paths late in 1990, when John Gotti was indicted in Brooklyn federal court for, among other things, the murder of the Gambino-family boss, Paul Castellano. Judge Glasser, who is sixty-nine, is known as an excellent scholar of the law and also as a contemptuous critic of the news media. (He likes to tell a story he heard around 1941, when he was working for Hearst's *Journal-American.* The city editor had milk bottles stolen from front stoops to prove that they contained germs; when lab reports contradicted his theory, Glasser relates, the editor's response was "Goddam it—I want germs in the milk!") There was a torrent of pretrial publicity in the Gotti case, and it made Glasser grouchy. On three occasions, he admonished the lawyers in the case to abide by Local Rule 7, which prohibits counsel from disseminating information or making public statements before a trial "if there is a reasonable likelihood that such dissemination will interfere with a fair trial or otherwise prejudice the due administration of justice."

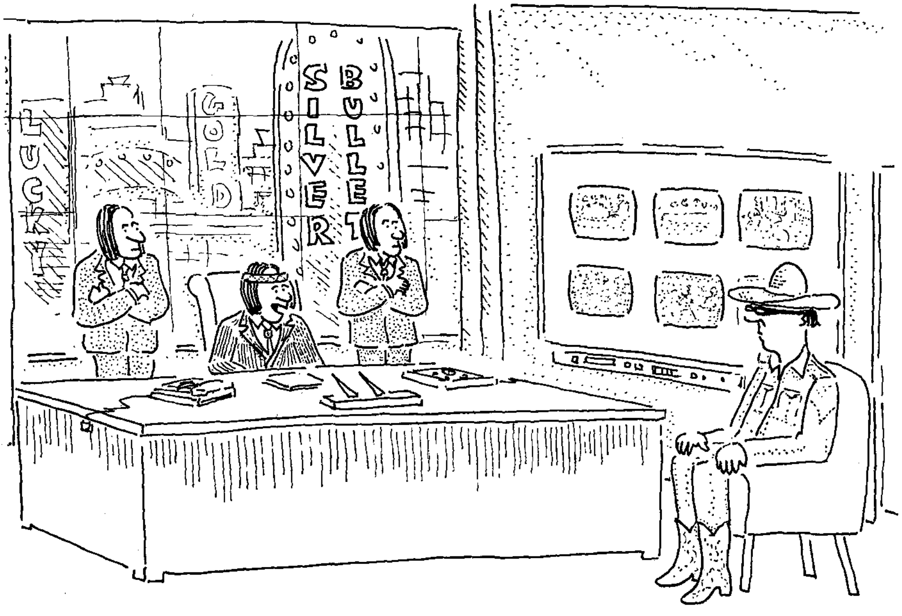
Bruce Cutler was also unhappy about the pretrial publicity, and for good reason: it was overwhelmingly against his client. When tapes of Gotti's profanity-laced conversations, surreptitiously recorded by the F.B.I. at his Manhattan social club, were unsealed, the daily papers and local TV news programs went into spasms of delight. (Among the headlines were the *News's* "COSA NOSTRA TILL I DIE: JOHN GOTTI" and the *Post's* "GOTTI'S SOLUTION—'WE KILL 'EM.' ") Many of the stories were fuelled by press leaks from unnamed government sources. Cutler was not about to keep quiet through all this, and in interviews he presented a different picture of his client: Gotti was a "good" and "honorable" man who was being "framed"; the government had "thrown the Constitution out the window" in the quest to convict him; prosecutors had a "vendetta" against Gotti, because he was a "folk hero"; the government's witnesses were "bums"; and so forth.

Judge Glasser believed that Cutler had violated his instructions. He described Local Rule 7 as "in essence, a kind of gag order," and that was wishful thinking on his part. In 1991, in Gentile v. State Bar of Nevada, the Supreme Court ruled, five to four, that a lawyer's right of free speech may be curbed if there is a "substantial likelihood" that his comments will interfere with a fair trial—a standard more protective of speech than the "reasonable likelihood" edict of Rule 7. Justice Anthony Kennedy, in concurrence with three other justices (the opinion was fractured), stated that "an attorney may take reasonable steps to defend a client's reputation and reduce the adverse consequences of indictment." In other words, a lawyer cannot be expected to sit back and do nothing when his client is being clobbered in the court of public opinion. But if the Cutler verdict is upheld by the federal Court of Appeals, anonymous agents of the government will have free rein to plant negative news stories about any person under indictment, while that person's attorney will be helpless to comment without placing his license to practice law, and even his liberty, at risk.

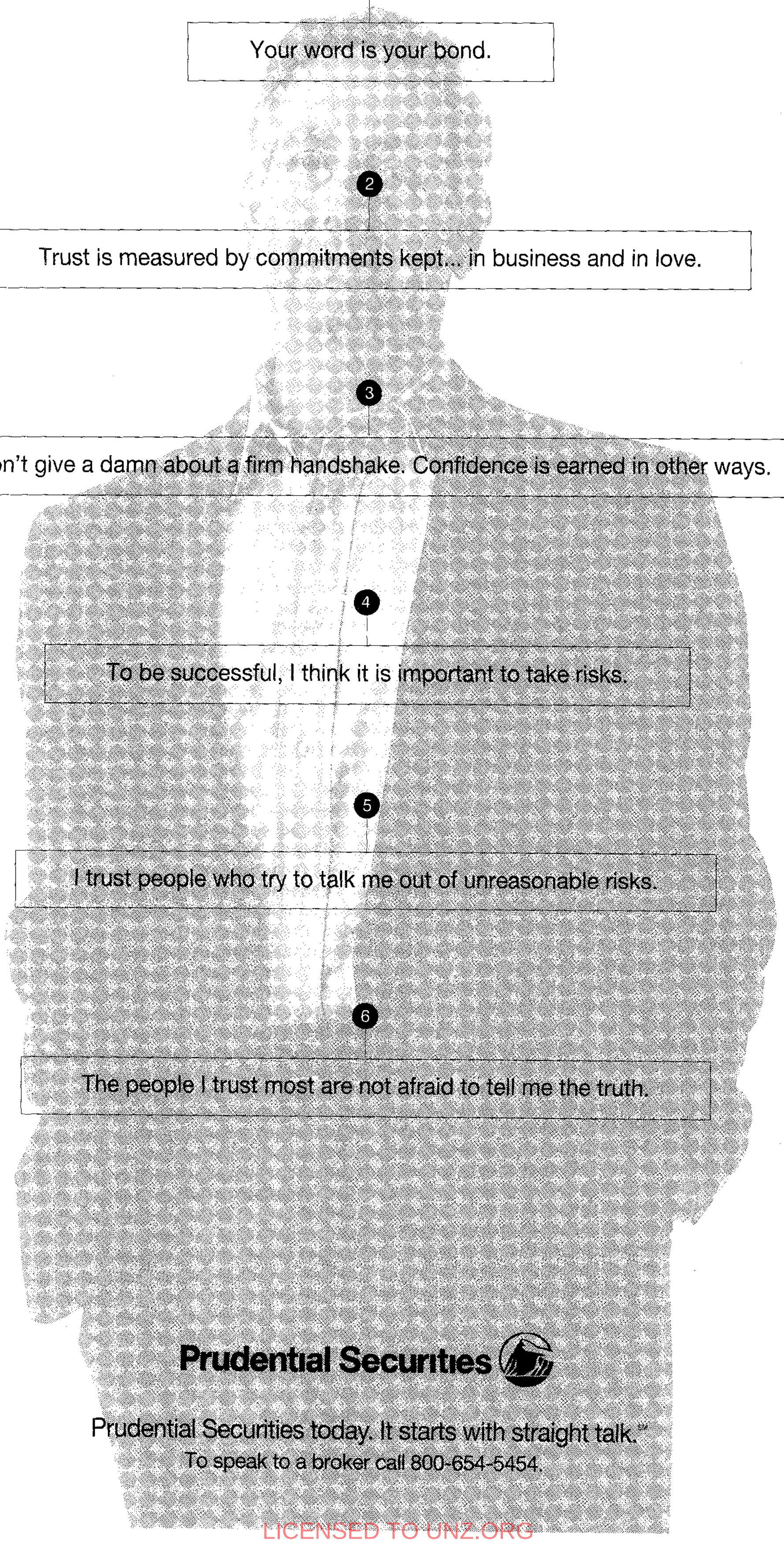
In any event, there was no "substantial," or even "reasonable," likelihood that any comments made by Bruce Cutler could influence the outcome of the Gotti case; in fact, there was no likelihood at all. When two hundred and fifteen potential jurors in the Gotti case were interviewed during jury selection, not one said that the pretrial publicity had prejudiced him or her in Gotti's favor. But many said they could not be fair and impartial, because they had formed an anti-Gotti bias from press accounts.

By that time, however, Judge Glasser had appointed a special prosecutor to investigate Bruce Cutler for criminal contempt. When Judge Platt was selected to preside over Cutler's trial, it was a bad omen, because Platt is viewed as pro-government. The trial, which began on June 21, 1993, and lasted four days, had a surreal quality. The first two days were devoted to the showing of videotapes of Cutler being interviewed on "60 Minutes" and "PrimeTime Live" and more obscure programs, such as "Nine Broadcast Plaza." During the trial, John Gallagher, the special prosecutor, argued that Cutler had violated Rule 7 by making materially false statements. For example, Gallagher suggested, hadn't Cutler maintained in pretrial interviews that John Gotti did not murder Paul Castellano? This idiotic question captured the perversity of the case. Apparently, in the government's view a defense attorney is out of line if he does not admit the guilt of his client.

The vendetta against Cutler is ill-advised for another reason, too: jurors are not dumb. They understand that their job is to render their verdicts on the basis of the evidence presented in court. Judges ought to concern themselves mainly with the proceedings in their courtrooms. When they start trying to police what people say elsewhere, the Constitution is apt to end up, as Cutler would say, out the window. ♦



"Kemo sabe, I want you to be official greeter at my new casino."



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IN THE MAIL

BLACKS AND JEWS

Paul Berman's essay on African-Americans and Jews ("The Other and the Almost the Same," February 28th) was thoughtful and balanced, but it underestimated the differences between the two groups in two crucial regards. The first is that it overlooked the structure of American ideology, which tends to divide people who are considered white from people who are not considered white—and Jews, in this scheme, are white. The second important point that Mr. Berman barely mentioned is a chain of association between American blacks, South Africa, and Israel: in both South Africa and Palestine, European settlers have displaced non-European natives; and so black Americans regard the ties between Israel and South Africa during the era of apartheid as particularly important. Within this context, Jewish opposition to affirmative action becomes more than just a political tendency: it becomes Jews as whites and so, by extension, as oppressors of blacks.

As a Southern historian at Princeton University, I was also reminded by Mr. Berman's article of the long tradition of bigotry within the ranks of defenders of poor white Southerners. At the turn of the twentieth century, there were many advocates of violence against blacks in the name of protecting poor whites. Black nationalists did not invent the practice of solidifying one's own identity at the expense of other people.

NELL PAINTER
Princeton, N.J.

Although there are clear parallels in Jewish and African-American history which justify Paul Berman's application of the theory of hatred for "the almost the same," Khalid Abdul Muhammad's ideas about Jewish conspiracy are nothing new. The same ideas dominate the anti-Semitic propaganda in countries like Russia, Ukraine, and Poland. People in these countries obviously don't fit the above description: they are nations with their own land, states representing a majority of their population. But certain features of their anti-Semitism are the same as those of the Nation of Islam. To me it seems more fruitful to view today's anti-Semitism (both black and white) in America and everywhere else in terms of worldwide economic problems and a subsequent rise in ultranational propaganda. To gain political capital and to protect themselves from answering real questions, some leaders choose to seek an external source of all their problems. A world-famous tradition in these circumstances is to blame the Jewish conspiracy.

ALEXANDER PRIKHOJAN
Long Island City, N.Y.

I am an American Jew, in my mid-thirties, proud of my rich and ancient heritage, very grateful to be a citizen of a nation where I can practice my faith without fear of persecution. There was a lot familiar to me in Paul Berman's article on relations between African-Americans and Jewish Americans in the United States today. I do feel a kinship with African-Americans. And I was enraged when I learned about Khalid Abdul Muhammad's speech at Kean College in New Jersey. I grew up in an integrated town in New Jersey. I learned early and well to judge a man or a woman on merits, on enthusiasm and creativity and attitude—not on skin color or ethnic background or religious preference.

I recognize that this was not the same

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land of opportunity for Africans that it was for my great-grandparents. And still, so many African-Americans have been and continue to be an inspiration to me: Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Arthur Ashe, Justice Thurgood Marshall, Sammy Davis, Jr. I applaud the accomplishments of African-Americans in bearing such a great share of the impetus for change and growth which has bettered our nation. We need more people like them. And, Mr. Farrakhan and Mr. Muhammad, we need fewer people like you.

ROBIN A. KOPIT
Santa Cruz, Calif.

TILLEY BUSINESS

Congratulations on the R. Crumb painting on the cover of the February 21st *New Yorker*. Seeing it, I recalled several of my all-time friends—including my favorite lout, Crumb's Bo Bo Bolinski—with warmth and laughter. The cover was a perfect mirror of the truth of this unfortunate earthly culture, and it revealed our deep black center with humor. I'm now in my seventies, and it brought back a lewd brightness to my failing heart and eyes.

DAN HODERMARSKY
Deer Isle, Maine

The magazine's February 21st anniversary cover dismissed the nearly three-score-and-ten-year tradition of reproducing Eustace Tilley's original portrait in favor of a flippant visual remark. I do not object to flippancy itself, although, as a matter of degree, trading curious contemplation of a butterfly for the vacant perusal of a topless-bar handbill went over the edge. More important is that by publishing Mr. Crumb's painting on the anniversary issue you have poked your thumb in the eye of tradition for a reason no weightier than casual irreverence. You have forty-nine other issues to make that sort of statement.

RICHARD W. MARK
New York City

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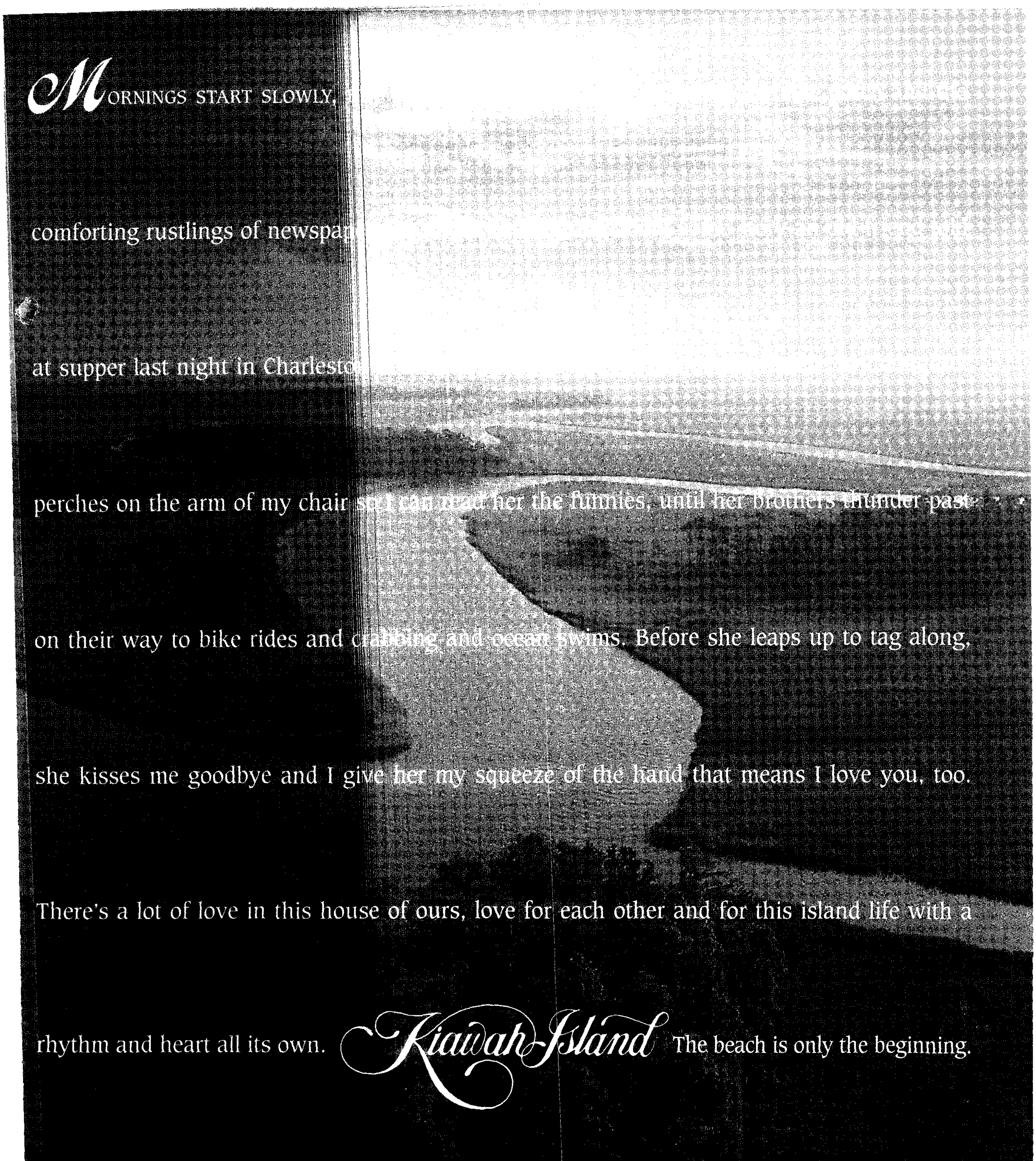

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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27	28	29				

THE THEATRE

A Well-Grac'd Actor

“RICHARD II” is seldom seen in New York, and it's not just because Shakespeare's histories tend to be a hard sell. In essence, the play chronicles a coup, but it has no spectacular action or looming villains, and only one schoolboy speech (“This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England . . .”). Moreover, it requires actors proficient at speaking verse, and the title character, awash in what Marlowe once called “high astounding terms,” has to have authentic panache. Typically, the role is played by a thirtyish actor, culminating the early stages of a classical career. This may account for the amazement of Michael Stuhlbarg, twenty-five years old and two years out of Juilliard, at being cast as the King in the Steven Berkoff staging of the play, which is in previews at the Public. (Earle Hyman and Carole Shelley are also among the players.)

It's not Richard's age (thirty-three) that daunts Mr. Stuhlbarg; he has been assigned older roles since he was a kid in California, because, he says, “everyone else preferred to be dashing.” No, the surprise is more basic. “I still think of myself as a *supporting* actor,” he explains, referring to his recent work in plays like “Saint Joan,” “The Government Inspector,” and “Timon of Athens.” Mr. Stuhlbarg's modesty extends to playing opposite André Braugher, the production's Bolingbroke, who has been making an impression on TV audiences, in NBC's “Homicide.” Mr. Stuhlbarg says his own first impression of Mr. Braugher figured into his decision to attend Juilliard. “When I went to visit the school with my father, before I enrolled I was given tickets to a production of ‘Othello.’ André had the lead, and I've never forgotten his performance.”

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Beauty and the Beast—The long-awaited musical juggernaut, based on the 1991 Disney movie, features the songs of Alan Menken and Howard Ashman, as well as a few new ones by Mr. Menken and Tim Rice. With Susan Egan, Terrence Mann, and Tom Bosley. In previews. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

Carousel—*Michael Hayden is Billy Bigelow* in this production of Rodgers and Hammerstein's 1945 musical, which comes to New York via London's Royal National Theatre. Nicholas Hytner directed. Two previews on March 23. Opens March 24 at 6:30. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—The comedian/commentator's new one-man show. In previews. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

New York Rock—The première of Yoko Ono's rock musical. In previews. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

Passion—Stephen Sondheim's new musical, with a book by James Lapine, who also directed. Donna Murphy, Jere Shea, and Marin Mazzie lead the cast. Previews begin March 24. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Richard II—Shakespeare's history play, with Michael Stuhlbarg and André Braugher. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Twilight: Los Angeles, 1992—Anna Deavere Smith's one-woman show, which premièred at L.A.'s Mark Taper Forum last year. Opens March 23 at 8 and continues through April 3. After the run at the Public, the play will move to Broadway. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

OPENED RECENTLY

All in the Timing—Six sparkling one-act comedies by David Ives. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

The America Play—A play by Suzan-Lori Parks, with Gail Grate, Reggie Montgomery, and Michael Potts. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes March 27.)

Angels in America—“Perestroika,” the second half of Tony Kushner's “Angels in America,” is a masterpiece. Epic in scope, superbly acted, and directed with passionate restraint by George C. Wolfe, the play employs an original, impressionistic theatrical vocabulary to show us the heart of a new age. It runs in repertory with the first half, “Millennium Approaches.” (“Perestroika” was reviewed in our issue of 12/13/93; “Millennium Approaches,” 5/31/93.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

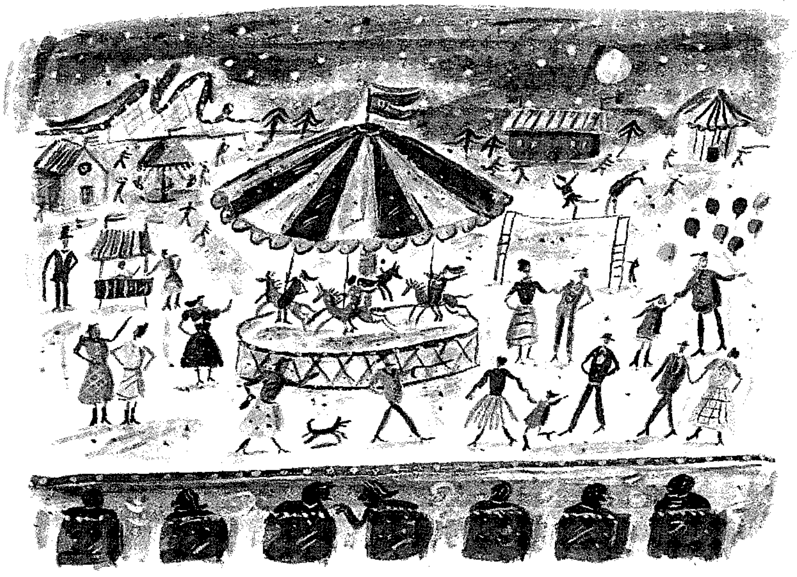
The Arabian Nights—Jenny Bacon is Scheherazade in Mary Zimmerman's adaptation of the classic tales. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

As You Like It—The Willow Cabin Theatre Company presents a charming and straightforward production of Shakespeare's comedy. The cast are all terrific, particularly Fiona Davis and Dede Pochos as Rosalind and Celia, John Bolger as Orlando, Laurence Gleason as Touchstone, and Kenneth Favre as one of the shepherds. The director, Edward Berkeley, has set the production in America in the nineteen-thirties. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 886-1889. Closes March 27.)

Avenue X—An a-cappella musical, by John Jiler and Ray Leslee, about racial disharmony in a tough neighborhood in Brooklyn in the early sixties. Its chief pleasures are some lovely doo-wop harmonies and the sensational, roof-raising voice of Alvaleta Guess. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes April 3.)

Black—In this play by Joyce Carol Oates, a young professional woman, who is white, invites her ex-husband to dinner to meet her new boyfriend, who is black. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 873-3767. Closes April 3.)

Blown Sideways Through Life—In her sixty-fifth job, Claudia Shear charmingly and observantly tells us about her previous sixty-four, which have ranged from working in a hardware store to being a “phone girl” at a whorehouse, with a stint as a Bloomingdale's cosmetics salesgirl thrown in. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2285.)



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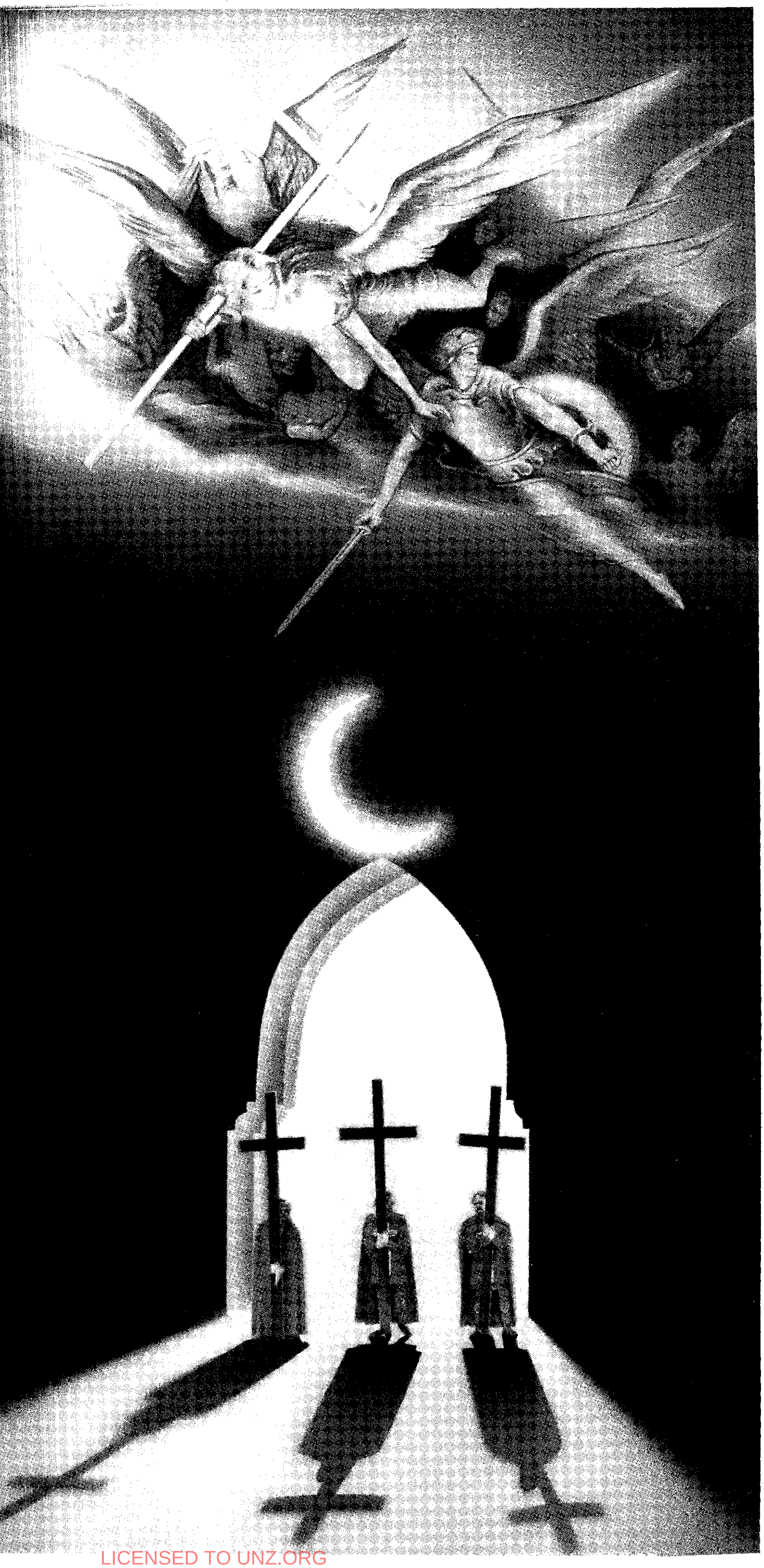

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THE THEATRE-Cont'd

Damn Yankees—Victor Garber and Bebe Neuwirth star in the first Broadway revival of the 1955 musical by George Abbott and Douglass Wallop (book) and Richard Adler and Jerry Ross (score and lyrics). The cast also includes Jarrod Emick. Jack O'Brien directed. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

The Day the Bronx Died—Akili Prince, Luis A. Laporte, Jr., and Neal Huff portray three teen-age friends—two black, one Jewish—in Michael Henry Brown's play. Also with Leon Addison Brown. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes April 3.)

The Errols—A musical by Todd J. Fletcher, about a trip to the South, taken by a black woman and her biracial son. (45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. 777-7474. Closes March 26.)

Family Secrets—Sherry Glaser is the sole, physically adept, very funny performer in this comedy about a Jewish family, which she wrote with Greg Howells. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

The Flowering Peach—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson have the leads in this National Actors Theatre revival of Clifford Odets' 1954 play. Also with Josh Mostel. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280.)

Four Dogs and a Bone—The "bone" of John Patrick Shanley's satiric comedy is a movie, and the "four dogs" are its producer, writer, and two actresses, who together make the funniest foursome in town. With Arabella Field, Peter Jacobson, Ann Magnuson, and Reg Rogers. (11/15/93) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

Freefall—A play by Charles Smith, with K. Todd Freeman, Eugene Fleming, Valarie Pettiford, and Geoffrey C. Ewing. (Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes April 3.)

Hello Again—Suggested by Arthur Schnitzler's play "La Ronde," Michael John LaChiusa's new musical travels through various American decades to tell a bittersweet story of hetero- and homosexual seductions and betrayals. (2/21/94) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes March 27.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Presenting two shows, one of which is "The Brothers Karamazov." David Fishelson wrote and directed this adaptation of Dostoyevski's novel. It's a long evening, but it's worth it. The brothers are Craig Smith, Mark Waterman, and John Lenartz; John Schmerling is particularly fine in several smaller roles. The drama alternates performances with "Iphigeneia at Aulis," a translation of Euripides' play by W. S. Merwin and George E. Dimock, Jr. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—A considerably pumped-up version of Andrew Lloyd Webber's first musical, with former soap star Michael Damian in the title role. The Bible was never like this. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—A musical, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, with a distinguished book by Terrence McNally and a star performance by the redoubtable Chita Rivera in the title role. Harold Prince was the director. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Laughter on the 23rd Floor—Neil Simon's twenty-seventh Broadway play, about a group of writers for a fictionalized version of "Your Show of Shows," is one of his finest comic efforts. Directed by Jerry Zaks, with Mark Linn-Baker, Lewis J. Stadlen, Nathan Lane, Ron Orbach, John Slattery, and J. K. Simmons. (12/20/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Marathon Dancing—En Garde Arts presents a site-specific play written by Laura Harrington and conceived and directed by Anne Bogart. (Masonic Hall, 71 W. 23rd St., third floor. 777-7474. Closes April 10.)

My Fair Lady—Howard Davies' genial new production of the Lerner and Loewe musical. Richard Chamberlain is all charm and suave good looks as Professor Henry Higgins, and Melissa Errico lends a fine voice and an attractive presence to the role of Eliza. (1/17/94) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

Pounding Nails in the Floor with My Forehead—The latest solo show by the boss of monologuists, Eric Bogosian, is basically a continuation of his 1990 "Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll": portraits of a dozen alarming characters—the manic, the depressive, the deluded, and the deranged—who have squatter's rights in Bogosian's mind. (2/21/94) (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 307-4100.)

Ricky Jay & His 52 Assistants—With a Mephistophelean smoothness, the master sleight-of-hand artist discourses on the history of trickery and performs illusions that will amaze even those who wouldn't normally go out of their way to see card tricks. Under the direction of David Mamet, who is right at home in the slightly sinister man's world of magic, Mr. Jay makes willing and delighted fools of his audience. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

She Loves Me—The Roundabout's production of the 1963 Bock-Harnick-Masteroff musical. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

Stomp—A group of eight British rhythm specialists who use unconventional percussion instruments. The noise is terrific. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

Three Birds Alighting on a Field—Timberlake Wertenbaker's satire of the London art world of the eighties, an import from London's Royal Court, has a rather heavy hand when it comes to parcelling out blame for the degradation of English values, but Max Stafford-Clark's direction has elicited good performances from Harriet Walter, Zach Grenier, and Daniel Gerroll. (2/21/94) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes March 27.)

Titus Andronicus—Robert Stattel has the title role in Shakespeare's tragedy. This Theatre for a New Audience version was directed by Julie Taymor. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200. Closes March 26.)

LONG RUNS

Beau Jest: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **Blood Brothers:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **Blue Man Group/Tubes:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **Cats:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **Crazy for You:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **The Fantasticks:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **Forever Plaid:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **Guys and Dolls:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **Les Misérables:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **Miss Saigon:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **Nunsense:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **Perfect Crime:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **The Phantom of the Opera:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **The Sisters Rosensweig:** Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. . . . **Tony n' Tina's Wedding:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **The Who's Tommy:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

DANCE

Carrying On

Modern dance in America is still such a new discipline that companies have only recently had to contend with the challenge of artistic life after their founders' deaths. The Limón Company—the legacy of the brilliant dancer and choreographer José Limón (1908-72), and the first dance company to wrestle with such a loss—has shown itself more than equal to the task. On March 22, the company begins a two-week season at the Joyce with an eclectic program: revivals of such classics as Limón's 1949 "The Moor's Pavane" (the first modern-dance work to become standard repertoire in ballet companies) and his 1958 "Mazurkas" (long thought lost), and also two Daniel Nagrin solos from 1948, a world première from the magical Garth Fagan, and two New York premières by Phyllis Lamhut, among other works.

This idiosyncratic mix (in a repertoire of a dozen works, only four are by Limón) is a faithful reflection of the founder's vision. Twenty-two years after Limón's death, his company still performs glowingly in his expansive, dramatic style, pursuing what he called "the powerful, often crude beauty of the gesture that speaks of man's humanity."

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Final performances of the engagement. March 23 at 8 and March 26 at 2 and 8: "Etosha," "Dialogues," and "Ginastera." . . . ¶ March 24-25 at 8 and March 27 at 1:30 and 7:30: "Concerto in F," "Medea," and "Dougla." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Limón Dance Company—March 23 and March 25 at 8: "Cleave," "Sacred Conversations" (New York première), "Strange Hero," "Spanish Dance," and "There Is a Time." . . . ¶ March 24 at 8: "Mazurkas," "Fantomes," and "The Moor's Pavane." . . . ¶ March 26 at 8 and March 27 at 7:30: "Never No Lament" (première), "Dances for Isadora," "Indeterminate Figure," and "Cleave." . . . ¶ March 27 at 2: "Mazurkas," "Sacred Conversations," "Strange Hero," "Spanish Dance," and "There Is a Time." . . . ¶ March 29 at 8: "Cleave," "Spanish Dance," "Strange Hero," "Hollow Lady," and "There Is a Time." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through April 3.)

Nancy Meehan Dance Company—In "Moments and Regard," "The Other Side," and the première of an unnamed work. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. March 25-27 at 8:30. For reservations, call 924-0077.)

"Fresh Tracks"—A showcase for seven emerging choreographers. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. March 29 at 8.)

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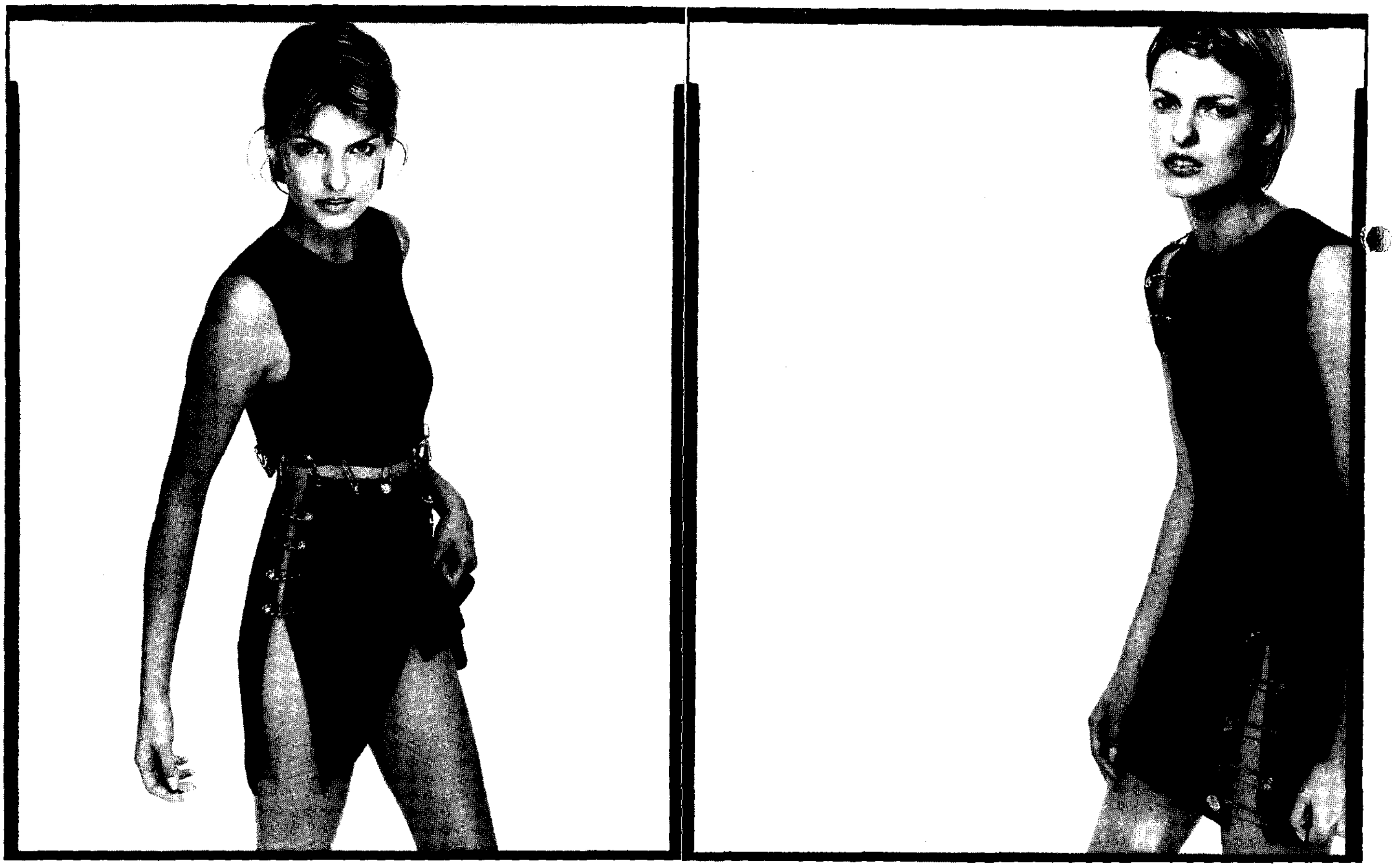

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NIGHT LIFE

Video Bites

The Connells, a North Carolina-based rock band whose fifth album, "Ring," was released a few months ago, play the kind of edgy, melodic, and lyrically oblique songs that get a group labelled "the next R.E.M." The guitarist Mike Connell, who writes most of their songs, contributed the new album's best track, a lovely, pensive ballad titled " '74 - '75." It's impossible to tell exactly what the song is about—the words are addressed to some old lover or passionate enemy from the past—but this indefinite quality is part of its charm. The chorus goes, "I was the one who let you know / I was your sorry-ever-after / Seventy-four, seventy-five."

The director Mark Pellington has made a wonderful video for " '74 - '75," remarkable for the way it preserves the haunting indeterminacy of the song, and makes it even richer. Pellington, who is in his early thirties, is a rare bird: a pure product of the music-video scene who is also a distinctive and original visual talent. (He assembled much of the multiscreen footage for U2's "Zooropa" tour, and also directed the powerful video for Pearl Jam's "Jeremy.") For " '74 - '75," he went to Raleigh, North Carolina, and filmed members of the Broughton High School Class of 1975 as they are today, then juxtaposed these images with their high-school-yearbook photographs. There are signs of mortality and aging (receding hairlines, expanding waistlines, a man who's now in a wheelchair); some men and women look happier than they did when they were young, while others look more baffled. The graceful succession of images complements the song without pushing the connection. Music videos often corrupt the way you hear a composition. It's too bad that so few are as beautiful as this one. (The Connells will be live and video-free at Irving Plaza on March 24.)

CONCERTS

Sarah McLachlan / The Devlins—Canadian pop singer McLachlan is twenty-six years old, but she's no slacker. Where some of her Generation X peers traffic in hazy self-doubt, McLachlan's songs are forthright and forward-looking; she's constantly aspiring to what used to be known, back in the seventies, as cosmic awareness. It would seem fitting, then, that her third album is called "Fumbling Toward Ecstasy"—except that there's nothing awkward about her pretty melodies and elegant arrangements. Opening for McLachlan are the Devlins, led by brothers Colin and Peter Devlin. The Dublin-based band—which also includes keyboardist Niall Macken and drummer Sean Devitt—released a superb début album last year called "Drift." Colin Devlin's songwriting and vocals take minimalism and restraint to wild extremes, and the band's lean, supple, driving support combines with Colin's fervor, making an act that ought to go very far. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. March 25 at 7:30.)

Rickie Lee Jones—Even those who only know Jones by her 1979 hit "Chuck E.'s in Love" would be hard-pressed to name a more distinctive pop voice. Her sleepy-sounding soprano combines breezy jazz inflections with a warm, folkie delivery; it's a mix that's well served by Jones' lush, impressionistic songwriting. (She's also great at covers: for her 1991 album, "Pop Pop," Jones delivered standards from Tin Pan Alley and concoctions from the psychedelic-rock era with equal grace and wit.) Her latest album, "Traffic from Paradise," features a cast of supporting players ranging from Leo Kottke to Lyle Lovett to Syd Straw. To promote it, Jones is performing a series of acoustic shows; hopefully, they'll include her deliciously wistful version of David Bowie's "Rebel Rebel," which is among the most inviting pleasures on "Paradise." (Town Hall. March 28-29 at 8.)

Rob Wasserman and friends at the Beacon.

MARK GAGNON

Cecil Taylor—The grand old man of avant-garde jazz throws himself a sixty-fifth birthday party. The irony of borrowing the same stage that's home to the officially sanctioned Lincoln Center jazz series can't be lost on Taylor; forty years down the line, the pianist and composer still creates as much controversy as he did as a fledgling iconoclast. It's useless to try to determine where Taylor fits in; his is a self-determined world of sonic barrages that meld into gentle lyricism. His improvisation, as exhilarating as it is eloquent, is best captured when Taylor plays solo, as he'll do for this performance. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. March 26 at 8.)

Rob Wasserman—This versatile jazz-pop bassist has dedicated the past six years to enhancing the sex appeal of an instrument traditionally relegated to a supporting role. His fretless bass now occupies center stage with the other starring instruments and voices. In 1988, he released the Grammy-winning "Duets," a series of inspired collaborations that paired Wasserman's nimble and transparent technique with the voices of Bobby McFerrin, Aaron Neville, and others. Wasserman has upped the ante with "Trios," a new album featuring such disparate performers as Elvis Costello (in fine cabaret form), Branford Marsalis, Neil Young, Edie Brickell, and the dad-and-daughter team of Brian and Carnie Wilson. Several of these participants will be on hand for this concert, including Bruce Hornsby and Victoria Williams, and will join the notoriously empathic bassist on stage. Jerry Garcia and several other luminaries may show up as well. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. March 26 at 8.)

Grachan Moncur III—Alternative Museum, 594 Broadway. 966-4444. March 23 at 8.

Grateful Dead—Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. March 23-25 and March 27-28 at 7:30.

Rafael Fajardo—A flamenco singer, with guitarist Roberto Castellon, Jr., and others. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. March 25 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Disco Nights—Get your old police whistle and platform shoes down from the attic. The Village People, Tavares, the Trammps, Evelyn (Champagne) King, France Joli, Andrea True, and others are gonna turn the beat around. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. March 24-25 at 8.)

John Gorka—Prospect Park Picnic House, Prospect Park W. at 3rd St., Brooklyn. March 27 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.

JAZZ AND BLUES

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. The **ZAWINUL SYNDICATE** and the **MIKE STERN** group continue through March 27. Keyboardist Joe Zawinul is best known as the creative force behind Weather Report, perhaps the most memorable and listenable of all fusion bands. Stern's guitar credentials include a now infamous neo-grunge stint with Miles Davis. Beginning March 29: **MAYNARD FERGUSON.**

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Through March 26: **GEORGE CABLES** and **SANTI DEBRIANO.** Back in the seventies, pianist Cables was dubbed "Mr. Beautiful" by his then boss, the legendary saxophonist Art Pepper. Cables' finesse and tasty aggressiveness remain his drawing card. Debriano, who's among New York's growing ranks of fine Panamanian jazzmen, accompanies him on bass. Dining.

The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—Thursday nights belong to **GIANT STEP,** a roving collective of musicians, rappers, and d.j.s who mix jazz, funk, and hip-hop. On March 26: **DAVE TRONZO,** perhaps the world's finest be-bop slide guitarist, followed by **TOUT LE MONDE,** a savage little combo featuring Cornelius Bumpus.

Down Beat, 101 Seventh Ave. S. (620-4000)—A long, warm, wood-panelled room with upholstered banquettes, a nicely appointed bar, and a reliable roster of jazz names. Murals of Diz, Bird, and Basie adorn the walls, so the players are always in good company.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—**BROTHER JACK MC DUFF** leads a quintet through March 27. McDuff came of an age in an era when a jazz organist primarily needed two things: a Hammond B3 and a hip moniker (cf. Big John Patton, Groove Holmes, and Baby Face Willette). Now that Hammond organs are about as rare as krummhorns, McDuff's devotion to his instrument and the soulful bop he coaxes from it ought to be revered. **MARLENA SHAW** starts on March 29. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar and lounge, hidden inside the Time Café, with satin couches and mosaic tables. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is rather plain in comparison, but still a sleek and comfortable spot to take in a show. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. March 25: folk-rocker **BEN HARPER** pays a visit. Harper's recently released début album, "Welcome to the Cruel World," is a spare, compelling excercise in moral indignation. On March 26: **INDUSTRIAL TEEPEE.** Dining.

NIGHT LIFE-Cont'd

Five Spot, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—Set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom, this jazz club is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. Vocalist LOIS GRECO entertains on March 26. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Piano and guitar with RODNEY KENDRICKS and RON JACKSON, March 23-26.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—This club, run by a couple of forward-looking Wisconsinites, specializes in all manner of neo-this and post-that ensembles. The atmosphere is low-key, low-budget bohemian. On March 26: HELIUM. JOHN ZORN'S COBRA appears on March 27.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room (putting-green green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes) has more of a country-club feel. Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA, a Dixieland-jazz ensemble now in its twentieth year. VERNEL BAGNERIS continues his salute to Jelly Roll Morton. Closed Sundays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Tuesdays belong to Jim Lawyer and his Bluebird Society Orchestra; Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band; Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and Sam Ulano and his Bourbon Street Swingers; and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. Searing saxophonist GATO BARBIERI is in on March 23-24. Latin hip-hop with LA INDIA on March 28. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A jazz outpost where the musicians are always top-shelf. The STEVE TURRE quartet is in through March 27. A big band belonging to GIL GOLDSTEIN is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—CYRUS CHESTNUT is in through March 27. A piano sensation, Chestnut loves detailed arrangements full of crafty, shifting dynamics, just the way his old boss Betty Carter does. Singer NANCY LA MOTT begins on March 29.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. The MAL WALDRON trio continues through March 27. Pianist Waldron has spent the last four decades whittling notes away, paring his resources down to the bare essentials without sacrificing his expressive vocabulary. While playing solos that bring a listener to the edge of his seat, Waldron will back himself into a corner, then gracefully escape. With him for this engagement are drummer Andrew Cyrille and bassist Reggie Workman. The ART FARMER quintet starts on March 29. The VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—A tiny, low-key supper club where the jazz, like the Spanish-American cuisine, can take on a spicy, multicultural flavor. March 23-26: the ARTHUR BLYTHE quartet, with CECIL MC BEE and TOMMY CAMPBELL. Blythe may yet become the jazz superstar he's been threatening to turn into for the past twenty years; a midlife burst of passion, à la Joe Henderson, wouldn't hurt. Blythe still sounds like no one else, linking nervy notes with a keening tone and punctiliously ordered improvisations. Arriving March 29: the JEFF BERMAN quartet.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—March 23-26: JOHN BUNCH, JAY LEONHART, and BUCKY PIZZARELLI. On March 28, SONNY FORTUNE, RONNIE MATHEWS, and SANTI DEBRIANO begin an engagement. A quadruple threat, Fortune has mastered tenor, alto, and soprano saxophone and flute. He'll be joined by bassist Debriano and the underrated pianist Ronnie Mathews—who, like Fortune, is a member of jazz's over-forty/under-seventy Lost Generation.

STANDARDS AND CABARET

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—STEVE ROSS and JEANNE LEHMAN are currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Their monthlong engagement is a tribute titled "Noël Coward and His Ladies." Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that features a steady stream of international pop and cabaret stars, as well as the occasional drag queen. The Ballroom is also a tapas restaurant—if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. Russian diva MASHA appears through March 26. On March 28, Broadway vet CHIP ZIEN ("Into the Woods," "Grand Hotel") offers standards, Sondheim, and a joke or two.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The omnitalented BARBARA COOK is here through March 26. On March 29: Former Fifth Dimension member and "Solid Gold" hostess MARILYN MC COO. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, RONNY WHYTE presides at the piano through March 26. On March 29, BARBARA CARROLL takes over.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—A two-floor entertainment center. The cheery white downstairs bar has French windows giving onto the bustle of Seventh Avenue, but the real clamor is indoors. Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. Pop standards are sung/shouted, usually with altered, risqué lyrics; wisecracks are fired across the room; and everyone laughs too hard. Upstairs, there's a quieter bar and a cabaret, where you'll find a variety of performers nightly.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. SUSANNAH MC CORKLE, here through March 26, should feel at home in this upscale aerie; both she and the club know how to be sophisticated without making a big deal about it. Literate and well informed on the history of her art, McCorkle will take her audience on a jazz-inflected stroll through the last seventy years of American popular song, stopping along the way to breathe in the rarefied atmosphere of Porter, Mercer, Arlen, and the others. Her fellow travellers: pianist Allen Farnham, bassist Chip Jackson, and drummer Warren Odze. ANNIE ROSS begins a four-week engagement on March 29. Closed Mondays.

PHILIPPE PETIT-ROULET

RECORD STORE ARRIVALS

A highly selective list of new releases we're curious to hear.

BONNIE RAITT, "Longing in Their Hearts" (Capitol).

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET, "A Celebration" (Atlantic Jazz).

MORRISSEY, "Vauxhall & I" (Sire).

THE PROCLAIMERS, "Hit the Highway"(Chrysalis).

PET SHOP BOYS, "Very Relentless" (EMI).

BRAND NEW HEAVIES, "Brother Sister" (Delicious Vinyl / EastWest).

MERLE HAGGARD, "1994" (Curb).

INSPIRAL CARPETS, "Devil Hopping" (Mute/Elektra).

"SOUL TRAIN HALL OF FAME TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY" (Rhino).

ROCK AND FOLK

Academy, 234 W. 43rd St. (307-7171)—In the heart of the theatre district, a haven for those whose musical tastes run left of "Tommy." DAVID LEE ROTH jumps in on March 25. Roth has spent the past few years toiling in obscurity while his former band, Van Halen, and his gnomish replacement, Sammy Hagar, continue to enjoy stadium-size success. But Diamond Dave is back. His new record ("Your Pretty Little Mouth") is full of that wacky neo-Vegas shtick that made the original Van Halen so irresistible. This will be Roth's first live appearance in years but he should still have the strength for a karate kick or two. For concert information, call 249-8870.

A.K.A, 77 W. Houston St., at Wooster St. (673-7325)—Jazz, hip-hop, and world beat meet in this small, velvet-draped club. GROOVE COLLECTIVE appears on March 25.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This week, the club continues its twentieth-anniversary celebration, which will run through early April. On March 24: another installment of "A Bunch of Songwriters Sittin' Around Singing," a series that has brought the likes of Lou Reed, Kris Kristofferson, and Rosanne Cash to the club to warble and schmooze. This evening's lineup features NATALIE MERCHANT, JOHN CALE, GORDON GANO, and JOAN BAEZ. March 25 is Comedy Night. Guests include "Saturday Night Live" alumnus RICH HALL and the incomprehensible EMO PHILLIPS. Rock goddess DARLENE LOVE continues her autobiographical revue on Tuesday nights. Dining.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—A small peach-walled storefront, Sin-é is usually given over to a young, earthy crowd that drinks Rolling Rock or espresso and waits for some Irish musician or other to blow in and play a set. Several of the many Hibernian artists who were in town for St. Paddy's Day are expected to linger throughout the week, and it wouldn't surprise us if a few of the more notable ones showed up here.

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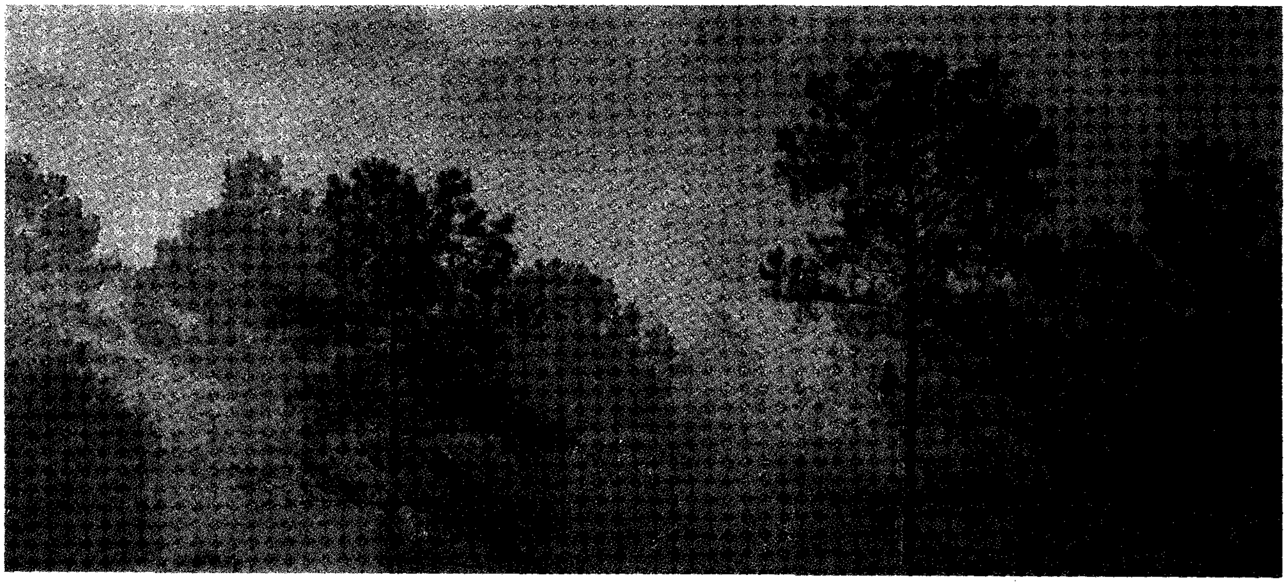


NIGHT LIFE-Cont'd

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving: the management has had the good sense not to renovate. In recent years, CB's has become something of an empire; the club is now flanked by a pizzeria/boutique on one side and a bar/performance space on the other—all your shopping needs taken care of in one convenient location. **GNOME** stops by on March 25. Gnome's press release cheekily describes the band's music as "bubble grunge." It's a fair enough description, given the band's flair for mixing noisy guitar textures with light, hummable melodies—and the fact that they're from Seattle. The new album "Six Hi Surprise Tower" is their "first full-length thang," and this show is part of their first full-fledged tour as headliners.

CHINA CLUB, 2130 Broadway, at 75th St. (877-1166)—Glam seekers come here hoping to rub shoulders with models and celebrities, but instead find themselves hypnotized by the big aquarium over the bar. Occasionally, rock stars do show up to jam after a performance in town, but mostly you'll find a roster of heavy-metal-leaning upstarts. Chris Gerro is in on March 23. On March 26: the Citizens.

DOWNTIME, 251 W. 30th St. (695-2747)—A friendly split-level bar with a dazzling quasi-Cubist paint job and an above-average pool table.

GONZALEZ Y GONZALEZ, 625 Broadway, at Houston St. (473-8787)—Loud, brash, and big—de rigueur for the lower-Broadway dining scene. The theme is, of course, Mexican, and you get the whole enchilada—a giant cactus here, a parade-float sombrero there, animal skulls, religious artifacts, and chili-pepper clusters everywhere. The stage is in the rear, about a city block from the entrance.

GRAND, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—A serious room for serious rock-and-rolling. You can either vibrate up front, near a wall-o'-speakers, or lounge around the bar in the back and follow the show on a video monitor. On March 24: the progressive-pop acts **LUCY BROWN** and **13 ENGINES** co-headline, with guests **LIQUID HIPS** and **IKE REILLY.**

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—**DELBERT MC CLINTON** rolls in on March 23, with the **NIGHTHAWKS.** Often mistakenly dismissed as a redneck Van Morrison, McClinton is the finest purveyor of funky Texas soul around. He's the kind of performer who leaps over lesser (and better-known) mortals, like the Fabulous Thunderbirds, in a single bound. He should be particularly sharp in this sweaty old theatre. The **CONNELLS** arrive on March 24. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

LIMELIGHT, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. On March 27: **NUCLEAR ASSAULT,** with **STONEHENGE** and **WARCRAFT. BILLYGOAT** appears on March 29.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—The Upper East Side Blues. On March 23: **MILO Z AND Z FUNK.** On March 29, it's Louisiana Night (i.e. Tuesday), with the **FLYING NEUTRINOS.**

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—It's a little bit Seattle, a little bit Jersey, a little bit downtown, and a great place to catch rising rockers. **ALEJANDRO ESCOVEDO** is here on March 27, with **BEN HARPER.**

NEW MUSIC CAFÉ, 380 Canal St. (941-0900)—Situated at the crossroads of New Jersey, Brooklyn, and SoHo—an excellent place to get hit by a truck—this restaurant-bar is likely to contain visitors from all three. It's a big, high-ceilinged, broad-windowed place, where the conversations tend to be boisterous and the bands even more so.

RODEO BAR, 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—A Western theme bar, attached to a Southwestern restaurant. The walls simulate a log cabin, a buffalo head blows smoke through its nostrils, there's a horse trailer that's been converted into a bar, and you get peanuts for eating and, occasionally, throwing. But wait, there's more: video rodeos, New Mexico memorabilia, and live music nightly—country, blues, folk, rock, hillbilly.

ROSELAND, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—Ballroom dancing on Thursdays and Sundays. The rest of the week: another dark, sweaty rock club, with flannel-clad stage divers and the occasional whirling mosh pit.

SUPPER CLUB, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—Good golly, Miss Molly! It's **LITTLE RICHARD,** in on March 23. We could go on at length about Richard's seminal role in the progress of ivory-tinkling rock wizards and gender-bending pop stars; but Richard, a recent recipient of the Rhythm & Blues Foundation's lifetime-achievement award, is much more zealous and thorough in recounting his own credits than we could ever hope to be. His *self-aggrandizing* tendencies aside, the sexagenarian remains a witty, ebullient performer, and his falsetto is still glorious. Did we mention he's also an ordained minister?

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A broad, spacious, and agreeable club, near what was once called Ladies' Mile but might now be termed the pool-hall district. On March 25-26: **JOHN LURIE & THE LOUNGE LIZARDS.** Some call it jazz.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—A warehouse complex for neo-hippies and other party animals. On March 23, be sure to catch **ME'SHELL NDEGÉOCELLO,** whose album "Plantation Lullabies" was one of 1993's most promising débuts. If you haven't heard it yet, imagine the sultry, confident alto of a latter-day Nina Simone, singing (and rapping) eloquent tales of love and angst against a moody mélange of rock, jazz, and R. & B.

ART

Small Worlds

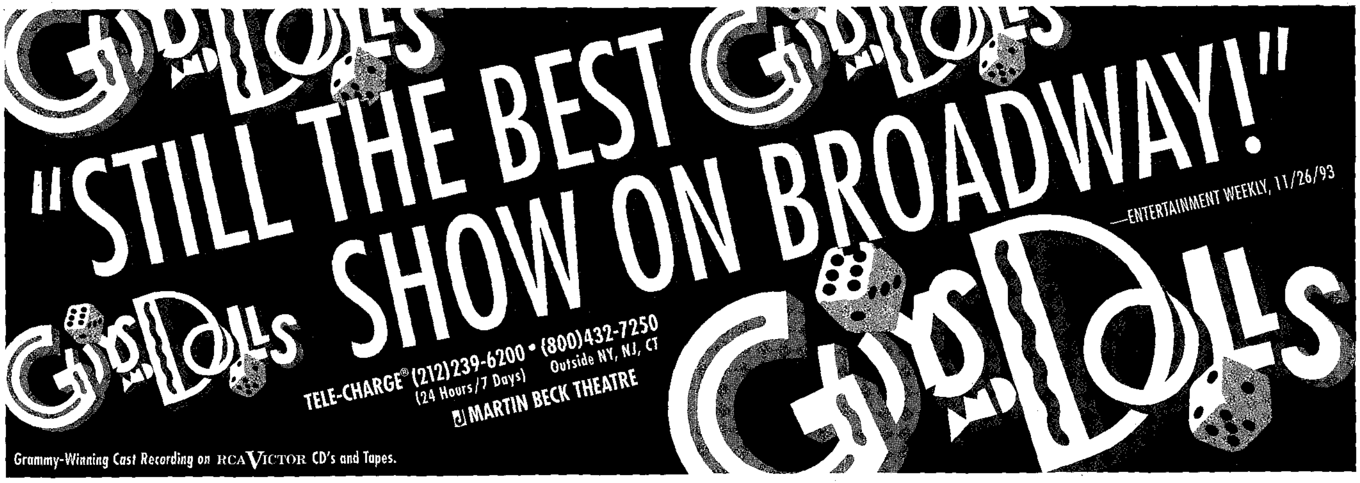
"FRAGMENTS OF IMAGINARY LANDSCAPES: Joan Nelson and Robert Walser," part of the Swiss Institute's festival celebrating the writer Robert Walser (1878-1956), attempts to sketch possible links between Walser's idiosyncratic literary practice and certain tendencies in recent visual art, represented by the young American landscape painter Joan Nelson. The show is based not so much on any deep affinity between the two as on an analogy: Walser, like Nelson, was a miniaturist, both literally and figuratively.

On display at the Swiss Institute (35 West 67th Street; through April 9) is a selection of Walser's "microscripts": manuscripts composed in the minuscule handwriting on which Walser relied during the last twelve years of his creative life. (He voluntarily committed himself to a Swiss mental hospital in 1929, but was moved against his will to another hospital, in 1933. When a friend asked if he was writing anything there, Walser replied, "I am not here to write, but to be mad." He remained institutionalized for the rest of his life.) His tiny script allowed him to compose poems and short stories on envelopes, calendar leaves, business cards, and receipts, yet Walser's miniaturism goes beyond neurotic habit, embracing as subject matter the boredom, lassitude, and pettiness of quotidian existence.

Nelson's paintings, too, are tiny works on paper, sometimes no bigger than postage stamps. She re-creates details of landscapes by Bosch, Bellini, and Altdorfer, and also images by little-known or anonymous artists and photographers. Like Walser, Nelson dwells on fragility and placelessness.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Waist Not," a Costume Institute exhibit, proposes that the waist is the defining element of the fashion silhouette, with examples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from the eighteenth century to the present. Opens March 29. . . . ¶ "The Decorative Arts of Frank Lloyd Wright." Furniture, ceramics, textiles, sculpture, architectural fragments, photographs, stained glass, metalwork, and drawings. (There are concurrent shows of Wright works at the Museum of Modern Art and the Guggenheim Museum.) . . . ¶ "Degas Landscapes." Seventy-five paintings, pastels, and monotypes, many of them on view for the first time since a solo Degas show in 1892. The oil on paper "Italian Landscape" (1857-58) displays the astonishing pictorial shorthand that flowered in his mature paintings, but the most striking works are the color monotypes, most of which the artist executed in a single concentrated period between 1890 and 1892. Through April 3. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings from the late eighteenth century to the early twentieth by Caspar David Friedrich and Ferdinand Hodler, among others. Through April 24. . . . ¶ "The Golden Age of Danish Painting." The Danish efflorescence was relatively brief—from about 1790 to 1850—and it was generated almost entirely by the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Copenhagen. Although the artists here worked in many genres, portraiture and landscape are the highlights. The dean of Danish painting, Christoffer Wilhelm Eckersburg (1785-1853), excelled in both. His Italian landscapes refine the pellucid light that found its loveliest expression in the work of his most famous student, Christen Købke (1810-48). Købke's numerous views of Frederiksborg Castle combine an exquisite precision of observation with a subdued melancholia, making it a suitable meditative site for a latter-day Hamlet. Through April 24. . . . ¶ "Illustrated Poetry and Epic Images: Persian Painting of the 1330s and 1340s." . . . ¶ An exhibition of sixteenth-century Italian drawings by Caravaggio, Fra Bartolommeo, Bronzino, and many others. Through March 27. . . . ¶ "Recent Work," a mini-retrospective of more than fifty portraits by Lucian Freud. Through March 27. . . . ¶ "The Gold of Meroe" features the jewelry of Queen Amanishakheto of Meroe, an ancient Nubian ruler. Through April 3. . . . ¶ "Immortals and Sages: Fusuma Paintings from Ryoan-ji and the Lore of China in Japanese Art." Through April 24 . . . . ¶ "The Hero Twins of Ancient Maya Myth: Rollout Photographs by Justin Kerr." Photographs of ceramic vessels from the fourth century to the eighth. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The fourth exhibition in the Artist's Choice series features images by John Baldessari, which he created using details of photographic reproductions of works in the museum's collection. Single original paintings by Henri Rousseau, Andy Warhol, and Andrew Wyeth, among others, are also on view. . . . ¶ "Frank Lloyd Wright: Architect." A retrospective, beginning with material from the eighteen-eighties, that includes some three hundred and fifty drawings, thirty scale models, six full-scale wall constructions, more than a hundred photographs, and architectural fragments. (There are concurrent shows of Wright works at the Metropolitan Museum and the Guggenheim Museum.) . . . ¶ A section of a sixty-foot-diameter dome by Chuck Hoberman, which opens and closes in a fluid motion reminiscent of the expansion and contraction of the iris. Through April 12. . . . ¶ "Three Masters of the Bauhaus: Lyonel Feininger, Wassily Kandinsky, and Paul Klee" comprises roughly seventy-five prints and illustrated books from the museum's collection. . . . ¶ Twenty-five years of Brooke Alexander Editions, which publishes prints and multiples of contemporary artists, including Richard Artschwager and Lorna Simpson. . . . ¶ "Designed for Speed: Three Automobiles by Ferrari." MOMA's first automobile exhibition in more than fifteen years features three bodacious hot rods: a 1990 Formula One racing car, a 1987 F40 "super car" (the fastest car available for purchase at the time), and a 1950 166MM Barchetta, the prototypical two-seat convertible. Through April 5. . . . ¶ "Gesture and Pose: Twentieth-Century Photographs from the Collection." Through April 5. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Women on the Edge: Twenty Photographers in Europe, 1919-39" includes work by Ilse Bing and Lucia Moholy. . . . ¶ "Frank Lloyd Wright's Designs for the Guggenheim Museum." (There are concurrent shows of Wright works at the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art.) . . . ¶ "Robert Morris: The Mind/Body Problem," a retrospective exhibition, explores the intellectual underpinnings of this protean artist through a selection of his sculptures, drawings, and videos from the early sixties to the present. Morris's career touches on many of the most important artistic developments of the last thirty years—minimalism, performance art, Conceptualism—confounding expectations of aesthetic unity or continuity. His retrospective may seem daunting in its variety and complexity, but it rewards sustained examination as a kind of crash course in American artistic sensibilities since Abstract Expressionism. In conjunction with the artist's show at the Guggenheim SoHo. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—Nine installations with mirrors, by Robert Morris. Through April 4. . . . ¶ Eighty watercolors, made between 1911 and 1944, by the Russian artist Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944). The earlier works, with their nervous, liquescent, quasi-figurative shapes, represent Kandinsky's art at its strongest. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Richard Avedon: Evidence 1944-94." This retrospective includes photographs of Isak Dinesen (1959), Francis Bacon (1979), and Al Sharpton (1993). Opens March 24. . . . ¶ "Collection in Context: A Year from the Collection Circa 1952." Some seventy-five paintings, sculptures, prints, drawings, and photographs. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Fine art ("Watson and the Shark," by John Singleton Copley), casts of fossils, and a sample of items that have been found in fishes' bellies—armor, hubcaps, a fur coat—are a few of the items in "Sharks! Fact and Fantasy." There's also a walk-through diorama with life-size models of seventeen species of shark. The lighting and ambient sound make you think you're underwater. . . . ¶ "Waura: Drawings of the Waura Indians of Brazil" is an exhibit of illustrations by members of this Amazon tribe, who were encouraged by an anthropologist to put onto paper images they traditionally use in body painting, pottery, basketry, and wood carvings. Through April 24. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of more than five hundred Egyptian objects from the museum's extensive collection, spanning thirteen hundred years of Pharaonic history. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Alternative Museum, 594 Broadway—"Komar & Melamid: People's Choice." After commissioning a poll of a thousand and one Americans about their preferences in art, these Russian artists have created a series of paintings that cater to the tastes reflected in the poll. The "ideal" painting is a landscape with water and historic figures; the "most undesirable" painting is a gold-and-orange abstract with sharp angles. Through April 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

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ART-Cont'd

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Uncommon Beauty in Common Objects: The Legacy of African-American Craft Art." More than a hundred objects, including ceramics, furniture, textiles, baskets, quilts, glass work, and jewelry, by contemporary artists. . . . ¶ Glass works are featured in a retrospective of work by the Finnish artist-designer Timo Sarpaneva. The show also includes pieces in fibre, wood, metal, and porcelain. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Asia/America: Identities in Contemporary Asian American Art." The society's first exhibit of contemporary art includes paintings, sculptures, and photographs by twenty Asian-American artists, most of whom were born in Asia. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Thursday evenings until 8; and Sundays, noon to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Beyond the Borders: Art by Recent Immigrants" features thirty artists from more than twenty countries. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—Photographs of nineteenth-century China by John Thomson (1837-1921). Opens March 26. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Packaging the New: Design and the American Consumer 1925-75." . . . ¶ "Walter Crane: Design for Children." Crane (1845-1915), an English artist and contemporary of William Morris, is best known for his fairy-tale illustrations, which are included here, along with wallcoverings, textiles, and other decorative items. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Art of Memory: Holocaust Memorials in History." Two hundred images and objects, including photographs, videos, sculptural and architectural models, and designs of existing and planned memorials, examine how and why public memory of the Holocaust is being shaped by museums and monuments. . . . ¶ An exhibit of Israeli art from the museum's collection, notably "Kaddish," a series of eight etchings by Moshe Gershuni. . . . ¶ "A Postcolonial Kinderhood." A bedroom installation by Elaine Reichek, featuring twelve samplers embroidered with quotations about Jewish identity. . . . ¶ "Four Contemporary Works," by Aharon Gluska, Vivienne Koorland, Robert Wilson, and Joe Zucker. Through March 31. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Gutenberg and the Genesis of Printing." At the center of this exhibit are the library's three Gutenberg Bibles (the single largest collection in the world) and a replica of the press on which they were printed. On Saturdays and Sundays at 1, there are demonstrations on the press. Through April 17. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—A roomful of portraits of solemn, straitlaced New Englanders by Ammi Phillips (1788-1865), who was a highly successful portrait painter in his time. Phillips relied on similarities of pose, costume, and accessories, yet often succeeded in capturing a particular subject's character, as in, for example, "Lady in White." Through April 17. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Academy's 169th Annual Exhibition, the oldest juried art exhibition in the United States, includes contemporary paintings, sculptures, watercolors, prints, and architectural drawings. Through April 3. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Bad Girls, Part II," the second installation in the museum's irreverent look at gender roles. Judith Weinperson's fourteen-foot "Blue Penis" covers an entire wall, and Lillian Ball's "Phobots Series" includes two dozen foot-high black-rubber dildos that move around the floor like windup toys when you clap your hands. There are subtler works, too: Beverly Semmes' "Yellow Pool" is a huge velvet-and-organza evening dress that flows into an expansive pile across the floor, threatening to engulf the viewer—it's the perfect prom dress gone bad. But Yasumasa Morimura's "Portrait (Futago)" best sums up the show. Rendering Manet's early bad girl practically tame, this version of a nude courtesan appropriates the unabashedly direct gaze, sensual pose, coquette's neck band, even the slightly dirty hands and feet of "Olympia," but she's really a man in a bad blond wig, wearing heavy makeup, salmon nail polish, and one hellacious pair of sparkly red mules. Through April 10. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Compleat Charles Addams." Some hundred and seventy drawings and watercolors by the artist; personal memorabilia, including his drawing table; original illustrations for "The Chas Addams Mother Goose"; and life-size photographs of the movie and television characters, next to

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enlargements of the cartoon originals. The broad selection of Addams' cartoons are placed in thematic context. One section, "The Creative Process," features drawings in progress shown alongside the finished product—a glimpse of the master at work. (Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Shared Journey: Jewish and African-American Concert Music." Focussing on the struggles of black and Jewish composers, the exhibit features original scores and photographs, as well as recordings of some of the scores on view. (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"African Zion: The Sacred Art of Ethiopia." Christian art of Ethiopia is at the center of this the show, which includes icons, illuminated manuscripts, and coins from the fourth century to the eighteenth. Through March 29. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Elizabeth Catlett: Works on Paper, 1944-1992." Representational prints. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following listings lead off with new shows.)

"Asian Artists in New York"—Fifteen painters from the Republic of China, Japan, and Korea. Opens March 25. Through May 6. (Taipei, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. Closed Saturdays.)

●

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—An excellent show of late paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by this preëminent German Expressionist. In his paintings, Beckmann plays on contrasts between heft and weightlessness: the blocky objects and figures rendered by his deliberately coarse draftsmanship are freed from the constraints of gravity, either floating in random constellations or squeezed claustrophobically into the picture's foreground, often one on top of another. In either case, the effect is one of dreamlike dislocation. Through May 14. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

John Alexander—Paintings in richly colored layers, of such classical subjects as fruit, overflowing banquet tables, and wildlife. Through April 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

William Bailey—A mini-retrospective of paintings and works on paper from 1964 to 1994. Usually restricting himself to subdued colors and matte finishes, the artist depicts bowls and other household objects on shelves or tables; this simple setup allows for a wide range of variations on a theme. His paintings balance prosaic subjects with extraordinary finesse of execution. Through April 9. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Enzo Cucchi—A sculpture and a number of drawings, conceived as a single work, by a member of the Italian wing of the neo-expressionists. Through March 26. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Janet Fish—Lush, shimmering still-lifes. Fish particularly relishes the challenge of depicting reflections in clear glass. In this show, the ultimate is the glistening "Lemon and Egg," which features a bowl containing a cracked egg and a pitcher resting on a sunstruck white-tile counter. Through April 2. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ralph Goings—Photo-Realist watercolors of diner interiors, still-lifes, and pickup trucks. Through April 30. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Glenn Goldberg—Paintings on canvas and wood. Through April 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Alex Katz—Landscapes in high-keyed colors, from the mid-fifties. Through April 16. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Marc Lambrechts—A Belgian-born painter who combines geometric form with expressive gesture. Through April 5. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Sherrie Levine—An installation entitled "Newborn," featuring six sandblasted cast-glass replicas of Brancusi's sculpture of the same name, each resting on a grand piano borrowed for this exhibition. Through April 2. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Louisa Matthiasdottir—An exhibition concentrating on work that is less familiar than the artist's landscapes but that has nonetheless been a constant throughout her long career: a series of sculpted plaster heads (1960-61) and a selection of precisely orchestrated still-lifes. Through April 2. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Works on paper, all of them depicting nudes, by the famously tormented Viennese Expressionist. Through April 16. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Kenneth Snelson—Sculptures, from 1959 to 1993, parts of which are held in place by wires and appear to be suspended in mid-air. Through April 9. (Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Snyder—Works made with paper, in a show examining the artist's appreciation of this medium as a source of structure, texture, and subject matter. Through April 16. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz (1922-83) **and Jean Tinguely** (1925-91)—A show devoted to two artists who combined the humorous use of junk with a serious interest in formal sculptural issues. Through April 16. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tabitha Vevers / Kenneth Evett—Paintings, including a series of single female figures. / Watercolors of landscapes and of still-lifes within landscapes. Through April 16. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Walser (1878-1956) **/ Joan Nelson**—"Microscripts." / Tiny landscapes. Through April 9. (Swiss Institute, 35 W. 67th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 7.)

Idelle Weber—The artist has produced a series of oil paintings of windswept landscapes—a departure from her previous Pop and Photo-Realist incarnations. Each moody, Turneresque view of horizon, marsh, and sky is beautifully atmospheric. Through April 2. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St.)

"Alternative Visions"—French wallpapers of the nineteenth century shown alongside works by minimalist artists. Surely one of the oddest shows of the season. You may think you're supposed to draw some parallel between, for example, Agnes Martin's stark gray "Triumph" (1985) and a grisaille woodblock panel, "Psyche and Love Sleeping" (circa 1820-40). Not to worry. According to a spokesperson, the gallery is simply saying "Look at things differently, and why not together?" Through April 2. (Mathes, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

"California in the '70s"—Paintings by artists living in the San Francisco Bay Area during that period, among them Richard Diebenkorn, William Wiley, and Joan Brown. Through March 30. (Frumkin/Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

Contemporaries—A show focussing on Edward Hopper and Thomas Hart Benton, along with Charles Burchfield, Elie Nadelman, and others. Through April 16. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

"Portraits"—More than sixty portraits, ranging from the mid-eighteenth century to the mid-twentieth, by Benjamin West, Childe Hassam, Philip Guston, and others. Through June 11. (IBM Gallery of Science and Art, Madison Ave. at 56th St.)

"Trees"—The tree as viewed by artists from the early modern era (Charles Burchfield) to the present (Sylvia Mangold). Through April 2. (Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

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GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Sydney Blum / Mark Schwartz—Abstract constructions of felt, hair, and burlap, resembling shelters. / Expressionist canvases with abstract and landscape elements. Opens March 29. Through April 30. (Bace, 39 Wooster St.)

Byron Kim—Paintings, each in a single color relating to the artist's sources of inspiration: an old car, antique Korean pottery, a public swimming pool. Opens March 24. Through April 16. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Richard Long—A slate floor sculpture and a mud drawing on the gallery wall, plus photographs and text relating to his site-specific works. Opens March 26. Through April 23. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Cady Noland—A conceptual installation. Opens March 26. Through April 23. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

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Barbara Kruger—Fear and loathing in SoHo, courtesy of a feminist artist renowned for her use of accusatory texts in combination with provocative, sometimes grisly images. Kruger's latest installation addresses aggression and invidiousness. Her words and appropriated images cover the gallery's walls, floor, and ceiling, and she has also provided a loud, strident audiotape of screaming crowds, a hectoring preacher, and the occasional chorus of "We Are the World." Through April 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Emma Amos—Figurative paintings addressing feminist, racial, and cultural-identity issues. Through April 30. (Art in General, 79 Walker St. Opens at noon.)

Eric Bulatov—Paintings exploring the artist's nomadic existence since he left Russia in 1988. Through April 5. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Geneviève Cadieux—Three works using large-scale cibachromes and body casting. Through April 30. (Kent, 67 Prince St. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.)

William Copley—Cartoonlike paintings and drawings of nymphs and satyrs. Through April 30. (Nolan/Eckman, 560 Broadway.)

Petah Coyne—Multi-layered wax sculptures with referential elements of dresses, hats, chandeliers, and so forth. Through April 9. (Shainman, 560 Broadway.)

Bruce Dorfman—Collage paintings with found objects. Through April 19. (Katzen, 345 West Broadway.)

Leonardo Drew—Large-scale sculptures made of metal, cotton, rust, and rope—materials intended to evoke African-American history. Through April 9. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Matthew Feinman—Pastels and mixed-medium works, abstracted from still-lifes, landscapes, and interiors. Through April 6. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Peter Fischli and David Weiss—Collaborative sculptural installations and a new video. Through April 9. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Jacques Flèchemuller—Humorous paintings of figures, such as a dancer, a horseback rider, the Madonna, and General Custer. Through March 30. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Renée Green—Works in a wide variety of mediums. Through April 10. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

Michele Harvey—Rural landscapes reduced to basic forms. Through April 16. (Bridgewater/Lustberg, 529 Broadway.)

Lester Johnson—Near-monochromatic oils from the sixties, when Johnson kept a studio on the Bowery; painted over and over, the final versions coalesce into elusive figures. Through April 2. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Carter Kustera—Works concerning identity, including two sculptures, each consisting of a transparent ball containing a head, which rolls on a circular mirrored track. Through April 16. (Baer, 476 Broome St.)

Ronnie Landfield—Paintings with geometric and expressionistic forms. Through April 9. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

Hughie Lee-Smith—Watercolors of figures in landscapes. Through April 5. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Robert Mangold—Paintings from the artist's series based on two contrasting color fields with superimposed elliptical forms. Through April 23. (Pace, 142 Greene St.). . .Note: Related drawings are on view at Pace, 32 E. 57th St.

Kristin Oppenheim—Photographic projections on the gallery walls, accompanied by a recording of the artist's chanting. Through April 23. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St.)

David Rabinowitch—Floor sculptures: two recent works and two from the sixties. Through March 31. (Ikeda, 130 Prince St.)

Joseph Raffael—Large-scale watercolors based on nature, in a show focussing on two monumental diptychs of lily pads. Through April 13. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Michael Scott—Optical works in enamel on aluminum. Through April 23. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St.)

Ronald Searle—Original drawings and watercolors. Through May 14. (Heineman, 594 Broadway.)

Michelle Stuart—Powerful yet delicate works involving seeds, plants, and leaves. In her framed botanicals, ferns, lilies, poppies, and other herbarium specimens, some almost prehistoric-looking, are imbedded in a thick layer of yellowish beeswax, through which the word "Extinct" can be faintly seen. In contrast, the seed drawings celebrate birth: the seeds of a single plant are placed within thirty pencil-drawn squares in a calendar-like arrangement. And the seed containers, sculpted-beeswax vessels cradling seeds and pods, suggest protective shrines. Through April 2. (Fawbush, 76 Grand St.)

Ying Li—Fourteen oil paintings on the brink of abstraction. In "A Visitor," the standing figure has all the staunch solidity of Matisse's "Male Model," and yet the arms—diagonal slashes of tomato red—seem ready to fly off the body and join the background. In other works, such as "Chas Reading," the figure plays hide-and-seek in the roughly textured surface. Li has an exquisite, almost musical sense of color, marrying mossy green with mauve, bright blue with orange. In "Falling Flowers," the palest pink petals have been brushed onto the richest green and blue: the effect is at once delicate and riveting. Through April 9. (Harris, 524 Broadway.)

"The Garden of Sculptural Delights"—An environmental installation by nine artists, inspired by the well-known Hieronymus Bosch painting. Through April 23. (Exit Art, 548 Broadway.)

"Isn't It Romantic?"—Ross Bleckner, Milton Resnick, Ellen Phelan, and others. Through April 9. (On Crosby Street, 66 Crosby St.)

"Live Art"—Works in a variety of mediums, by Laurie Simmons, Felix Gonzalez-Torres, Louise Lawler, and others. Through April 7. (API, 470 Broome St.)

"Witness of Existence"— A group of installations by six artists from the Obala Gallery, in Sarajevo, who were to represent the Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina at the Venice Biennial last summer but were unable to leave the city. Each work is gripping in its own way and enhanced by the dramatic setting of the Kunsthalle. Through April 3. (New York Kunsthalle, 210 E. 5th St. Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

ANTIQUES AND AUCTIONS

Bidder Up!—At Christie's East, the auction on March 26 at 10 and 2 includes Babe Ruth's original 1930 contract with the New York Yankees for an astonishing $80,000 salary (estimate: $35,000-$40,000, or half his salary) and Nolan Ryan's 1971 Mets jersey (estimate: $30,000-$35,000.) (219 E. 67th St. For information, call 546-1119.) . . . ¶ Two weeks later, on April 9 at 10:15 and 2, Sotheby's will follow with a sports-memorabilia sale, highlighted by a Sweet Caporal Cigarettes color portrait (circa 1910) of Honus Wagner (estimate: $70,000-$100,000). (York Ave. at 72nd St. For information, call 606-7176.)

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Crisis Funds—Proceeds from a Sotheby's auction featuring twentieth-century works, on March 28 at 8, will benefit the Gay Men's Heath Crisis Center. The roster of first-rate artists includes Josef Albers, Chuck Close, Jasper Johns, and Annie Leibovitz. (York Ave. at 72nd St. For information, call 606-7176.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Dieter Appelt—The first solo exhibition in New York by this German photographer and sculptor. Through April 30. (Sander, 19 E. 76th St.)

Ellen Auerbach—Photographs of Mexican churches, taken in the fifties, by this Bauhaus-educated photographer. Through May 7. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

Victor Burgin—"The End," a series of large color images. Through April 16. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Mitch Epstein—An exhibition by the art director of "Salaam Bombay!" and "Mississippi Masala." Through April 9. (Saul, 560 Broadway.)

Margaret Evans—Photographs that depict the decline of the American steel industry. Through April 9. (Zarre, 48 Greene St.)

Walker Evans (1903-75)—Nine handgravures of the Brooklyn Bridge (made by Jon Goodman from Evans' negatives), which were chosen by Hart Crane to illustrate "The Bridge." Through April 16. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Dorothea Lange (1895-1965)—Forty-three extraordinary images taken between 1933 and 1963, many of which were produced under the auspices of the Farm Security Administration. Through May 7. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Ray K. Metzker—Black-and-white landscapes, taken in Utah, Tennessee, and Wisconsin. Through April 9. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Ruth Orkin (1921-85)—Black-and-white images by this photographer best known for her celebrity portraits. Through April 16. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

Irving Penn—An exhibition of thirty photographs of New York, all selected by Penn, spanning forty-six years. Through April 16. (Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

John Pfahl—Photographs that incorporate tape, foil, and bits of string. Through April 9. (Borden, 560 Broadway.)

Kunié Sugiura—An installation of photograms. Through April 2. (Muranushi Lederman, 426 Broome St.)

James Van Der Zee (1886-1983)—A retrospective of both his late work and his photographs of Harlem in the twenties and thirties. Through April 30. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

Cheryl Van Hooven—Large-scale landscape collages. Through April 6. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

"Pioneers of Soviet Photography"—Work by Alexander Rodchenko, Max Alpert, and others. Through April 30. (Schickler, 52 E. 76th St.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim Museum, the Whitney Museum, and the China Institute.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Beethoven's B-Sides

"What's WoO?" readers have been asking—understandably enough. But WoO (rhymes with "zoo") is less exotic than it looks: it's simply the acronym for "Werke ohne Opuszahl" ("works without opus number"), and it usually refers to a catalogue, compiled by musicologists about forty years ago, of more than two hundred second-tier Beethoven compositions. The composer himself had assigned opus numbers to all his major works upon publication, reaching Op. 135 by the time he died. But for many of his works he failed to find a publisher, and some that he did publish he considered too insignificant to merit official opus numbers. Perhaps he hoped to derive a few ducats from them without being blamed by posterity for their existence. Not all the WoO pieces are negligible, though, and some occupy important niches in the repertoire. In fact, the A-Minor Bagatelle (WoO 59) must be Beethoven's most frequently played piece, thanks to the sincere efforts of pre-professional pianists, who know it as "Für Elise."

When the Collegiate Chorale excavates some arcane Beethoveniana at Carnegie Hall on March 25, WoO will be represented by the youthful "Cantata on the Elevation of Leopold II" (WoO 88), not performed when it was written (in 1790) and not published until a century later. A non-WoO cantata on the program, "Der Glorreiche Augenblick" ("The Glorious Moment"), is a mature piece whose anti-Napoleonic sentiments guaranteed a warm reception from the patriotic Viennese when it was unveiled, in 1814. Beethoven shopped it around to three publishers, but found no takers. When it was finally issued, twelve years after the composer's death, the publisher presumptuously purveyed it as Beethoven's Op. 136. But for that, it would have been a WoO, too.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; and for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**adriana lecouvreur,** with Mirella Freni, Stefania Toczyska, Luis Lima, and Louis Quilico; conducted by Roberto Abbado. (March 23 at 8.) . . . With Sherrill Milnes as Michonnet. (March 26 at 8.) . . . **il barbiere di siviglia,** with Susanne Mentzer, Frank Lopardo, Vladimir Chernov, Enzo Dara, and Nicolai Ghiaurov; Carlo Rizzi. (March 24 at 8.) . . . With François Loup as Dr. Bartolo. (March 28 at 8.) . . . **otello,** in a new production, with Carol Vaness, Plácido Domingo, and Sergei Leiferkus; Valery Gergiev. (March 25 and March 29 at 8.) . . . **la bohème,** with Angela Gheorghiu, Diana Soviero, Richard Leech, and Timothy Noble; Carlo Rizzi. (March 26 at 1:30.) . . . **note:** The fortieth annual Winners Concert of the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions will take place on March 27 at 3, featuring ten young opera stars in the making; with Carlo Rizzi conducting the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. (Metropolitan Opera House.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Kurt Masur conducting. March 23-25 at 8: Schoenberg's "Verklärte Nacht," Berg's Violin Concerto (with Viktoria Mullova), and Beethoven's Symphony No. 8. . . . **note:** In preconcert readings, beginning at 7 each evening and open to ticket holders, Nancy Marchand and Paul Sparer will read love poems and letters, to prefigure the sentiments of the concert program. . . . ¶ March 29 at 6:45: The same program without the Berg.

Choir of St. Peter's Cathedral of Bremen—Wolfgang Helbich directs the German choir, soloists, and an orchestra in Bach's "St. John Passion." (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. March 23 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directs the chorus and orchestra in Mozart's Requiem and part three of Handel's "Solomon"; with soprano Marvis Martin, mezzo-soprano Jennifer Lane, tenor Gregory Hostetler, and bass-baritone Stephen Bryant. (Carnegie Hall. March 23 at 8.)

New York Virtuoso Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directs Louis Andriessen's a-cappella "Flora Tristan," as well as choral works calling for saxophone quartets in their accompanying ensemble: Tristan Keuris's "To Brooklyn Bridge" and Berio's "Novissimi Testamenti II." Featuring the Rascher Saxophone Quartet, which will also perform the single-movement Saxophone Quartet by Wuorinen. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. March 23 at 8.)

New York's Grande Bande—Frederick Renz directs Pergolesi's Stabat Mater (with soprano Tamara Crout and mezzo-soprano Karen Clark Young) as well as concerti grossi by Corelli, Vivaldi, and Unico Wilhelm. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. 685-0008, ext. 352. March 24 at 6:15.)

Collegiate Chorale and Orchestra of St. Luke's—Robert Bass directs Beethoven's cantatas "Der Glorreiche Augenblick" (Op. 136) and "Cantata on the Elevation of Leopold II" (WoO 88), with soloists Deborah Voigt and Elizabeth Futral (sopranos), Gregory Cross (tenor), and Jan Opalach (bass). Ms. Voigt will also be featured in Beethoven's concert aria "Ah! Perfido." (Carnegie Hall. March 25 at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—Frederick Renz directs "The Conversion of St. Paul" and "The Raising of Lazarus," a staged musical production drawn from materials in the twelfth-century "Fleury Playbook." (Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. 923-3700. March 26-27 at 3.)

St. Andrew Chorale and Orchestra—John Weaver directs Bach's "St. John Passion." (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. March 27 at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Holy Trinity Choir—Paul F. Mueller directs parts II and III of Handel's "Messiah." (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. 289-4100. March 27 at 5.)

NISHAN AKGULIAN

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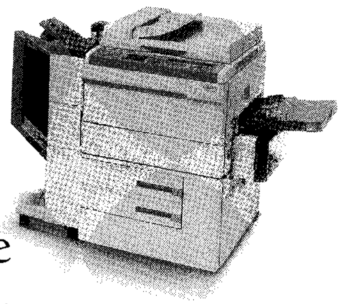

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RECITALS

Washington Square Contemporary Music Society—Presenting works for acoustic and electronic instruments, by Dennis Miller, Robert Rowe, Judd Danby, Arthur Krieger, Anne LeBaron, and John Melby. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. March 23 at 8.)

Joyce Lindorff—Harpsichordist, performing premières of works by Wuorinen, Ronald Caltabiano, and Chen Yi, as well as more traditional harpsichord fare by Alessandro Poglietti, François Couperin, and Bach (his Sixth "English" Suite); assisted by Yang Yi on the zheng (a traditional Chinese zither) and Wei Laigen playing the di (a bamboo flute). (Weill Recital Hall. March 23 at 8.)

Bargemusic—Sung-Mi Im performs several piano works by Liszt; Ronald Thomas joins her for Beethoven's A-Major Cello Sonata; and violinist Ik-Hwan Bae completes the ensemble for Mendelssohn's C-Minor Piano Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. March 24 at 7:30 and March 27 at 4.)

Kyung-Wha Chung and Peter Frankl—The violinist and the pianist perform Brahms' three violin sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. March 24 at 8.)

The Romeros—Three generations of the guitar-playing Romero family—patriarch Celedonia, his sons Pepe and Celin, and Celin's son Celino—will perform works (many of them arrangements) by Praetorius, Sor, Boccherini, Tárrega, Turina, de Falla, and others. (Metropolitan Musem, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. March 24 at 8.)

Samuel Baron, Ronald Roseman, and Igor Kipnis—The flutist, the oboist and the harpsichordist perform music by Quantz, Telemann, two Bachs (J.S. and C.P.E.), Antonio Soler, and Thea Musgrave. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. March 24 at 8.)

Sonia Rubinsky—Pianist, performing the "Prole do Bebê I" by her fellow-Brazilian Heitor Villa-Lobos, as well as Mozart's G-Major Sonata (K. 283), Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," and Debussy's "Estampes," among other works. (Weill Recital Hall. March 24 at 8.)

Anonymous 4—The distaff vocal quartet traces the pilgrimage route to Santiago de Compostela through performances of works from the twelfth-century Codex Calixtinus and readings adapted from the thirteenth-century "Golden Legend of Jacobus de Voragine." (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. March 25 at 8. For information about tickets, call 678-7828.)

Lindsay String Quartet—Performing quartets by Haydn (in C Major, Op. 20, No. 2), Tippett (his Fifth), and Beethoven (in C-Sharp Minor, Op. 131). (Weill Recital Hall. March 25 at 8.)

Margaret Astrup—Soprano, singing songs and vocal chamber music by Saint-Saëns, Rossini, Adolphe Adam, Henry Cowell, and others, with several colleagues assisting. (Institute for Fine Arts, 1 E. 78th St. March 25 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Gambas in the Evening—Mary Springfels, Wendy Gillespie, and Lisa Terry perform French Baroque viola da gamba music by Marais, Couperin, and the Sieur de Sainte-Colombe; soprano Christine Brandes joins them to perform Rameau's cantata "L'Impatience." Members of Concert Royal assist. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. March 25 at 8.)

Curtis Confab—Pianist Gary Graffman, who serves as the director of Philadelphia's Curtis Institute of Music, is joined by six of the conservatory's students in a program that comprises Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" String Quartet, Korngold's Suite (Op. 23, for two violins, cello, and piano left-hand), and Taiwanese composer Hwang-Long Pan's "Formosa Landscape." (Taipei Theatre, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 48th St. 373-1850. March 26 at 7:30 and March 27 at 2.)

Gambas in the Morning—Bass viola da gamba player Michael Willens, plus several colleagues, play works by Couperin, Marais, and the Sieur de Sainte-Colombe. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. March 27 at 11 A.M. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

Sergei Leiferkus—Baritone, singing Schumann's "Liederkreis" (Op. 39) and Mussorgsky's "Songs and Dances of Death" and "Rayok"; with pianist Semyon Skigin. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. March 27 at 3.)

William Teague—Organist, performing Marcel Dupré's "The Stations of the Cross," with readings of Paul Claudel's poems on the subject interspersed. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. 751-1616, ext. 249. March 27 at 4.)

Janice Martin and Beatrice Muthelet—The violinist and the violist offer chamber works by Mozart and Pleyel, as well as the celebrated Handel-Halvorsen Passacaglia. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. March 27 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

Carmina String Quartet—Performing quartets by Haydn (in D Minor, Op. 76, No. 2), Mendelssohn (in A Minor), and Ravel. (Walter Reade Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. March 28 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.)

Camellia Johnson—In her New York début recital, the soprano sings music by Handel, Debussy, Brahms, Liszt, and Ricky Ian Gordon, as well as several spirituals; with pianist Neal Goren. Presented by Young Concert Artists. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. March 29 at 8.)

Kurt Ollmann—The baritone sings mélodies and American songs by Poulenc, Ives, Rodgers, and numerous contemporary composers; with pianist Steven Blier. (Weill Recital Hall. March 29 at 8.)

Ivo Pogorelich—Pianist, performing Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" and Chopin's four scherzos (plus a prelude). (Carnegie Hall. March 29 at 8.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Knicks—Vs. the Charlotte Hornets, March 29 at 8.

Nets—Vs. the Chicago Bulls, March 25 at 7:30.

Rangers—Away until April 1, when they'll face the Dallas Stars.

Islanders—Vs. the Florida Panthers, March 26 at 1:10.

Devils—Vs. the Tampa Bay Lightning, March 24 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, March 26 at 1:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, March 29 at 7:35.

(The Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Nets and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900; and the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300.)

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus—The hundred and twenty-fourth edition of the big three-ring affair will introduce the baby elephants Romeo and Juliette. Opening March 24, the circus is in town through May 1. (Madison Square Garden. For information about show times and tickets, call 465-6000.)

Radio City Easter Show—'Tis the season for extravaganzas. This year's Easter Show highlight is a toss-up: will it be the Princess Tenko, the twentysomething Japanese illusionist and magician, or the new Rockettes number "Easter Parade?" (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. March 26 at noon, 3:30, and 8; March 27 at noon and 3:30; March 28 at 2:30; and March 29 at 11 and 2:30. Through April 10.)

"A Little More Magic"—The Famous People Players, a Canadian troupe of puppeteers, are appearing in a limited engagement. Expect to see life-size puppet likenesses of Elvis, Liberace, Tina Turner, and others. (Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Through April 10.)

"The Snow Queen"—A fully staged adaptation of the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale, performed by the Alliance Children's Theatre of Atlanta. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. March 26 at 2.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Broadway Bonnets—The casts of some twenty shows throw their frilly hats into the ring of the Broadway Easter Bonnet Competition. In this annual benefit, troupers perform skits and musical numbers that showcase their chapeaus. Performers and presenters include Bea Arthur, John Raitt, Chita Rivera, and Tony Roberts. (Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. March 29 at 4 and March 30 at 5. For more information, call 978-0295. NOTE: The hats are on display, through March 29, in a window of Broadway, New York, at Broadway and 45th St.)

Flower Power—Hail the fragrant orchid, found worldwide, except in Antarctica and a few isolated islands. During the thirteenth annual Greater New York Orchid Show, Manhattan firmly establishes that it is not one of those unlucky islands. There will be hundreds of thousands of orchids in bloom, ranging from the familiar corsage variety to the microscopic Lepanthes family. Fragrance judging, cultivation workshops, and photography will also be featured. (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. 945-0505. March 24-26, from 10 to 7, and March 27, from 10 to 5.)

Moor Reading—A benefit reading of Shakespeare's "Othello," with Earle Hyman and others who appeared in an off-Broadway production of the play staged forty years ago. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. March 28 at 7.)

Getting an Earful—Tune in to "SoundSensations—The Inside Story of Audio," a new permanent exhibit opening March 26 at the New York Hall of Science, which will answer such acoustic questions as how CDs capture sound. Visitors will be able to create bird-call symphonies and play electronic instruments on shadow-sensitive panels. (Flushing Meadow Park. 1-718 699-0005. Wednesdays to Sundays, from 11 to 5.)

ArtSpeak—March 24 at 8: Painter David Salle will talk with art historian Nan Rosenthal. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.) . . . ¶ March 28 at 6:30: Art professor David Freedberg and painter Glenn Ligon will discuss Classicism in twentieth-century art. (Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. 606-0211.) . . . ¶ March 29 at 8: Several lawyers and the artist Dan Flavin will participate in a discussion titled "When Is Your Art Your Own: Copyright and the First Amendment . . . and Other Legal Thickets." (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799.)

Readings—March 23 at 6:30: Symphony Space's Selected Shorts series will pay tribute to that inspirational borough at the end of the bridge, Brooklyn. Work by Walt Whitman, Marianne Moore, Norman Mailer, and others will be read by actors including Michael J. Fox and Anne Meara. (Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.) . . . ¶ March 25 at 7: M. L. Rosenthal will read from his own poetry. (D'Agostino Hall, New York University, 108 W. 3rd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ March 28 at 7:30: Carolyn Forché will read from her new collection of poetry, "The Angel of History." (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-5848.) . . . ¶ March 29 at 8: Cynthia Macdonald and Tom Sleigh will read from their own poetry. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Talks—March 23 at 6: Woolf biographer Louise De Salvo will kick off a series of talks on the Bloomsbury Group. (Mercantile Library, 17 E. 47th St. Tickets at the door on the evening of the talk.) . . . ¶ March 29 at 6: Master of deception Ricky Jay will give a talk titled "Prose & Cons: The Early Literature of Cheating." (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.)

Walks & Tours—March 26 at 1: Radical Walking Tours will point out the Rosenbergs' apartment and the Pathfinder Mural, among other things, in Greenwich Village. For more information, call 1-718 492-0069. . . . ¶ March 27 at noon: The South Street Seaport will offer a tour of the unrestored parts of historic lower Manhattan. For more information, call 669-9416.

THE MOVIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 40.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 2: "Suture" (directed by Scott McGehee and David Siegal).
Theatre 3: "The Snapper" (†).
Theatre 4: "Savage Nights" (†).
Theatre 5: "Sirens" (John Duigan).
Theatre 6: "Naked" (Mike Leigh).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Oh, Woe Is Me" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Sugar Hill" (Leon Ichaso), with Wesley Snipes and Michael Wright.
Theatre 2: "Guarding Tess" (Hugh Wilson), with Nicolas Cage and Shirley MacLaine.
Theatre 3: "Romeo Is Bleeding" (Peter Medak).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "The Remains of the Day" (†).
Theatre 2: "On Deadly Ground" (Steven Seagal), with Seagal.
Theatre 3: "Philadelphia" (†).
Theatre 4: "Angie" (†).
Theatre 5: "Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult" (Peter Segal).
Theatre 6: "Mother's Boy" (Yves Simoneau), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Peter Gallagher.
Theatre 7: "Above the Rim" (Jeff Pollack).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Raining Stones" (Ken Loach).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "The Ref" (Ted Demme), with Denis Leary, Judy Davis, and Kevin Spacey.
Theatre 2: "Monkey Trouble" (Franco Amurri).
Theatre 3: "Short Cuts" (Robert Altman).
Theatre 4: Through March 24: "Blank Check" (Rupert Wainwright), with Brian Bonsall; and "China Moon" (†). From March 25: "D2: The Mighty Ducks" (Sam Weisman).
Theatre 5: "What's Eating Gilbert Grape" (†).
Theatre 6: "Ace Ventura: Pet Detective" (†).
Theatre 7: "Fiorile" (†).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell), with Hugh Grant and Andie MacDowell.
Theatre 2: "Philadelphia" (†).
Theatre 3: "Above the Rim" (Jeff Pollack).
Theatre 4: "Guarding Tess" (Hugh Wilson), with Nicolas Cage and Shirley MacLaine.
Theatre 5: "Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult" (Peter Segal).
Theatre 6: Through March 24: "What's Eating Gilbert Grape" (†). From March 25: "D2: The Mighty Ducks" (Sam Weisman).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Above the Rim" (Jeff Pollack).
Theatre 2: "The Ref" (Ted Demme), with Denis Leary, Judy Davis, and Kevin Spacey.
Theatre 3: "Guarding Tess" (Hugh Wilson), with Nicolas Cage and Shirley MacLaine.
Theatre 4: "Angie" (†).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult" (Peter Segal).
Theatre 2: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mother's Boy" (Yves Simoneau), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Peter Gallagher.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Greedy" (Jonathan Lynn), with Michael J. Fox, Kirk Douglas, and Nancy Travis.

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba; in Spanish).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Ref" (Ted Demme), with Denis Leary, Judy Davis, and Kevin Spacey.
Theatre 2: Through March 24: "China Moon" (†). From March 25: "D2: The Mighty Ducks" (Sam Weisman).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Chase" (Adam Rifkin).

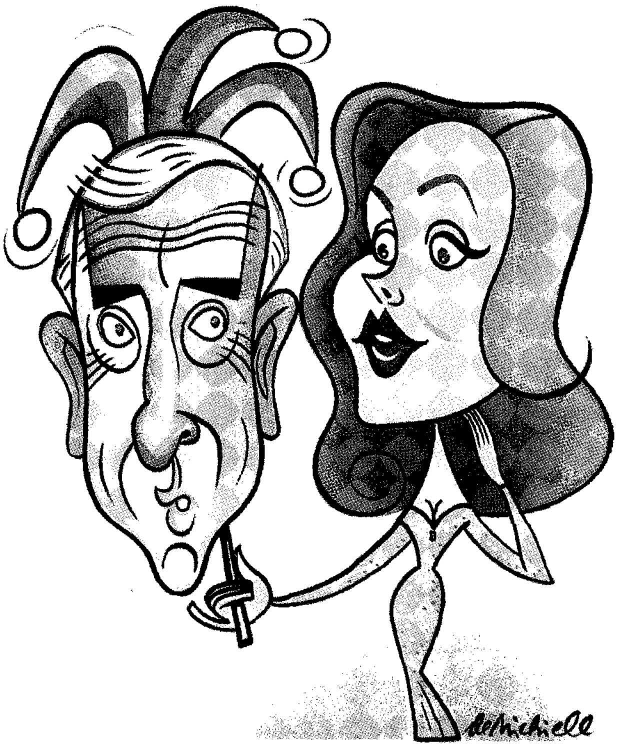
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Greedy" (Jonathan Lynn), with Michael J. Fox, Kirk Douglas, and Nancy Travis.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Above the Rim" (Jeff Pollack).
Theatre 2: "Mother's Boy" (Yves Simoneau), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Peter Gallagher.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Six Degrees of Separation" (Fred Schepisi), with Stockard Channing, Will Smith, and Donald Sutherland.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969, John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Jon Voight, and Brenda Vaccaro.
Theatre 2: "The Paper" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Angie" (†).
Theatre 2: "Monkey Trouble" (Franco Amurri).



ROBERT DEMICHIELL

Leslie Nielsen and Priscilla Presley in "Naked Gun 33 ⅓: The Final Insult."

Theatre 3: "Bitter Moon" (Roman Polanski), with Peter Coyote, Emmanuelle Seigner, Hugh Grant, and Kristin Scott-Thomas.

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "In the Name of the Father" (†).
Theatre 2: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 3: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 4: "Reality Bites" (†).
Theatre 5: "In the Name of the Father" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Piano" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Remains of the Day" (†).
Theatre 2: "Philadelphia" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Guarding Tess" (Hugh Wilson), with Nicolas Cage and Shirley MacLaine.

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell), with Hugh Grant and Andie MacDowell.
Theatre 2: "Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult" (Peter Segal).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Sirens" (John Duigan), with Hugh Grant.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Hudsucker Proxy" (Joel Coen), with Tim Robbins, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Paul Newman.

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult" (Peter Segal).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Greedy" (Jonathan Lynn).
Theatre 2: "Above the Rim" (Jeff Pollack).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Reality Bites" (†).
Theatre 2: "Guarding Tess" (Hugh Wilson), with Nicolas Cage and Shirley MacLaine.
Theatre 3: "Ace Ventura: Pet Detective" (†).
Theatre 4: "On Deadly Ground" (Steven Seagal), with Seagal.
Theatre 5: "What's Eating Gilbert Grape" (†).
Theatre 6: "Mother's Boy" (Yves Simoneau), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Peter Gallagher.
Theatre 7: "Monkey Trouble" (Franco Amurri), with Harvey Keitel, Mimi Rogers, Christopher McDonald, and Thora Birch.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through March 24: "Angie" (†). From March 25: "D2: The Mighty Ducks" (Sam Weisman).
Theatre 2: "The Ref" (Ted Demme), with Denis Leary, Judy Davis, and Kevin Spacey.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl" (†).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Olympiad" (1938, directed by Leni Riefenstahl), a documentary.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "In the Name of the Father" (†).
Theatre 2: "Six Degrees of Separation" (Fred Schepisi), with Stockard Channing, Will Smith, and Donald Sutherland.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Reality Bites" (†).
Theatre 2: "Schindler's List" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through March 24: "Farewell My Concubine" (Chen Kaige, in Mandarin). From March 25: "Under One Roof" (Paulo Thiago, in Portuguese).
Theatre 2: "The Scent of Green Papaya" (†).
Theatre 3: "Bitter Moon" (Roman Polanski), with Peter Coyote, Emmanuelle Seigner, Hugh Grant, and Kristin Scott-Thomas.
Theatre 4: "Calendar" (Atom Egoyan).

MOVIE HOUSES-Cont'd

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "In the Name of the Father" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ace Ventura: Pet Detective" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mother's Boy" (Yves Simoneau).
Theatre 4: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 5: "Angie" (†).
Theatre 6: "In the Name of the Father" (†).
Theatre 7: "Schindler's List" (†)
Theatre 8: "Reality Bites" (†).
Theatre 9: "The Ref" (Ted Demme), with Denis Leary, Judy Davis, and Kevin Spacey.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Sugar Hill" (Leon Ichaso), with Wesley Snipes and Michael Wright.
Theatre 2: "The Chase" (Adam Rifkin).
Theatre 3: "Greedy" (Jonathan Lynn).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Angie" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis), with Harrison Ford and Tommy Lee Jones.
Theatre 2: "The Getaway" (Roger Donaldson), with Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger.
Theatre 3: "The War Room" (D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus).
Theatre 4: "The Joy Luck Club" (Wayne Wang).
Theatre 5: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (Brian Gibson), with Angela Bassett and Laurence Fishburne.
Theatre 6: "Wayne's World 2" (Stephen Surjik), with Mike Myers and Dana Carvey.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Remains of the Day" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"What's Eating Gilbert Grape" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Farewell My Concubine" (Chen Kaige, in Mandarin).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Six Degrees of Separation" (Fred Schepisi), with Stockard Channing, Will Smith, and Donald Sutherland.
Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"The Cement Garden" (Andrew Birkin) and "The Wedding Banquet" (Ang Lee).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Germinal" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Shadowlands" (Richard Attenborough), with Anthony Hopkins and Debra Winger.

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell), with Hugh Grant and Andie MacDowell.

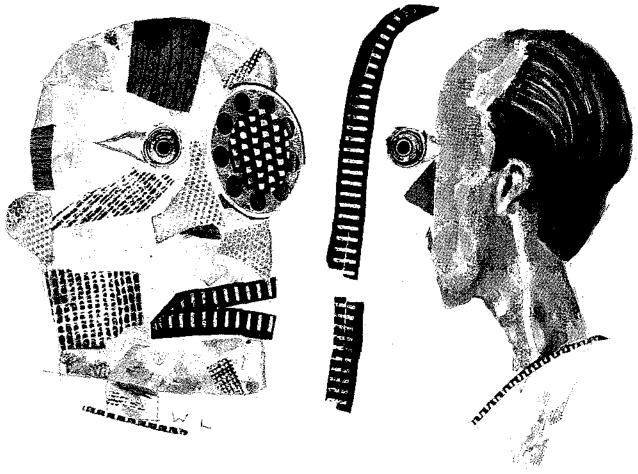
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Reality Bites" (†).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Fiorile" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Scent of Green Papaya" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 24: "Blue" (Krzysztof Kieślowski; in French). From March 25: "Ivan and Abraham" (Yolande Zauberman, in Yiddish).
Theatre 4: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Snapper" (†).
Theatre 6: "Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba; in Spanish).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Schindler's List" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult" (Peter Segal).
Theatre 2: "The Ref" (Ted Demme).
Theatre 3: "Guarding Tess" (Hugh Wilson).
Theatre 4: "Angie" (†).
Theatre 5: "Monkey Trouble" (Franco Amurri).
Theatre 6: "The Remains of the Day" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
"Bitter Moon" (Roman Polanski), with Peter Coyote, Emmanuelle Seigner, Hugh Grant, and Kristin Scott-Thomas.



At the Angelika Film Center, Dennis Haysbert and Michael Harris in "Suture."

WARREN LINN

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Mother's Boy" (Yves Simoneau).
Theatre 2: "Greedy" (Jonathan Lynn) and "China Moon" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through March 24: "Sugar Hill" (Leon Ichaso). From March 25: "D2: The Mighty Ducks" (Sam Weisman).
Theatre 2: "Above the Rim" (Jeff Pollack).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Monkey Trouble" (directed by Franco Amurri).
Theatre 2: "Above the Rim" (Jeff Pollack).
Theatre 3: "Guarding Tess" (Hugh Wilson), with Nicolas Cage and Shirley MacLaine.
Theatre 4: "On Deadly Ground" (Steven Seagal).
Theatre 5: "Ace Ventura: Pet Detective" (†).
Theatre 6: "Philadelphia" (†).
Theatre 7: "Lightning Jack" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through March 24: "The Ref" (Ted Demme), with Denis Leary, Judy Davis, and Kevin Spacey.
From March 25: "D2: The Mighty Ducks" (Sam Weisman).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "China Moon" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 24: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (Bill Duke). From March 25: "The Ref" (Ted Demme).
Theatre 3: "Blank Check" (Rupert Wainwright), with Brian Bonsall.

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult" (Peter Segal).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Mother's Boy" (Yves Simoneau), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Peter Gallagher.
Theatre 2: "Sugar Hill" (Leon Ichaso).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through March 24: "High Pressure" (1932, directed by Roy Del Ruth) "The Mind Reader" (1933, Del Ruth) and "Grand Slam" (1933, William Dieterle).
March 25-26: "Caravaggio" (1986, Derek Jarman).
March 27: "Sebastiane" (1976, Derek Jarman).
March 28-29: "The Tempest" (1979, Derek Jarman).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
March 23: "Roman Holiday" (1953, William Wyler) and "Robin and Marian" (1976, Richard Lester).
March 24: "Compulsion" (†) and "Three Cases of Murder" (1954, David Eady, Wendy Toye, and George More O'Ferrall).
March 25-26: "Annie Hall" (1977, Woody Allen) and "Manhattan" (1979, Allen).
March 27: "Luna" (1979, Bernardo Bertolucci) and "The Conformist" (1970, Bertolucci; in Italian).
March 28: "Persona" (1967, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish) and "The Seventh Seal" (1956, Bergman; in Swedish).
March 29: "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!" (1968, Hy Averback) and "The Wild Angels" (1966, Roger Corman).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films produced by Gaumont, the French movie studio. March 24 at 2:30: "L'État Sauvage" (1978, directed by Francis Girod). . . . ¶ March 25 at 2:30: "Série Noire" (1979, Alain Corneau). . . . ¶ March 28 at 2:30: "The Marquise of O . . ." (†). . . . ¶ March 29 at 2:30: "La Boum" (1980, Claude Pinoteau).

New Directors/New Films—A festival of international films. March 23 at 6 and March 24 at 9: "Ivan and Abraham" (Yolande Zauberman, France). . . . ¶ March 23 at 9: "Clean, Shaven" (Lodge Kerrigan, United States). . . . ¶ March 24 at 6 and March 26 at midnight: "Cronos" (Guillermo del Toto, Mexico). . . . ¶ March 25 at 6 and March 26 at 1: "Sirga" (Patrick Grandperret, France). . . . ¶ March 25 at 9 and March 28 at 9: "Clerks" (Kevin Smith, United States). . . . ¶ March 26 at 3:30 and March 27 at 1: "These Hands" (Flora M'mbugu-Schelling, Tanzania) and "The Track of the Ants" (Rafael Marziano-Tinoco, Venezuela and Poland). . . . ¶ March 26 at 6:30 and March 27 at 3:30: "2 or 3 Things My Stepfather Taught Me" (Michael Wheeler; United States), "Some Folks Call It a Sling Blade" (George Hickenlooper, United States), and "The Coriolis Effect" (Louis Venosta, United States). . . . ¶ March 26 at 9 and March 27 at 6: "Zero Patience" (John Greyson, Canada). . . . ¶ March 27 at 9 and March 28 at 6: "My Great Big Daddy" (Kjell-Ake Andersson, Sweden). . . . ¶ March 29 at 6: "Everything I Like" (Martin Sulik, Slovakia). . . . ¶ March 29 at 9: "The Days" (Wang Xiaoshuai, China). (Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. For information, call 875-5610.)

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—A program of films directed by Robert Aldrich. March 23 at 2 and 7:45: "Sodom and Gomorrah" (1963). . . . March 23 at 5:30: "Ten Seconds to Hell" (1959). . . . March 24 at 2 and March 27 at 3:30 and 9: "The Dirty Dozen" (1967). . . . March 24 at 5:30 and March 27 at 6:15: "The Flight of the Phoenix" (1966). . . . March 25 at 2 and 7:05 and March 26 at 3:30 and 9: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962). . . . March 25 at 4:30 and 9:45 and March 26 at 6:15: "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (†). . . . March 29 at 2 and 7: "The Legend of Lylah Clare" (1968). . . . March 29 at 4:30 and 9:30: "Too Late the Hero" (1970). . . . ¶ March 24 at 8:30: "What Happened Was" (1991, Tom Noonan).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—March 26 and 29 at 1:30: "Jurassic Park" (1993, Steven Spielberg). . . . ¶ March 26 at 4: A program of independent and experimental films. . . . ¶ March 27 at 2: "Birthright" (1939, Oscar Micheaux).

Brooklyn Museum, 200 Eastern Parkway. (1-718 638-5000)—A program called "Hollywood and the French New Wave." March 27 at 12:30: "Seven Women" (1965, John Ford) and "The Nun" ("La Religieuse"; 1965, Jaques Rivette; in French).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—March 23 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Zou Zou" (1934, Marc Allégret; in French), with Josephine Baker and Jean Gabin.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-0824)—"Pacific Reflections: How Japan and America See Each Other in Film." March 25 at 6:30: "The Aroma of Enchantment" (1992, Chip Lord).

Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—A series of films made by American independent filmmakers. March 29 at 7: "Poison" (1991, Todd Haynes); and "The Living End" (1992, Gregg Araki).

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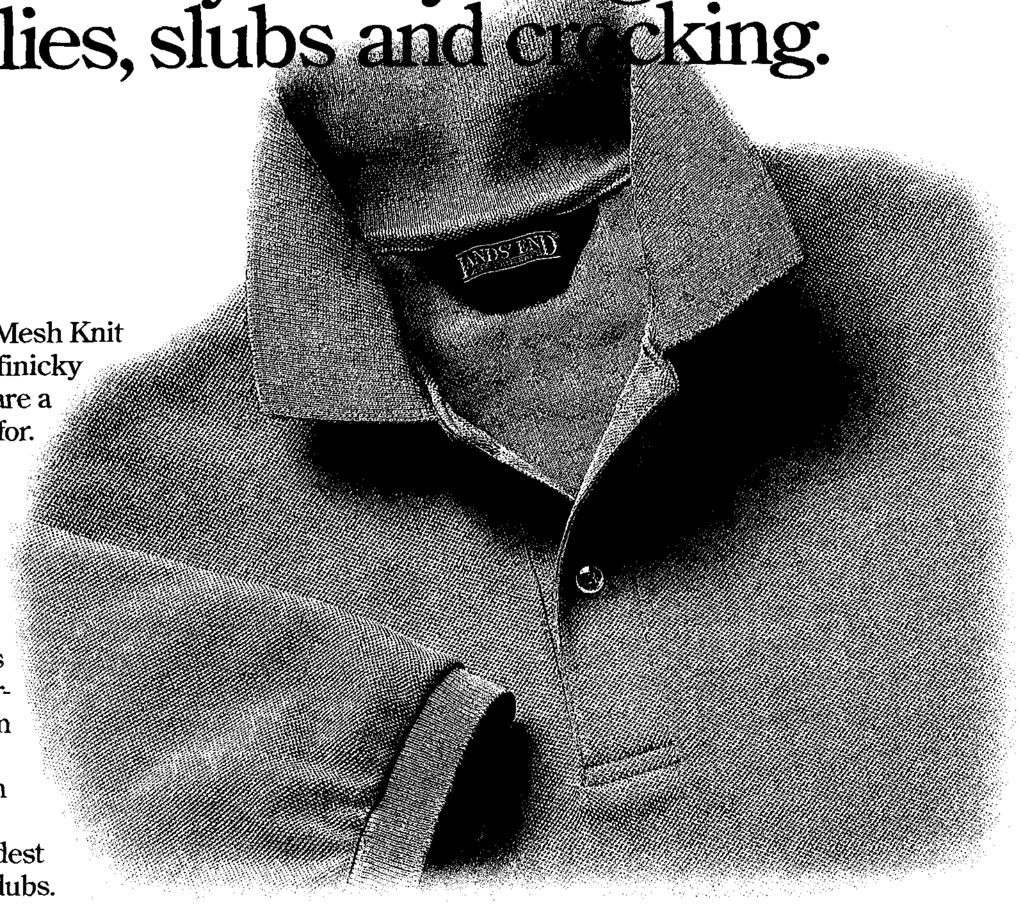

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MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Above the Rim—A promising high-school basketball player must choose between two mentors: a friend who believes in his athletic talent and a drug dealer. With Duane Martin, Tupac Shakur, and Marlon Wayans. Directed by Jeff Pollack. Opening March 23

D2: The Mighty Ducks—Emilio Estevez stars in this sequel to the 1992 Disney hit about a kid's hockey team. This time out, the squad heads for a tournament in Los Angeles. With Michael Tucker, Jan Rubes, and Kathryn Erbe. Directed by Sam Weisman. Opening March 25.

Ivan and Abraham—In nineteen-thirties Poland, a Jewish boy and his Gemtile friend flee mounting tensions in their shtetl home for an unknown life in the countryside. Directed by Yolande Zauberman. In Yiddish. Advance screenings on March 23-24 at the New Directors/New Films Festival. Opening March 25 in limited release.

Under One Roof—Three women living together in an unnamed Brazilian city share their stories and fantasies. With Norma Bengell, Maria Zilda Bethlem, and Lucelia Santos. Directed by Paulo Thiago. In Portuguese. Opening March 25.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Ace Ventura: Pet Detective—A go-for-broke buffoon, double-jointed from the eyeballs down, Jim Carrey can be funny for three minutes at a time on "In Living Color." But as a "pet detective" hired to find the Miami Dolphins' mascot, he doesn't get much chemistry going with the supporting animals, let alone the supporting cast (Sean Young, Courteney Cox, Tone Loc, and Dolphins quarterback Dan Marino). His comic language is made up of accent marks, not characters; instead of inhabiting a scene, he swallows it up and spits it out in manic doodles. Tom Shadyac directed.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Criterion Center.)

Angie—A wet, sticky portrait of a pregnant Bensonhurst woman (Geena Davis) who refuses to marry her longtime neighborhood boyfriend, the father (James Gandolfini). The characterizations and relationships are both "earthy" and flimsy: Angie's initial date with a Manhattan-based international lawyer (Stephen Rea) plays like a bad dream sequence. Rea is as soft and jokey as a Muppet, and Davis, in a career first, struggles to be ingratiating. It's hard to gauge what's more bathetic: the stuff about Angie's mother, a "free spirit" who left her at age three, or the stuff about Angie's baby, who's born with a defect. Philip Bosco and Jenny O'Hara (functioning as a Shirley MacLaine clone) play the heroine's father and stepmother, and Aida Turturro is her best friend. Martha Coolidge directed.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, Chelsea Cinemas, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin; through March 24.)

China Moon—Corkscrew thrillers need more than one twist. Somebody should have told the director (John Bailey) and writer (Roy Carlson) of this shopworn "Double Indemnity" knockoff. They take their time getting to the sole switcheroo. Ed Harris emotes plausibly as a lovestruck Florida cop and Madeleine Stowe shimmers in the moonlight as the object of his desire, but the movie is too basic—strictly "Single Indemnity." Benicio Del Toro filches a few scenes as Harris's partner, and Willy Kurant's cinematography has striking nocturnal highlights.—M.S. (Metro Cinema, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Village East Cinemas, and Sutton; through March 24.)

Fiorile—The new movie by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani is a family saga that, according to the filmmakers, is based on legends they heard while they were growing up in Tuscany. The picture, spanning two hundred years, tells the story of the Benedettis (who are sometimes referred to by the locals as the Maledettis). The Benedettis begin as peasants and become wealthy landowners, but their prosperity and power derive from an original sin, committed in the seventeen-nineties, for which future generations have never received full absolution. The screenplay, by the Tavianis and Sandro Petraglia, is constructed as a series of historical tales framed by a contemporary story in which members of the three surviving generations of the Benedettis illustrate, in various ways, the consequences of their blighted family history. Although the movie is elegantly made and has moments of great beauty, it somehow falls short of delivering the tremendous emotional impact that it promises. The three legends we're told about the family aren't extraordinary in themselves, and the thematic structure—the whole saga comes down to a parable about love versus greed—is disappointingly banal. In Italian.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/7/94.) (Village East Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Germinal—Claude Berri's latest epic, adapted from Zola, is set in nineteenth-century France, a lot of it underground. There, such miners as Maheu (Gérard Depardieu), the creepy Chaval (Jean-Roger Milo), and the troubled newcomer, Etienne (Renaud), ply their spine-cracking trade and work up steam against the venal demands of the company. Things are no easier at ground level; Maheu and his wife (a downcast Miou-Miou) already have countless children to feed, and we get to see them making a new one, up against the kitchen sink. Depardieu is all lusty brawn and strident yearnings, but Maheu is too dull and decent a role for the actor's loutish sense of fun. The movie itself is a largely fun-free zone. No one could argue with its cry for justice, but individual stories tend to get drowned out, and the act of watching it comes embarrassingly close to life in the pits—a long, hard slog in the dark. Berri has opted for the unhurried narrative sprawl that served him so well in "Jean de Florette," but this time the private battles at its core seem far less gripping. Just occasionally, everything clicks: when a stolid, silent old miner strangles the life out of a rich young girl, you feel the rage of a whole society sharpened to a terrible point. In French.—A.L. (3/14/94) (Paris.)

In the Name of the Father—Jim Sheridan's ragged, fascinating new movie is based on the autobiography of Gerry Conlon, a Belfast Catholic who spent nearly fifteen years in British prisons for a crime he didn't commit. Conlon (Daniel Day-Lewis) and three friends were accused of participating in the 1974 bombing of a pub near London, in which five people were killed; the only evidence against Conlon was his own confession, extracted from him by means of a brutal police interrogation. When Sheridan and his co-screenwriter, Terry George, try to function as historians, the movie feels shaky. But when Gerry and his father (Pete Postlethwaite)—who has been convicted on a different charge—get to prison, the filmmakers begin to explore their real theme, which is the intimate emotional consequences of oppression and prejudice. Day-Lewis, Postlethwaite, and Don Baker (playing a chillingly self-possessed I.R.A. man) are superb. Also with Emma Thompson and Corin Redgrave.—T.R. (1/24/94) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Waverly and Chelsea Cinemas.)

Lightning Jack—Or, "The Road to Oblivion." Unlike the Hope-Crosby road movies, this tepid Western trail comedy has no geographic or dramatic destination. The producer-writer-star, Paul Hogan, plays a nimble, insecure Old West outlaw; Cuba Gooding, Jr., plays his sly, klutzy mute sidekick. They ride around in circles evading deputies, outstripping Indians, and exchanging shticks. Even Beverly D'Angelo (as Hogan's woman) is no big help; she reduces herself to a libidinous version of Dudley Do-Right's girlfriend. Directed by Simon Wincer.—M.S. (Criterion Center.)

The Paper—With Michael Keaton, Glenn Close, Robert Duvall, Marisa Tomei, and Randy Quaid; directed by Ron Howard. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

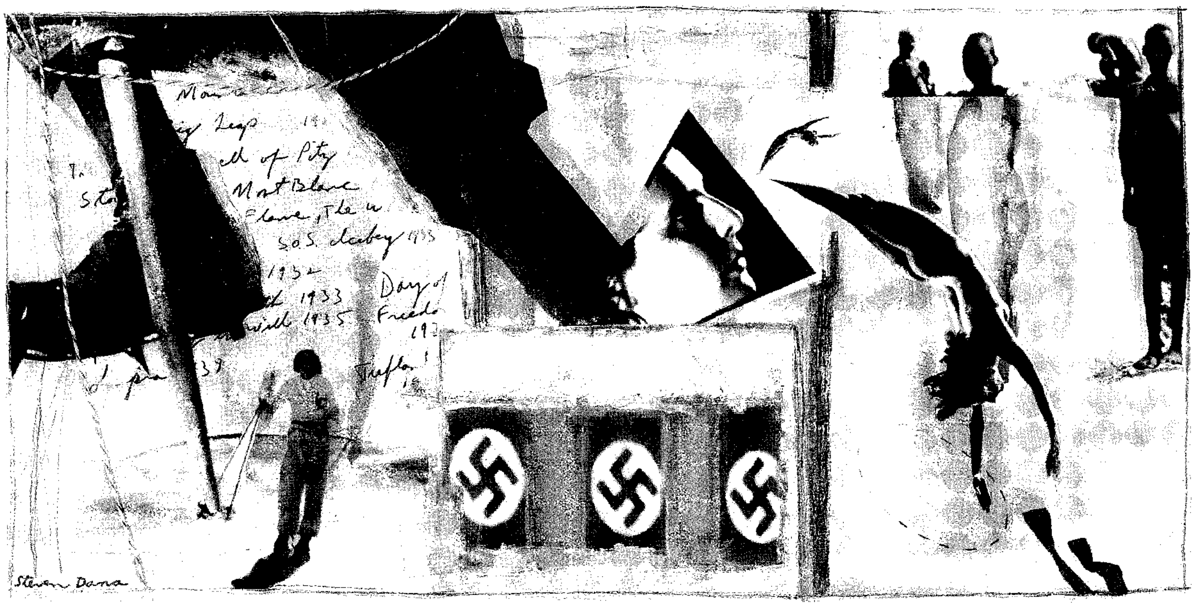
Philadelphia—Tom Hanks plays a lawyer dismissed from his firm, apparently for incompetence, but really because he has AIDS. Enter Denzel Washington as a personal-injury attorney—relaxed, witty, and homophobic, but prepared to fight for justice. The result is an unorthodox blend of courtroom drama and old-style weepie, and somehow it comes off. With Jonathan Demme in charge there's a guarantee of taste and skill—if anything, the movie is too optimistic, convinced that everyone in America can be won round to its own standards of tolerance. Of course it should stand up for gay rights, but do we also need a speech about how wonderful lawyers are? Fortunately, this preachiness never swamps the picture, thanks largely to spirited playing from Tom Hanks, who looks full of life right up to the end. The movie is affecting, sometimes silly, but determined to take risks.—A.L. (12/27/93-1/3/94) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Gemini, and Criterion Center.)

The Piano—Sometime in the last century, a Scottish mute called Ada (Holly Hunter) travels to New Zealand with her beloved piano and her daughter Flora (Anna Paquin). She is engaged to Stewart (Sam Neill), but it is his right-hand man, Baines (Harvey Keitel), who becomes the focus of her interest. He buys the piano, and gives her a chance to win it back: an erotic agreement that gathers intensity and drives the film onward to its gasping conclusion. The writer and director, Jane Campion, has turned her native New Zealand, with its desolate beaches and writhing forests, into a potent backdrop; the rain and mud make the love story look like trench warfare—you come away from the movie battered and amazed. It's almost too wrought and compressed for its own good, but the performances breathe it full of life. Hunter, especially, gives a fiery portrait of a rebellious Victorian spirit.—A.L. (11/29/93) (Angelika Film Center, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Reality Bites—Ben Stiller's film is a romantic comedy about what has come to be called Generation X. The characters are just out of college, and they're not thrilled about their prospects: they're overeducated and underemployed, and no one seems to know, or care, what they're going through. The picture has its charms: Stiller's direction gives it an appropriately loose, drifting rhythm; Winona Ryder, in the central role, has a fresh, natural style that makes even the most contrived dialogue sound authentic. But the story is essentially a thin and conventional romantic triangle, straight out of thirties Hollywood; the filmmakers try to disguise the fluffiness by unleashing a torrent of trash-culture allusions and sociological truisms. Also with Stiller and Ethan Hawke.—T.R. (3/7/94) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and 62nd & Broadway.)

The Remains of the Day—Anthony Hopkins plays Stevens, a butler who has given long and faithful service at Darlington Hall and maintained his emotional temperature at absolute zero. This has cost him dearly: first, he failed to see that his master (James Fox) was dangerously bent on appeasement with the Germans in the nineteen-thirties; and, second, he refused to accept, or even acknowledge, the love offered to him by the housekeeper (Emma Thompson). Adapted by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala from the novel by Kazuo Ishiguro, this Merchant-Ivory production strains so hard to portray dignified restraint that it almost seizes up with good manners. This is especially unfair to Thompson, who is forced to smother her naturally high spirits.—A.L. (11/15/93) (Village Theatre VII, Gemini, Ziegfeld, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Savage Nights—This is the story of Jean, a young French bisexual filmmaker with AIDS, caught between the opposing charms of Laura (Romane Bohringer) and Samy (Carlos López). He is played by Cyril Collard, a young French bisexual filmmaker with AIDS, who also directed the movie and wrote the screenplay, based on his own original novel. (Collard died last year.) For those who who found "Philadelphia" too kindly and sanitized, the emotional dirt of "Savage Nights" will come as a relief; when Laura learns of Jean's condition, she throws a fit and then takes off his condom, wanting to prove her love with perilous sex. It's that old French refrain, the dark poetry of the death wish, and the best scenes consist simply of the hero gunning his red sports car through the night. But the movie disintegrates badly, and loses force; the characters seem not so much to be living through their experiences as using them to strike a philosophical pose. In French.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center.)



At Film Forum, "The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl."

STEVEN DANA

The Scent of Green Papaya—Vietnam's first Academy Award nominee for best foreign film offers an easy-to-resist blend of indoor nature chronicle (it could be subtitled "The Insects and Reptiles of Saigon") and bittersweet remembrance. The writer-director, Tran Anh Hung, has a visual idea or two; in prolonged, gliding tracking shots he traces the progress of a provincial girl named Mui, who works for a deceptively comfortable Saigon family and then for an eligible composer. When the camera skates through homes as neat and geometric as dioramas, it makes viewers feel as if they were on a moving sidewalk at a World's Fair exhibition about South Vietnam before the fall. The result is a kind of 3-D calligraphy rather than dramatic moviemaking. In Vietnamese.—M.S. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Schindler's List—The story of Oskar Schindler (Liam Neeson), a dashing and resourceful German Catholic businessman who saved over a thousand Polish Jews from almost certain annihilation by the Nazis, is extraordinary even by the standards of Holocaust literature. Steven Spielberg's film, adapted by Steven Zaillian from the 1982 book by Thomas Keneally, runs better than three hours and doesn't seem a minute too long. Spielberg respects the essential mystery of the protagonist's heroism, and uses his prodigious skills with an intensity that he hasn't shown in a long time: he captures images of experiences that most of us thought we would never see represented adequately on the screen. This is by far the finest, fullest dramatic (i.e., nondocumentary) film ever made about the Holocaust. Along with Neeson, who is brilliant, the standouts in the large cast are Ralph Fiennes, Ben Kingsley, and Embeth Davidtz. The wonderfully expressive black-and-white cinematography is by Janusz Kaminski.—T.R. (12/20/93) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Regency.)

The Snapper—A return trip to the Dublin of "The Commitments," and every bit as welcome as the earlier film. The Curley family is in trouble: young Sharon (Tina Kellegher) is going to have a snapper—a baby, that is, conceived after a drunken fumble on a car hood. Sharon knows who the father is, but she won't let on to her friends, let alone to her father (Colm Meaney). It sounds like a drab little tale, but in the hands of director Stephen Frears it becomes a headlong tumble into good humor; he seems as fascinated by his characters as the family is by the new arrival, and the camera scuttles around, tolerantly picking up details. The script is adapted by Roddy Doyle from his own novel, which guarantees a string of firecracker jokes, caustic but never cruel; look out for the bemused parents discovering the joy of sex.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

What's Eating Gilbert Grape—The small-town setting is Endora, Iowa; the hero (Johnny Depp) is a grocery clerk who can't endure it. He and his two sisters (Laura Harrington and Mary Kate Schellhardt) are stuck there while they take care of a morbidly obese mother who won't leave the house (Darlene Cates) and a mentally challenged brother named Arnie (Leonardo DiCaprio). The director, Lasse Hallström, aims for a tragicomic fable that says a rut is as deep as you make it; he tries to be sensitive without being boring. But the film is still implicitly condescending since almost all the characters (including the afflicted ones) function as tests of Gilbert's patience. John C. Reilly and Crispin Glover (as Gilbert's buddies) contribute affable comic turns, but the exuberant, inventive DiCaprio is the only one who transcends the flatness of the storytelling. With Juliette Lewis and Mary Steenburgen. Peter Hedges adapted his own novel.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Orpheum VII, and Festival. . . . ¶ 19th Street East 6; through March 24.)

The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl—A documentary, directed by Ray Müller. In German. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Film Forum.)

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael.)

Compulsion (1959)—Based on the famous case of two Chicago Raskolnikovs—Loeb and Leopold, brilliant students but miserably sloppy murderers. The movie has a stylish, jazz-age format, but the script can't make up its little bit of mind—is it an exploitation of thrills and decadence, or a piece of crime research, or an attack on capital punishment? There are three principals—Dean Stockwell, Bradford Dillman, and Orson Welles as their lawyer—but there's only one remarkable performance—Stockwell's as Judd Steiner (i.e., Nathan Leopold). It's always great to see Welles, but as a spokesman for humanity and humility, he's a terrible humbug, and the oration he's called upon to deliver is just blather. There are all kinds of possibilities in the material, but the movie settles for all-purpose generalities. Directed by Richard Fleischer.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 24.)

Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte (1965)—Bette Davis in a Grand Guignol melodrama directed by Robert Aldrich—an attempt to reproduce the box-office success of their camp gothic "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," in which Davis's co-star was Joan Crawford. Crawford was to have appeared in this one also, but became ill and was replaced by Olivia de Havilland. Davis is a rich, dotty recluse living in a moldy mansion in Louisiana; she wanders about the shadowy rooms in streaming hair and billowing nighties, whispering telepathic endearments to her long-dead daddy. De Havilland is her treacherous cousin, Agnes Moorehead the witchlike housekeeper, and Joseph Cotten the family doctor. The story, redolent of mutilation and assorted horrors, is from a novel by Henry Farrell, who also was the source of the earlier film. A lot of people seemed to enjoy the spectacle of Davis crawling and howling and looking wildly repulsive. With Victor Buono, Mary Astor, Bruce Dern, George Kennedy, and Cecil Kellaway.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; March 25-26.)

The Marquise of O . . . . (1976)—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work re-created for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. With Edda Seippel as the Marquise's mother. Cinematography by Nestor Almendros. In German.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; March 28.)

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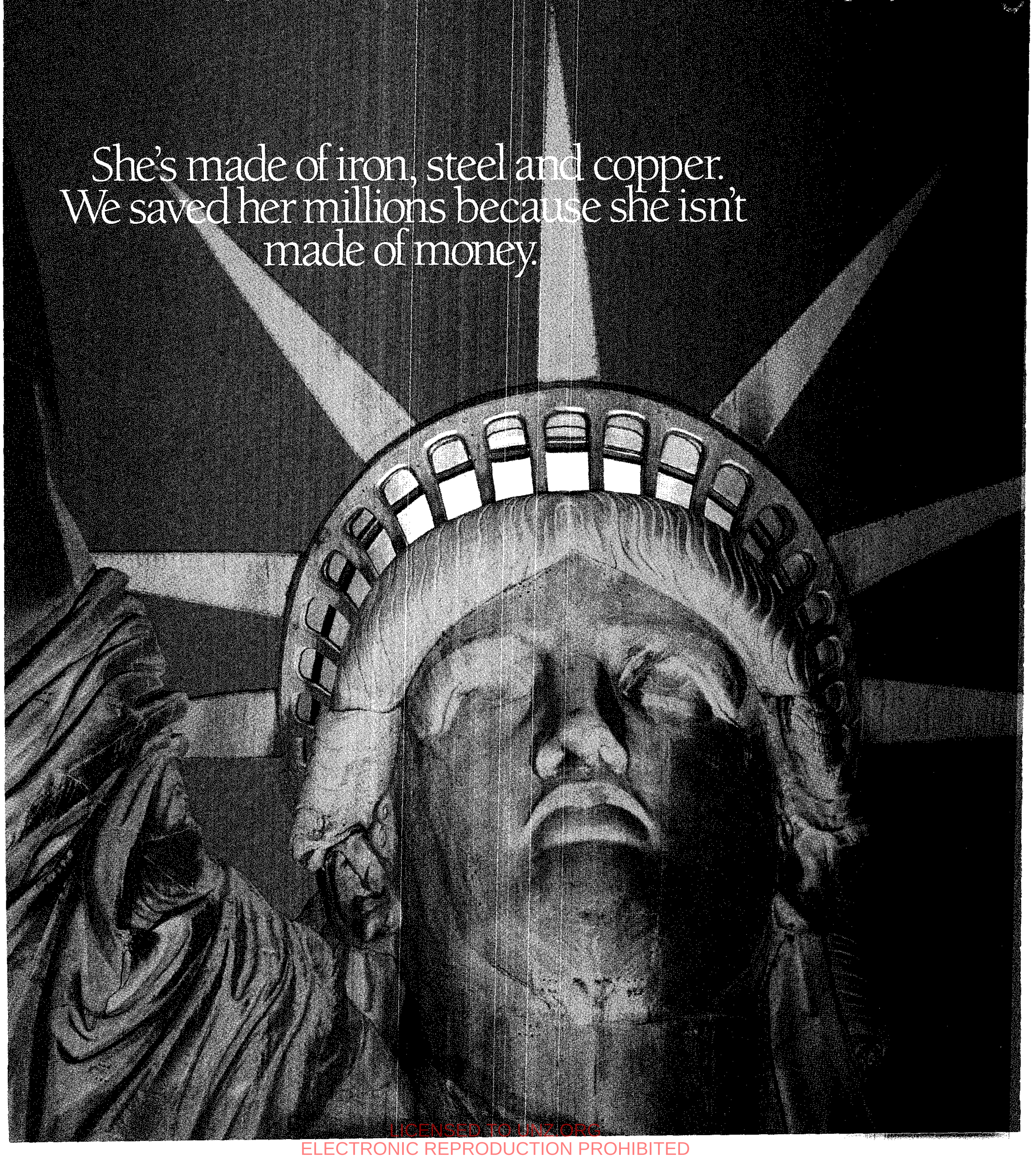
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THE
NEW YORKER

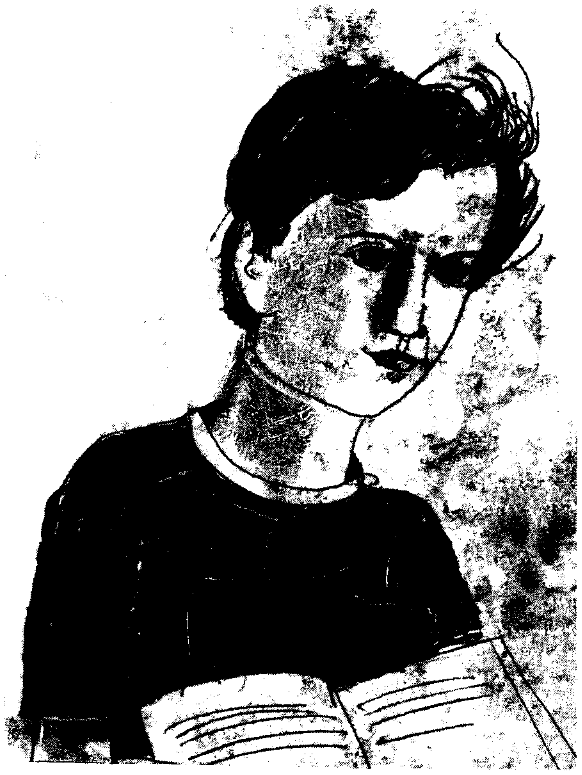
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

ZLATA'S NEW YORK DIARY

"EVERYBODY is a person for himself," thirteen-year-old Zlata Filipović told us the other afternoon. It was her way of saying that she just can't get into being called the Sarajevan Anne Frank. It may also have been her way of applying a little spin to what had become a bit of an image problem for her and for her book, "Zlata's Diary: A Child's Life in Sarajevo"—not to mention a potential marketing problem for her American publisher, Viking Penguin, which paid five hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars for the rights to the book; for Universal Pictures, which recently paid three-quarters of a million dollars for the film rights; and for the publishers in twenty-four other countries who bought the book from the French publisher, Robert Laffont/Fixot, after it became a best-seller in France three months ago.

Zlata understands that she might have created the image-problem-that-could-turn-into-a-marketing-problem by referring to Anne Frank in her diary entry dated March 30, 1992: "Hey, Diary! You know what I think? Since Anne Frank called her diary Kitty, maybe I could give you a name, too." (She chose to call her diary Mimmy.) Zlata says the reference was something any girl who had read Anne Frank (as she had) might do, and was not meant to imply she'd suffered the way Anne Frank had—a statement that makes some sense, since the aforementioned entry antedates the beginning of the siege of Sarajevo. However, Janine Di Giovanni, a correspondent in Bosnia for the London *Times*, writes in her preface to Zlata's book that she'd heard in the summer of 1993 of "a young girl who was being called 'the Anne Frank of Sarajevo' "—a high-concept cognomen that may or may not have been formulated by one or both of Zlata's parents. Whatever its origins, the comparison was repeated on the cover of *Newsweek*, which paid Robert Laffont/Fixot twenty-five thousand dollars to publish three pages of excerpts from the diary, and then on the flap copy of the American edition of the book. And it was this comparison that by the end of last week had figured in an unfriendly review of the book in the *Times* and a lengthy attack in *The New Republic* (cover line: "Bosnia's Phony Anne Frank"), although neither of these seemed to have any effect on early sales. (The book is already on both the *Times*' and the *Wall Street Journal's* best-seller lists.)

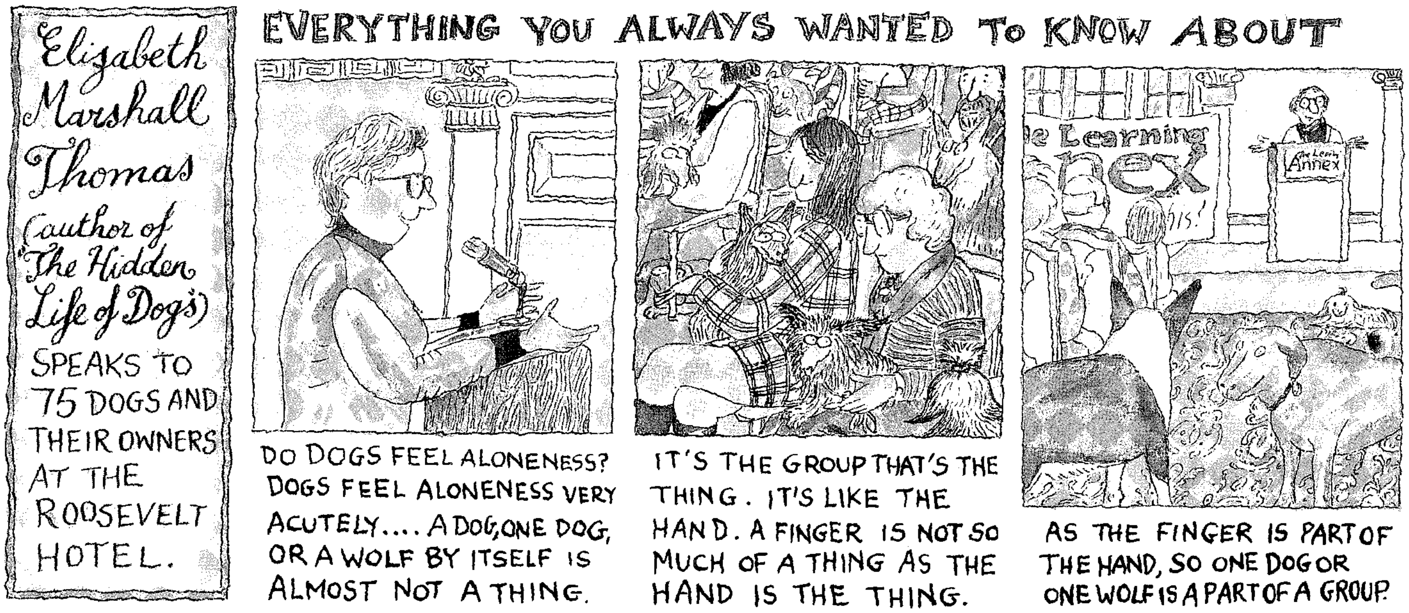
Zlata does not look like Anne Frank. She has smartly cropped brown hair, hazel eyes, a luminous pale complexion, and a thinking woman's fashion sense—which on the afternoon we met her meant a baggy navy sweater, plaid trousers, black ankle boots, and a peace-sign necklace. She was in New York on the first leg of a five-city American book tour, and she was busy. The Viking memo outlining her activities here during her seventy-two-hour stay ran to twelve pages.



Everywhere Zlata went—the "Today" show studio, the Barnes & Noble superstore—she travelled with an entourage, as we discovered when we met up with her at the Hard Rock Cafe. It included her parents (he's a lawyer, she's a biochemist), a translator, a Viking publicist, and an American literary agent who was representing the French publisher. They were edgy, and seemed exhausted. There was a lot of smoking. There was little small talk, and no answers to our question about who—Robert Laffont/Fixot, which holds the copyright? Zlata? her parents?—stood to make most of the money if the touring and packaging of Zlata and the book worked worldwide.

Zlata struck us as holding up fairly well under the pressures of

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT ANDREW PARKER


Elizabeth Marshall Thomas (author of 'The Hidden Life of Dogs') SPEAKS TO 75 DOGS AND THEIR OWNERS AT THE ROOSEVELT HOTEL.
EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT
DO DOGS FEEL ALONENESS? DOGS FEEL ALONENESS VERY ACUTELY.... A DOG, ONE DOG, OR A WOLF BY ITSELF IS ALMOST NOT A THING.
IT'S THE GROUP THAT'S THE THING. IT'S LIKE THE HAND. A FINGER IS NOT SO MUCH OF A THING AS THE HAND IS THE THING.
e Learning
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AS THE FINGER IS PART OF THE HAND, SO ONE DOG OR ONE WOLF IS A PART OF A GROUP.

a book tour, which can be an especially withering task for those who, like Zlata, have sought to write about something political, complex, tragic—in a word, adult. She has an eerie poise. She looks shier than she is, mostly because her hair tends to fall across her forehead in a way that nearly obscures her eyes. She peers out and up at the world in the same manner as Lady Diana in the early days of her fame. From her seat at the Hard Rock Cafe, she could peer out and up at a blue neon sign that said "VICTIMS WANTED." "It's difficult, because everything became such a big success," she told us at one point, speaking fluent English. "It's hard. I'm very tired."

The agent interrupted to tell us how terrific Zlata had been at that morning's taping of PBS's "Charlie Rose." Rose had brought up the *Times* review, which wasn't appreciated by the entourage. But the agent thought it was important that we know the impression Zlata had made on one of the other guests on the show, the author Paul Theroux. "He was fascinated with her," the agent said.

Zlata smiled politely. Then, when the conversation moved on, she told us, "I'm looking forward to spending time with people my own age."

After lunch, there was a free hour before a scheduled interview, so Zlata and the entourage decided to take a walk along Fifty-seventh Street, and we went, too. At Planet Hollywood, Zlata looked over the photographs of young stars, and seemed disappointed that she was unable to identify some of them. "The last time I knew what was hot, it was the New Kids on the Block," she said, and rolled her eyes.

When the entourage reached Rizzoli, Zlata leafed through a copy of Arthur Elgort's book, "Models Manual." She told us that in Sarajevo her bedroom walls had been plastered with pictures of supermodels, her particular favorites being Christy Turlington and Linda Evangelista. (The French publisher helped to arrange for the family's evacuation from Sarajevo—no easy matter. Zlata and her parents now live in Paris.)

At Fifth Avenue, the entourage turned north and walked up to F. A. O. Schwarz, where Zlata looked at stuffed animals, hopped on the big electronic floor keyboard, and visited the Barbie boutique. Then, passing a shelf that held a few diaries, she remarked that she no longer keeps one. "I don't have the time," she said.

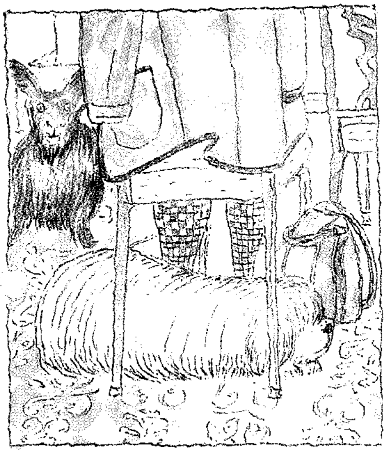
Zlata did not mention that, along with the Anne Frank problem, there has been the charge (presented in rather convincing detail in *The New Republic*) that she might not have written all of "Zlata's Diary"—that certain entries have been altered and expanded. Zlata says that she just wrote the diary by herself and for herself. Because some people do not believe that—but also, we thought, because she is a thirteen-year-old whose city has been ravaged, and who has, for all kinds of reasons, been made to stand for that city's innocence, since victims are supposed to be innocent, uncomplicated, childlike—she wasn't enjoying her visit to New York very much. "I'd like to come back in different circumstances," she said.

SHELDON HACKNEY JOINS THE CONVERSATION

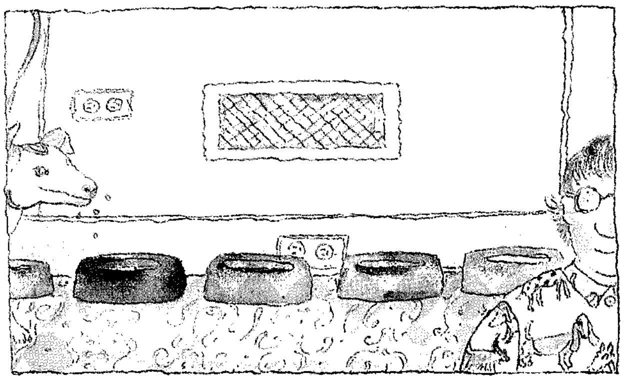
SHELDON HACKNEY, the chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, came to town recently to pursue his campaign for a peaceful solution to the nation's culture wars. Hackney, who assumed his post last summer after being nominated by President Clinton, has known these hostilities firsthand. In January of last year, as the president of the University of Pennsylvania, he was accused—by conservatives, mostly, but not only—of staying all too quietly on the sidelines after a white male student was called a racist and was threatened with expulsion for shouting "Shut up, you water buffalo!" at five black female students making noise under his dorm window. A few months later, Hackney faced similar accusations when he chose not to discipline a group of black students who had destroyed copies of a campus newspaper that included a column they found objectionable.

The *Wall Street Journal's* editorial page has crowned Hackney the "political correctness czar." He seemed to us more like an incurably nice guy who holds the quaint belief that reasonable people can always find common ground. To this end, his chief initiative as chairman of the Endowment has been to

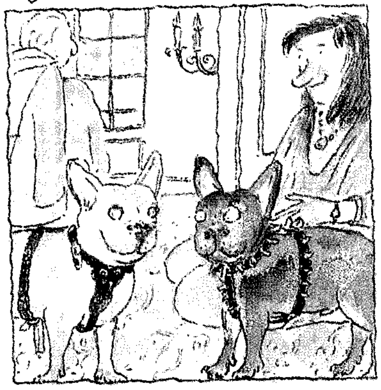
YOUR DOG BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK by Victoria Roberts



SO WOULD A DOG BE HAPPIER WITH A COMPANION? IT DEPENDS—



IF YOU WERE ALONE ALL DAY, AND SOMEONE SAYS, "LET'S GET THIS WOMAN A COMPANION," AND THEY GRAB SOME STRANGER FROM SOMEWHERE AND SHOVE HIM IN THE HOUSE WITH YOU, WOULD YOU BE HAPPY?...



DO DOGS DREAM? THEY CERTAINLY DREAM, THEY DREAM A LOT. I THINK THEY HAVE DAYTIME FANTASIES, TOO.

propose what he is calling "a national conversation" on "the meaning of American pluralism," to be conducted through high-level intellectual confabs, town meetings, focus groups, and E-mail exchanges. And—wouldn't you know it—already the storm waters have begun abating: Only the other day *The New Criterion* referred to this plan as "a truly fruity idea."

Hackney is a sixty-year-old beanpole from Alabama whose shambling gait and deferential manner call Jimmy Stewart to mind. When we brought up a few of the meaner criticisms of his project that we'd read, he acknowledged them with a gracious smile. "I think all that's wonderful," he said. "I think it indicates that there's something here"—by which he meant some violent passions that need to be cooled in the national conversation. We had joined him for a drink in the frostily modern lobby of the Novotel, a few hours after hearing him deliver the keynote speech at a seminar on urbanism held at the CUNY Graduate Center. The speech had been—how to put it?—unimpassioned. Hackney does not seem to have burning convictions of his own, or it could be that he's just trying hard to preserve his role as national seminar leader. To us he said, in a voice so soft that it was almost lost in the Novotel's background music, "The conversation needs to go where the American people take it."

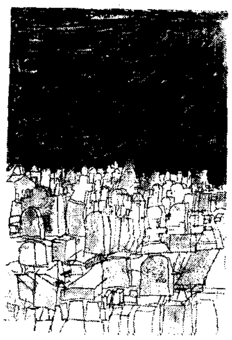
On being compelled, under near relentless pressure from us, to offer some tiny glimpse of his own convictions, Hackney did not register quite as high on the P.C. scale as his reputation (at least on the right) would have it. Lacing his long fingers together, he said he is "basically a free-expression absolutist"—though, yes, he can see the merits of the case for restricting "hate speech." He said that he now regrets not criticizing more explicitly the students at Penn who destroyed the newspapers. Integration, Hackney went on, is a "profound value"—though he can "tolerate" the expressions of ethnic separatism now growing on college campuses. He declined to express an opinion of William Bennett, who oversaw the Endowment under President Reagan, but, in what might have been a burst of candor, he described his immediate predecessor, Lynne Cheney, as "Arnoldian."

Hackney believes that if Americans of differing classes and races and affiliations would sit down and talk to one another they would find that they have more in common than they realize. He blames the mass media, with what he sees as its appetite for conflict and outrage, for driving Americans apart. And it's true, or so it struck us, that one of his visceral convictions is that no good can come out of incivility or rudeness. Of course, that may be a sign that his principles date from the Jimmy Stewart era. Critics on the right, after all, think that Hackney, while he was at Penn, should have been much more strident in defending free speech, and some on the left think that his notion of a healing conversation is all wrong—that the violence of the debate over separatism, affirmative action, "group rights," and so on has to do with power, not misunderstanding.

We raised these points with him, and he sat back in his chair to absorb them. Finally, he said that, of course, he agreed with those critics, too; but was that any reason not to converse? "Agreeing on what we disagree on is one of the steps toward finding those things we agree on," he said.

THE REMAINS OF HIS DAY

RAY CAPO has kind of a housing problem and kind of a real-estate problem and kind of a landfill problem—or, more accurately, New Yorkers have. Mr. Capo is the director of sales and administration at the Woodlawn Cemetery, in the Bronx, which is one of the largest of the city's dozens of cemeteries that are, as Mr. Capo put it, still active. But it's not all that active, which is the problem. "People come here, upset over the loss of a loved one, and when I tell them we don't have any plots left they're shocked," Mr. Capo said one recent afternoon. "'A four-hundred-acre cemetery and you don't have one spot for my mother?' But



it's the same all over. The city is running out of burial ground."

You make it here, you can make it anywhere, but if you're counting on ending up in the ground you'd better plan to do it anywhere but here—this is more or less the point that Mr. Capo was making. He was saying this from behind the wheel of a dark-blue Cadillac, which is what he uses to get himself around Woodlawn, where he has been selling plots at the cemetery for twenty-two years. He is fifty-one years old, is not much more than five feet tall, and looks a lot like Danny DeVito, with more hair. He was dressed like a man who knows what business he's in, even if business isn't what it once was: slate-blue suit, black shoes. His manner was that of a man who sincerely wished he could do more for those who are trying to plan long range for themselves, and for the friends and relatives of those who did not. (Two hundred or so New Yorkers each day do not get to see tomorrow.) As he framed the dilemma, "if you lived here all your life, then you probably don't want to travel fifty miles to pay your respects on Mother's Day."

Mr. Capo pulled up in front of a long, single-story stone building. Here, he explained, was where the future, or one part of it, lay. "This is an aboveground, indoor community mausoleum," he said. Inside were carpeted floors, potted plants, and a few wooden benches. The walls were made up of square marble slabs, behind which were crypts. "Prices range according to levels," Mr. Capo explained. "The lower ones, near the ground, are more money. You're dealing with emotions. People like to kneel to it or touch it. But some prefer the ones up by the ceiling. They say it's the closest they're ever going to get to Heaven."

Mr. Capo, his voice echoing off the marble walls, said it seemed to him that more and more people were getting comfortable with the idea of being placed in a tomb above ground. "It's a fear of the elements," he said, wincing slightly. Then he said some things of a technical nature that are not worth going into but that perhaps can be delicately hinted at; he noted, for instance, that each individual crypt is ventilated with fresh air, and that, if this were not the case, as he put it, "you could, conceivably, see a crypt blowing out."

Mr. Capo believes the future that does not rest in aboveground community mausoleums is to be found in the crematorium, so that is where he drove next. The road wound its way past the roomy mausoleums of such figures as J. C. Penney and F. W. Woolworth. "The majority of these mausoleums were built long before they were needed," Mr. Capo remarked. "This way, you could lose your fortune and still have a real nice place to go."

Mr. Capo parked in front of the crematorium, which was situated below the back end of Woodlawn's memorial chapel. There were clumps of flowers in a snowdrift beside the crematorium's metal doors. "I won't say there's a cremation trend yet," Mr. Capo said. "But I'm getting a lot more inquiries about it. People are very curious about exactly what is left. They can't picture it."

Once again Mr. Capo got rather technical, but then, perhaps sensing that the picture he was drawing was not one likely to make someone rest easily, he concluded by saying, "It's a perception problem, but I think people are getting more accustomed to the idea."

THE DANCERS, THE DANCE, AND THE DANCED FOR

FIRST, we heard that Russell Simmons, Def Jam rapmeister, was planning to open one. That could have been a random business decision. Then we read that the nearly hot actor Leonardo DiCaprio—he's in "What's Eating Gilbert Grape"—had been spotted at one. That could have been a coincidence. But *then* we found out that Studio 54, the seventies Mecca and one-time hippest club in the world, was becoming one—a topless club, that is, or, to be more specific, an upscale topless club. And that's when our sociological hackles went up and our anthropological toes started tingling, and we realized that what we had in our hands, metaphorically speaking, was a trend.

We have in mind the kind of place where a youngish busy executive can fall into a low armchair and unwind with a drink while a girl with legs up to *here* and breasts out to *there* passes behind him and then leans close to whisper the offer of a dance; the kind of place where a dance means that the girl will take off her clothes right in front of his seat and then spend one song moving just for him; the kind of place where looking is allowed, but no touching; the kind of place where the d.j. says, "It's only twenty dollars a dance, and you can charge it on your Visa!" (We do not have in mind honky-tonk topless bars, which to some have a way of being always trendy enough.)

Knowing that there's no substitute for experience, even if experience is limited to just watching, we went over to Studio 54 very late last Monday to attend the opening-night party. Hundreds of men in sharp-looking suits were draped casually over padded banquettes. There were almost no party guests who were women. There was lots of chrome and lacquer. There was an enormous stage on which numbers of young dancers were taking turns gyrating to songs like "It's Raining Men" and removing their clothes. After each woman finished her dance, she would put her dress back on and circulate through the room, making herself available and tending to the customers who decided to avail themselves of her availability. This involved talking, dancing, and draping the once again discarded clothing (dress, bra) on the customer's shoulders—a procedure that seemed to produce nearly identical expressions not only on the faces of the men who were receiving the attention but on the faces of all the men around them, that expression being a glassy-eyed, blissed-out, slightly self-conscious grin. The grin radiated a tinge of embarrassment—but only a tinge—at the fact that the wearer was doing nothing while being done to. ◆

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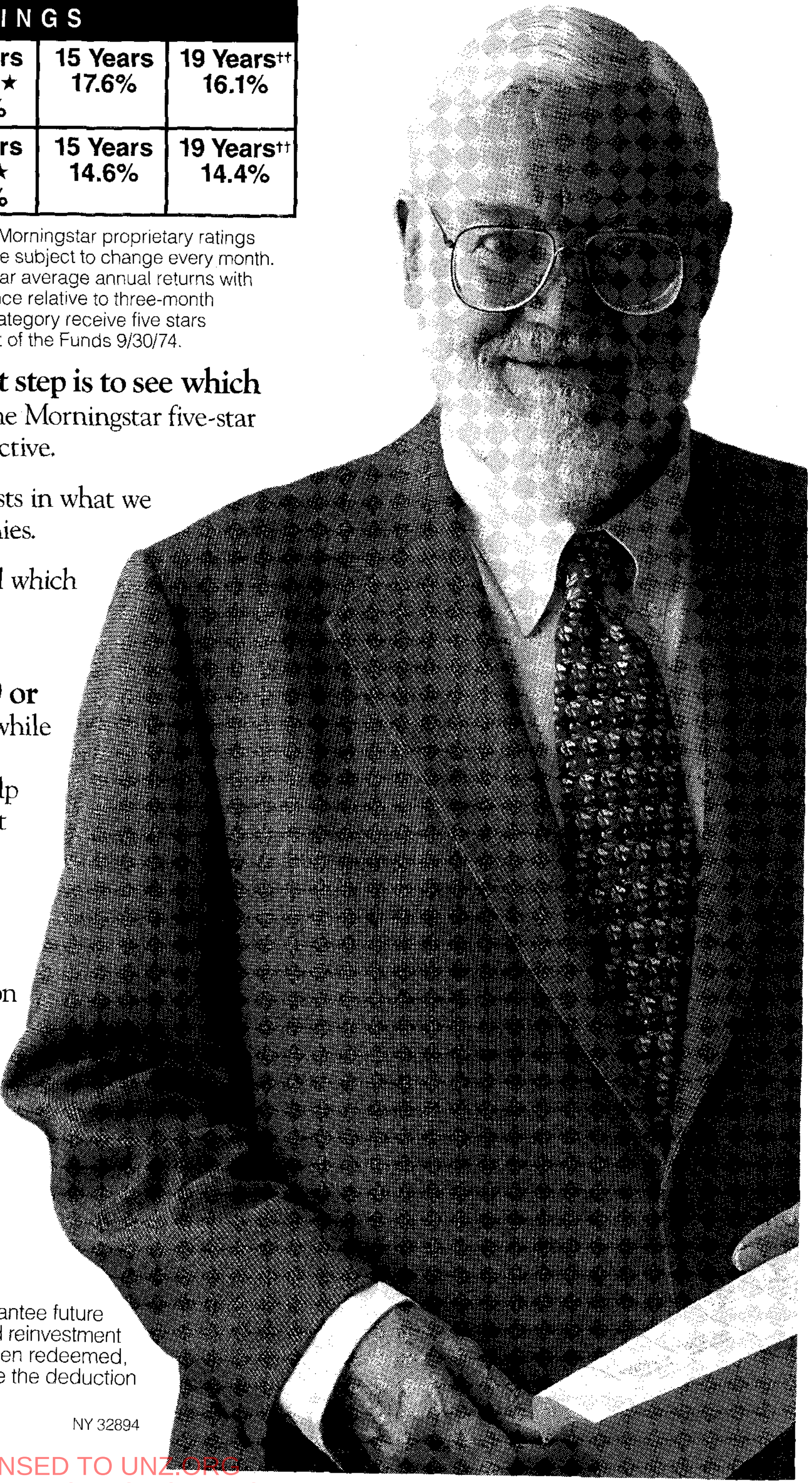

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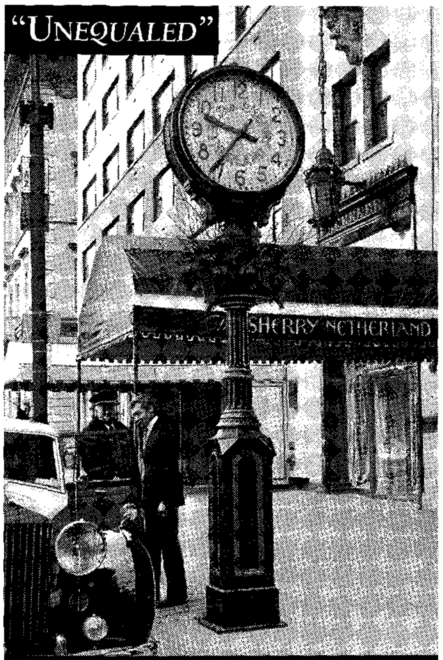

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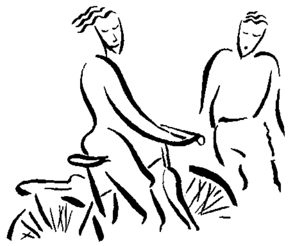

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AROUND CITY HALL

MIDDLE EAST ON THE HUDSON

New Yorkers are caught up in the Middle East conflict, and the Mayor's sympathies are showing.

BY ANDY LOGAN

ONE can sometimes get the impression, reading the headlines, that New York should be considered a department of the Middle East. At other times, it seems that the Middle East—or, at any rate, Israel—is a division of the city. In 1988, when, after a very close election, the Israelis were deciding who would be their next Prime Minister, a handful of ultra-right-wing members of the Knesset had the swing votes. They put in a call to the Brooklyn headquarters of the ultra-Orthodox Hasidic Lubavitcher sect, seeking guidance from the Lubavitcher Grand Rabbi, known as the Rebbe. Menachem Schneerson, the aged Rebbe, did not come to the phone, but one of his associates reported to them that—as was expected—the conservative Rebbe favored the hard-line Likud Party. The Likud's leader, Yitzhak Shamir, was the next Prime Minister. Last year, a quarter of Israel's new immigrants—many of whom have settled on the West Bank—were from Brooklyn. One of the settlers suggested last month that surviving life on the Brooklyn streets was the perfect preparation for the frequent violence of the West Bank. On the first of this month, a man named Rashid Baz, driving onto the Brooklyn Bridge, just east of City Hall, turned two guns on a van full of Hasidic yeshiva students, injuring four of them, two critically (one sixteen-year-old died four days later); the gunman turned out to be a half-Lebanese, half-Palestinian resident of the Sunset Park section of Brooklyn. And it was a West Bank settler and former resident of the Brooklyn neighborhood of Bensonhurst who on February 25th, the day of the celebration of Purim, the Jewish holiday commemorating the escape of the Jews from the massacre planned for them by the Persians, gunned down at least twenty-nine Muslims praying at a Hebron mosque during the holy month of Ramadan. That settler, Baruch Goldstein, had emigrated to Israel in 1983, following the example of his hero, Rabbi Meir Kahane, a former resident of Flatbush, who in 1968 founded the militant Jewish Defense League. In 1971, Kahane moved to Israel, and thirteen years later he was elected to the Knesset as a representative of his own Kach Party. Kahane once said, "If I were Prime Minister of Israel, not one Arab would be killed on the West Bank. Not one Arab would *be* on the West Bank," and described as "holy violence" the removal of Arabs, claiming it to be sanctified by God. In 1988, an Israeli court declared Kach ineligible to run political candidates, on the ground that it was racist, its widely advertised mission being to drive all Arabs out of Israel by any means necessary. This month, following the Hebron massacre, the Israeli government banned Kach and also a group called Kahane Chai, whose name means "Kahane Lives," under antiterrorist laws, which had previously been used only against Arabs, and thus put Kach and Kahane Chai on a par with Islamic militant groups.

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

Kahane, of course, did not live. In November of 1990, when he was back in this city, making a speech at the Marriott East Side Hotel, on Lexington Avenue, he was assassinated, in what his followers described as a plot by radical Muslims, the designated gunman being an Egyptian, El-Sayyid A. Nosair. In December, 1991, a jury somehow concluded that Nosair had used a gun and wounded an innocent bystander but had not murdered Kahane. That conviction was enough, however, to send Nosair to Attica prison, in western New York state, for a long term. Before Baruch Goldstein fired his gun at the Muslims praying in the mosque, he had several times mentioned a desire to take some action that would avenge the death of his hero.

The international distress over the Hebron massacre was immense, but little of it was reflected at City Hall. Rudolph Giuliani, New York's new mayor, seems able, to a startling degree, to divide in his mind residents of this city—and, to an extent, the world—into *his* people and all those others, whose interests, and even desperate needs, he is not obliged to concern himself with. His people tend to be white, well fixed, usually male, and demonstrably Giuliani voters. Most local Hasidim and other Orthodox Jews were strongly on Giuliani's side in the election, because they believed that his predecessor, David Dinkins, New York's first black mayor, was deliberately favoring his fellow-blacks when his administration failed to control black residents in the 1991 Crown Heights riots (which Giuliani obliged the Jews by calling a "pogrom") as they attacked Jews in the neighborhood—one of them fatally—after a car in the entourage of the Grand Rabbi accidentally killed a seven-year old black boy. By contrast, a third of the city's half-million Muslims are black, and ninety-five per cent of the city's blacks voted for Dinkins. Many of the Arabs, too, are inclined to take sides against politicians favored by Orthodox Jews.

Two days after the Hebron massacre, the new mayor crossed the Brooklyn Bridge to speak at the Council of Jewish Organizations in Brooklyn and then moved on to a Purim parade in Queens. Giuliani, of course, is not Jewish—he is, in fact, the city's first Catholic mayor since Robert Wagner, who was first inaugurated in 1954—and he had apparently not thought twice about the suitability of marching in a Purim parade so soon after the blood-soaked commemoration of Purim at the Hebron mosque. He told reporters that he intended to be "as low-key as possible" on the Hebron matter and had no plans "to reach out to any particular group," and explained, during the parade, "These things are best not talked about publicly or given a lot of attention to." Dr. M. T. Mehdi, the president of the Arab-American Relations Committee, accused the Mayor of lacking humanity, saying—accurately, as it turned out—that if it had been the other way around, and Jews had been killed while praying, Giuliani would have immediately expressed outrage and deep regret.

On February 26th, despite the Mayor's statement that these things are best "not given a lot of attention to," the murderous attack on those praying in the Hebron mosque was marked by the tolling of bells in churches and synagogues, including St. Paul's Chapel and the Church of St. Peter, both of which are just south of City Hall and east of the World Trade Center. On the same day, there was a service at St. Peter's to commemorate the first anniversary of the blowing up of the World Trade Center, which resulted in six deaths; injuries to a thousand; disruption of the lives of thousands of others; and damage amounting to some half a billion dollars. The service was attended by officials of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, which owns the Trade Center; by relatives of those killed; and by many of the injured, some in wheelchairs. At times during the service, those present, including the officials, seemed to be clinging together as they remembered the terrible day.

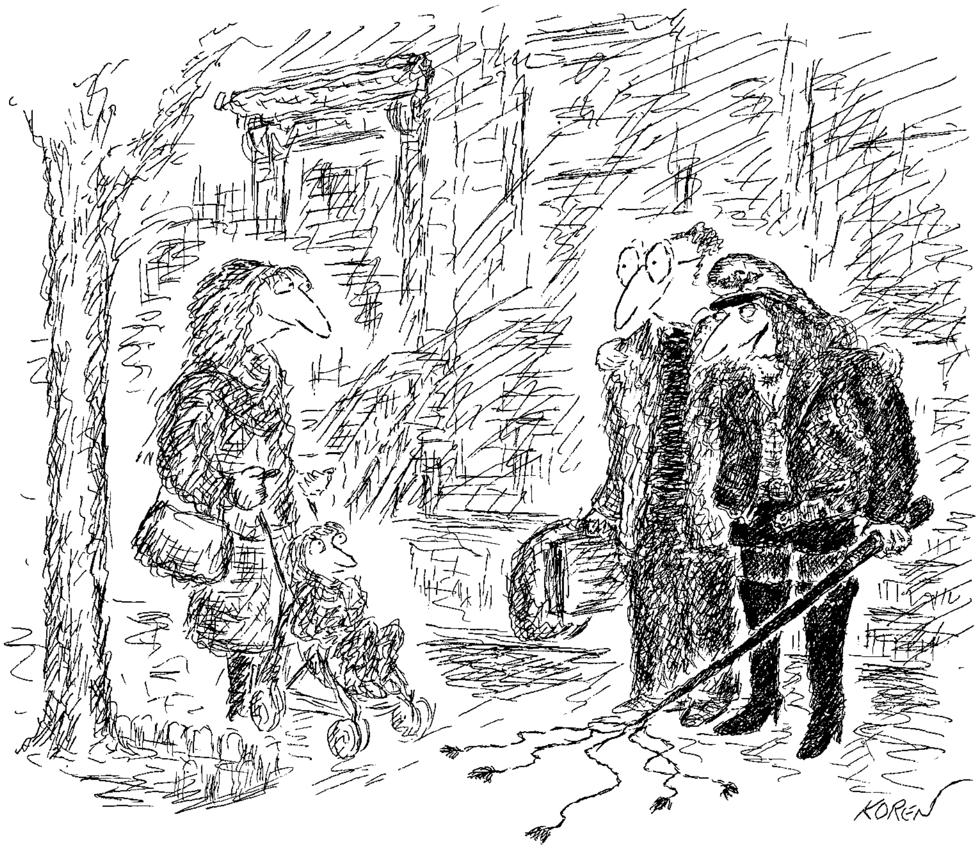
For five months, the trial of four Muslims—an Egyptian and three Palestinians—for their roles in the explosion had been going on in the nearby Federal Courthouse. During the trial, many New Yorkers who kept up with the proceedings were stunned to learn how easily the defendants and their co-conspirators had moved in and out of the country. Some of them had met regularly at Nosair's trial. It was evident from the testimony in the World Trade Center trial that one of the reasons the defendants had been determined to put the lives of the fifty-five thousand people who work in the Trade Center at risk was to avenge Nosair's having been convicted of any crime at all, as well as to strike back at American capitalism and world Jewry (holy violence again). After Nosair was moved to Attica, the men plotting the explosion visited him often for advice and assistance. On March 4th, all four defendants were convicted on thirty-eight counts, for having planned and carried out the explosion. Next September, a dozen of their allies, including Nosair and their spiritual leader, Sheikh Omar Abdel-Rahman, will be tried on charges that they were part of a conspiracy to blow up New York City landmarks and assassinate political figures, including Brooklyn Assemblyman Dov Hikind, who is Giuliani's chief adviser on Orthodox Jewish affairs.

GIULIANI'S staff has devoted a fair amount of time since he took office to trying to demonstrate that he is not the menacing-looking figure portrayed in Dinkins' campaign commercials but a friend to all, which was how his mayoral predecessors liked to portray themselves. He did break with one custom of former mayors, and was given credit for it—that of using funerals to make political points. He announced as his policy that neither he nor any member of his administration would "hold a press availability before, during, or after a funeral." There are New Yorkers who still marvel at the time that former Mayor Ed Koch—at the ready for television interviews—brought his own mike stand to the funeral of a politician who had committed suicide. However, despite Giuliani's smiles and improved rules of funeral protocol, most local blacks and some Hispanics continue to see him as their enemy. Enoch Williams, a black City Council member from Brooklyn, made the point this month that, in dealing with the city's $2.3-billion budget gap, "they are not cutting the Police Department. They are not cutting the Fire Department." The members of those departments, which are heavily white, supported Giuliani last November, unlike most of the other municipal unions, whose members are mainly black and Hispanic and make far less money. "In minority neighborhoods, it looks like a vendetta," Williams said. The Reverend Al Sharpton, who has announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate, against Daniel Patrick Moynihan, and is counting on a large black vote, found a comparison for Giuliani in the Middle East: Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylon, who in the sixth century B.C. conquered Jerusalem and deported many

Jews. In a speech in Brooklyn earlier this year, Sharpton not only compared Giuliani to Nebuchadnezzar but compared himself and his cohorts Vernon Mason and Alton Maddox to Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who declined Nebuchadnezzar's order to "bow down or burn." The Biblical trio emerged safely from the fiery furnace, into which they had been thrown as punishment by Nebuchadnezzar for not complying with his rule that whenever those in his kingdom heard the sound of the harp, the sackbut, the dulcimer, or other music they must fall down and worship his golden image. Because Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego came through unscathed, Nebuchadnezzar decreed that no one speak ill of them, and then promoted them. It is unclear what message this has for present-day local politics.

Though the Mayor did not have easy access to a sackbut, he did perform some musical numbers in the traditional Mayor's rebuttal at the Inner Circle, the annual lampoon of local politics by present and former City Hall reporters. This year's show, on March 12th, was called "It's Howdy Rudy Time," surely a more mayor-friendly title than one of those in the Dinkins era: "Empty Pockets, Empty Suits." A reporter who played Sharpton declared himself to be the Leader of the Blacks, and sang, "Blacks feel so helpless, What should we do? We won't shut up 'til Rudy is through!" Sharpton was not in the audience, nor was there anything like the percentage of blacks among the fifteen hundred guests—consisting largely of city officials and corporate leaders—there was last year, when City Hall was presided over by Dinkins—who wasn't at this year's show. However, Giuliani himself, in the Mayor's rebuttal, made a joke about "the two-white-guys memo." This memorandum, which had been obtained by Paul Schwartzman, of the *Daily News*, was from Deputy Mayor John Dyson, who is one of Giuliani's three white deputy mayors. (A fourth, Ninfa Segarra, is Hispanic, but so far she hasn't been given much to do.) The memo was written to Peter Powers, who has been Giuliani's friend since childhood, and is now the second most powerful man on the Mayor's side of City Hall. It quoted a *News* article that had referred to Giuliani and Powers as "two white men with no City Hall experience who must hold an increasingly diverse immigrant city together." Dyson's advice to Powers was "Do not worry. Two white guys have been running this city of immigrants for over 200 years!"

The alleged purpose of the Mayor's rebuttal was to deal with the charges that he was, as he put it, "a humorless, uptight, ruthless prosecutor." As is customary in mayoral rebuttals, Giuliani had called on the stars of a Broadway show to help him out; this time, it was "My Fair Lady." Although the Mayor is a big opera fan, he sounded close to tone-deaf as he sang some specially written lyrics. "I Shall Never Let a Woman in My Life!" became, for example, "I Will Never Let the Media Run My Life," which gave him a chance to gibe at the press, with which he has been on poor terms. There, also, he turned out to be a bit tone-deaf. He made jokes about reporters by name, describing them as old ("*very* old"), so long out of work that it seemed "terminal," too fat, incapable of writing English, and, in one case, wearing a hairpiece. This was a rather risky ploy, since David Letterman had once described Giuliani as New York's most controversial mayor: "All over this city people are screaming 'It's a comb-over!' 'No, it's a bad hairpiece!' 'No, it's a comb-over!' "



"It took me ten months to get him to say yes!"

On March 10th, the ninety-one-year-old Rebbe had a stroke, his second. In the following days, the streets and sidewalks around Beth Israel Medical Center, on East Seventeenth Street, where he was taken, were filled with Lubavitchers in their long dark coats and felt hats, praying for him. The Mayor, yarmulke in hand, made a pilgrimage to the hospital. It seemed that a death-watch mode had been entered into, except that it was the profound belief of many Lubavitchers that the Rebbe was the Messiah, or Moshiach, who would never die. "We don't entertain that possibility," explained one of his Brooklyn followers. In the Rebbe's active days, when he was driven anywhere in the city he always travelled with a police escort, a privilege awarded to him mayor in and mayor out. This was a source of deep resentment among many of his neighbors, who have pointed out that there are other prominent Crown Heights religious figures, and they get no such treatment, although their total constituents far outnumber the Lubavitchers. According to City Planning Department figures of a little over a year ago, the two official Community

Districts that include Crown Heights have a population of slightly over two hundred thousand, about eighty-four per cent black. The white population of the two districts—virtually all of it Hasidic—comes to about eight per cent.

On the morning of March 1st, the Rebbe was returning to Brooklyn from Manhattan after a minor medical procedure—a cataract operation. His caravan crossed into Brooklyn, and was followed, some time later, by several unescorted vans carrying hundreds of young Hasidim who had gone to the hospital to pray for him. At 10:24, one of these moved from the F.D.R. Drive, the highway along the East River, onto the ramp of the Brooklyn Bridge. As the van turned on to the ramp, the twenty-eight-year-old Baz, who is a livery-cab driver, and was driving a blue Chevy Impala, began firing at the van with first one and then the other of two 9-mm. guns he was carrying. He said later that the driver of the van—the child of Israeli parents—had tried to cut him off. The idea that two immigrants might be involved in a traffic dispute was not implausible to anyone who listens to late-night comedians joke about New York's Middle Eastern cab drivers. The blood of the young yeshiva students on the Brooklyn Bridge, however, was real and grim.

There was no question in the minds of the Hasidim, and of many others in the city, that the attack had been in retaliation for the Hebron massacre the previous week. "Today four, next time two hundred," one of the many Lubavitcher rabbis who came to City Hall predicted. That day and the next, the Mayor's end of City Hall was dense with Hasidim and other Orthodox Jews. Giuliani called the shootings "an outrageous attack on all New Yorkers," which, he said, "violated every one of us." In those two days, he held four large press conferences to discuss the outrage. About a hundred Orthodox Jewish leaders were invited to meet with officials of the Police Department to discuss their fears and receive reassurance. Late on the afternoon of the second day, the Mayor held his largest press conference since becoming mayor (fifteen television cameras), at which, "with the swagger of the lawman he once was," as Alison Mitchell, the *Times* City Hall bureau chief, described it, he heaped praise on "the largest and most effective police department in the United States" as he

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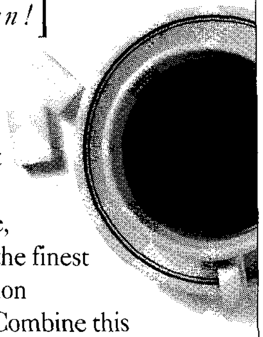

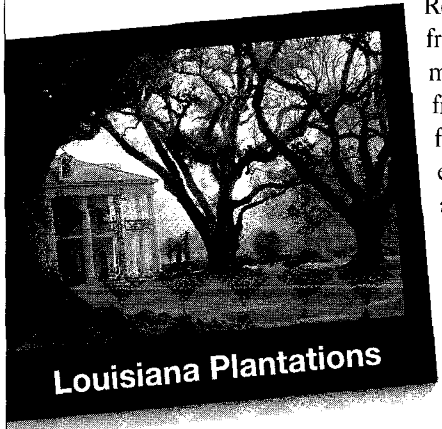

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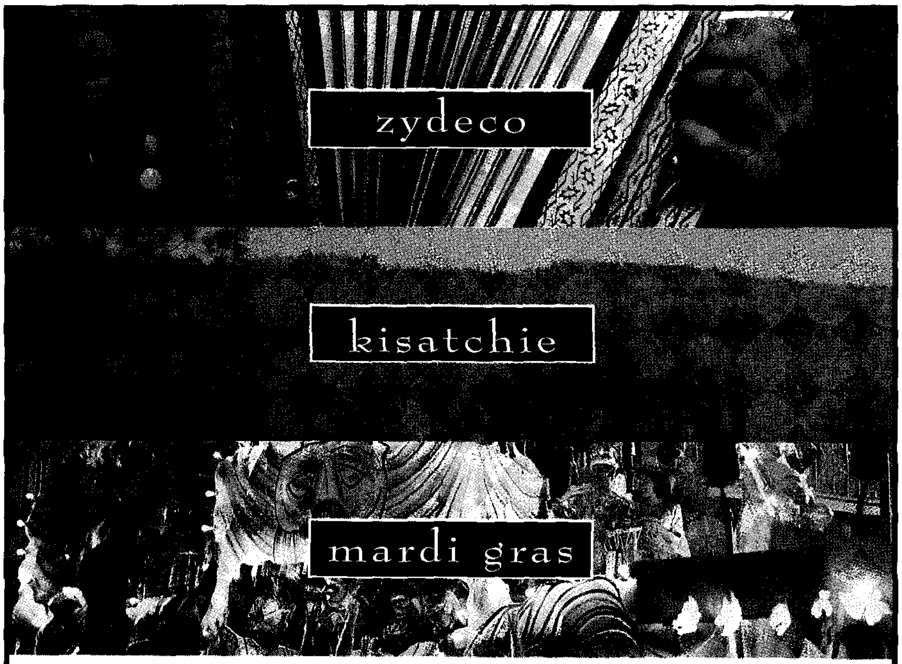

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announced the arrest of Baz. Thanking Giuliani for everything he had done, one Lubavitcher rabbi referred to Giuliani as "our great mayor."

During the press conference, Police Commissioner William Bratton mentioned that Brooklyn's Arab community had been very helpful in tracking down the evidence against Baz. No Arabs had been invited to the press conference, although the encouragement of some sense of community among the city's Jews and Muslims would surely help preserve religious peace. Giuliani, asked if he had "reached out" to the Arab community, gave a protracted answer in the negative. The next morning, with the help of Brooklyn Borough President Howard Golden, who, unlike the Mayor, well knows that Arabs vote, City Hall put together a meeting with some Brooklyn Arab leaders. However, in contrast to the prime-time treatment of the Hasidim, the Arabs had been invited for eight-thirty in the morning, with TV cameras, if they cared to cover the event (a few did), required to be on hand by eight at the latest.

Though the Lubavitchers and others continue to see the Brooklyn Bridge attack as a response to the Hebron massacre, neither Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau nor Police Commissioner Bratton nor, in fact, the Mayor has indicated that there is any confirmation of this. As investigators learned more about Baz, it seemed that he was a man whose life was not going well, who loved guns, who may have dealt in drugs a few years back, but who had no police record. He had not, apparently, been involved with any political group, nor had he displayed more than routine Arab anti-Semitism, and, far from being an adherent of militant Islam, he had once said that he didn't even know whether he was a Muslim at all. He *was* known for his terrible rages, but no one was sure what had set him off this time. Though it would be no comfort to the parents of the students he had shot, there did not seem to be clear evidence so far that what happened this month on the Brooklyn Bridge was one more example of holy violence.

WHEN President Clinton paid the city a ten-hour visit on March 10th, he invited Giuliani to introduce him at a town-hall-type meeting with Brooklyn College students on the subject of crime, which would be followed by a stop at Brooklyn's Sixty-first Precinct, in Sheepshead Bay, and more discussion of crime, with police officers there. The Mayor would doubtless also have been welcome to join the President that evening at a United Negro College Fund dinner. However, the Mayor announced that he was unable to work any of the three events into his schedule. In recent weeks, while those governing this city have been distracted by developments related to the Middle East, those in charge in Washington have been painfully preoccupied with events of some years ago in Little Rock. A *News* front-page headline about Clinton's visit was "ESCAPE TO NEW YORK." The President was falling in the polls while the Mayor was riding high on a wave of praise for his handling of the Brooklyn Bridge shooting. On March 8th, a full-page ad in the *Times* from a Jewish organization began, in huge letters, "THANK YOU MAYOR GIULIANI." It thanked him and also Police Commissioner Bratton for "their diligent and thorough investigation which led to the arrest of the suspects" in what was called "the Brooklyn Bridge massacre." Giuliani dismissed the President's Brooklyn town meeting as being like " 'Donahue' or 'Oprah.' " Referring to the President and the Mayor, Deputy Mayor Dyson said of these two white guys, "Rudy's the most famous crime-stopper-type guy on the block and before we endorse this stuff"—that is, the President's crime plan—"we want to make sure the math adds up." What was immediately interpreted as a political snub had nothing to do with the two white guys being of different parties: that same day, the Mayor said that he might endorse Mario Cuomo in this year's gubernatorial race. Someone apparently then recalled for the Mayor that, to fill the budget gap that is much on his mind, he was counting on hundreds of millions of dollars in additional federal funds. The speaker of the City Council, Peter Vallone, from whom the Mayor will also need considerable help, and who planned to have a private meeting with Clinton, said, "It doesn't strike me that the mayor of a great city like New York would go out of his way to avoid meeting the President." And Ed Koch said that he had always gone out of his way to extend every courtesy to whoever was President. By the afternoon of March 9th, the Mayor's office had discovered that some time had opened up late in the afternoon of the 10th when Giuliani could come to the President's hotel, and he did so.

The Clinton people felt that the President's escape to New York went well, although for a time the gridlock caused by the traffic involved in his visit and that of Lubavitchers trying to reach Manhattan, where the Rebbe (or Moshiach) had just had his second stroke, briefly required the closing of the Brooklyn Bridge. Since Giuliani had rejected the opportunity to be seen with Clinton in Brooklyn, during the town meeting the President never once mentioned the name of the mayor of the city. For the hotel meeting, the President's staff had specified that no cameras would be allowed to record the event, in case Giuliani concluded it would be useful for photo-op purposes. Giuliani said that the meeting had lasted forty minutes. Clinton's people said it was twenty minutes, or about the amount of time the President had spent with Dinkins that afternoon. Giuliani made a point of reporting that he had thanked the President for having made a condolence call to the family of Aaron Halberstam, the teen-ager who had died after being shot on the Brooklyn Bridge. In an example of political one-upmanship, Public Advocate Mark Green, a Democrat, who has left no doubt that he intends to run for mayor next time out, had meanwhile got Clinton to write a personal note to the Halberstam family and had hand-delivered it to them. Neither local politician brought along his own mike stand. Jimmy Breslin, in his first column after the Presidential visit, attacked Police Commissioner Bratton for not having greeted or helped guard the President of the United States, adding, "He was seen walking his dog outside Police Headquarters in Manhattan." Breslin called Bratton's absence "an insult to the President and to the people of this city." The alleged dereliction had occurred, according to Breslin, "because Mayor Giuliani told him not to go." (Bratton said later that he regretted not having welcomed the President.) The Mayor, Breslin wrote, "had some small, mad, unfathomable reason for not wanting to be near Clinton in public. If the guy ever goes down in my town, I want the head of the police there when it happens." This line of talk may not bring much cheer to the President, but then terrible violence is what one expects everywhere these days. ♦

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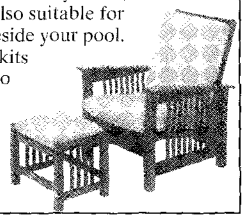

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ANNALS OF FRIENDSHIP

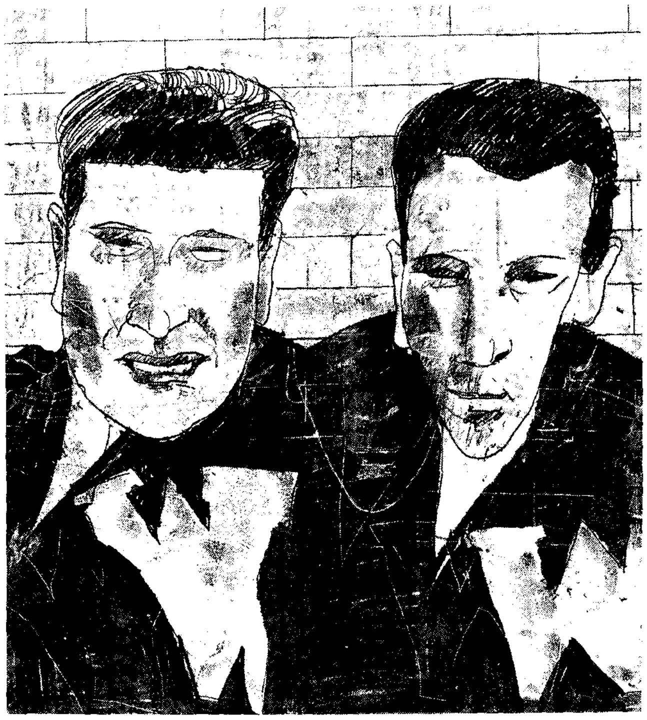
THE MOUTHPIECE AND HANDSOMO

Nobody knows Larry King and Herb Cohen the way they know each other: as two guys who found fame in a prank that rocked Lafayette High.

BY ALEC WILKINSON

WHEN Larry King, the radio-and-television interviewer, turned sixty, last fall, his agent threw a big party for him in Washington. The agent invited the President and the First Lady and some members of the Supreme Court, but they didn't come. A number of other prominent people, such as Alexander Haig and Tip O'Neill and Ed Meese and George Mitchell and Newt Gingrich and George Stephanopoulos and Joseph Kennedy, did, though. Larry was glad that they came—he appreciated the effort that they had made to be there—but he didn't dance with any of them. The only man he danced with was Herb Cohen.

Larry and Herb have been friends off and on for fifty years—since they were boys together, in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn. When Larry talks to Herb, he often leans toward him, and sometimes he puts an arm around his shoulder. If they are eating and crumbs fall on Herb's chest, Larry brushes them off. The smile he displays when his eyes light on Herb is several degrees brighter than the smile he shows anyone else. More than once, Herb has been described as "the world's best negotiator," most recently in a commercial he made for General Motors which is being broadcast in California, before, he hopes, being shown to the rest of the country; if it is, he becomes richer. In 1980, he published a book called "You Can Negotiate Anything," which was on the *Times* best-seller list for nine months and was a best-seller in Australia for three years. He was an adviser to President Carter and to President Reagan on counterterrorism. His favorite maxim is "I *care*, but not that much," by which he means that success in negotiating is partly a matter of not becoming too strongly attached to a specific outcome. Herb and his wife, Ellen, have been married for almost thirty-six years. Larry got married for the first time before Herb did and has been married often enough for any six or seven ordinary guys. Herb is prudent and conservative with money. A number of the women who have been married to Larry, or have dated him for any length of time, have suddenly changed tax brackets as a result of his consideration.



Herb met Larry in the principal's office, where they had been sent for offenses that neither recalls, but that probably involved talking in class. Larry talked endlessly.

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

Herb lives in an apartment at the

Watergate, and Larry lives across the Potomac, in an apartment in Arlington. They live only slightly farther from one another than they did as children. If one of them leaves a light on at night, the other can see it.

IF in, say, 1946 you had appeared in Bensonhurst, on the corner of Eighty-sixth Street and Bay Parkway, and asked for Zeke the Greek, the Mouthpiece, you would have met a slightly fleshy, round-faced, big-headed thirteen-year-old, with gapped front teeth and glasses, whose real name was Lawrence Zeiger, later Larry King. "Zeke" sounded a little like "Zeiger"; "Greek" was thrown in for the rhyme. "He never shut up," Herb says, "so, the Mouthpiece." The Mouthpiece hoped to be on the radio. Standing on the corner, he would put one hand to his ear, the way radio announcers did. "Here comes a Dodge now, folks," he'd say. "A *big* Dodge with whitewalls, New York plates, man in a suit at the wheel and a woman with a hat beside him, yes!"

Herb's nickname was Handsomo. He was small and compact, with a dark, asymmetrical face in the shape of a V. He had a wide forehead and dark, wavy hair, and his nose was sharp and turned slightly to the right. His eyes were heavy-lidded and set wide apart, and gave him the brainy and disdainful look of a natural-born prankster. He met Larry in the office of their junior-high-school principal, where they had been sent for offenses that neither recalls, but that Herb thinks probably involved talking in class. Larry talked endlessly. He would see a movie that was an hour and a half long and take two and a half hours to explain it, Herb says. At times, he gave the impression of saying every single thought that crossed his mind.

At the age of twelve or thirteen, Larry, Herb, and some friends formed an outfit called the Warriors Social Athletic Club. A Warrior's signal possession was a reversible jacket, dark red on one side, with a white "W" on the right breast, and white on the other with the "W" red. Over the left breast of the red side each Warrior had his name stitched in loopy white-thread characters. Mostly, the Warriors walked around with their jackets worn red side out. White was considered to imply formality. One of the other original Warriors was Irving Kaplan, who had drunk a bottle of ink.

Herb: He had it in his hand, the teacher was harassing him, and he said, "If you don't leave me alone, I'm going to drink this bottle of ink and say you made me do it."

Larry: Waterman's blue/black.

Herb: When we first met him, his teeth were blue.

Larry: We need guys like this in the club, we said.

Inky, Larry, Herb, and the other Warriors had their quarters in the basement of a house belonging to the parents of a Warrior named Bernard Horowitz. Someone had once shouted at him, "Hey, Bernie!" and he'd answered "Who?" and the guy said "What do you mean, 'Who'? I'm asking you a question," and he said "Ha?" and so he was called Who-ha. The Warriors paid rent to his parents, Dora and Nathan.

Herb: This was an unfurnished basement—there were coal bins down there. We didn't know how to go out and buy a sofa, but in our neighborhood were apartment buildings with furniture in the lobbies.

Larry: We furnished the club through thievery.

Herb: We regarded it as misappropriating a couch.

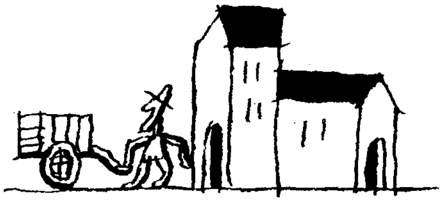
Larry: You'd walk in and tell the doorman you were here to pick up the couch for reupholstering.

Herb: You'd wear caps; it made it look better.

Larry: The super might show up, and you'd say, "We got to get this couch back to the shop. Give us a hand here," and he would hold the door for you. Nobody had said anything to him about getting the couch reupholstered, but you looked like you knew what you were doing.

Herb: You'd give him a pat on the back as you went out the door.

In their clubhouse, the Warriors smoked cigarettes, tried out wrestling holds on one another, talked big, did homework, and speculated about girls. Using paint that glowed in the dark, they painted on the floor the profile of an Indian warrior wearing a headdress. A Warrior who had lured a girl to the clubhouse sometimes managed to enlarge his experience of romance by asking if she wanted to see the Indian glow in the dark, and then turning off the lights. "We were not too swift with girls," Herb says. Of all the Warriors, Larry and Herb followed sporting events the closest. They often left Bensonhurst for Madison Square Garden to watch hockey played by teams such as the Brooklyn Torpedoes, the Sands Point Tigers, the Manhattan Arrows, the New York Rovers, and the New York Rangers. They also kept up with baseball, football, and basketball. Their preoccupation struck the other Warriors as juvenile and undignified. "To shut them up, we went into Woolworth's and bought a wallet," Herb says. "There was a picture in it of a beautiful girl, and on this picture we wrote, 'To Larry and Herb, my two favorite guys, you give me so much pleasure.' We named her Miriam Glick. It was right for that neighborhood. If we had given her a fancier name, it wouldn't have been convincing. So now, instead of saying, 'We're going to the Garden,' we'd say, 'We're going to see Miriam Glick,' and we'd show her picture. She looked like Cybill Shepherd. These guys were drooling. They'd say, 'How come you're not bringing her here? She too good for us?' 'No,' we'd say. 'We're just going on a quiet house date.' 'Why do you keep this girl to yourself?' they'd say. 'It's perverse.' "



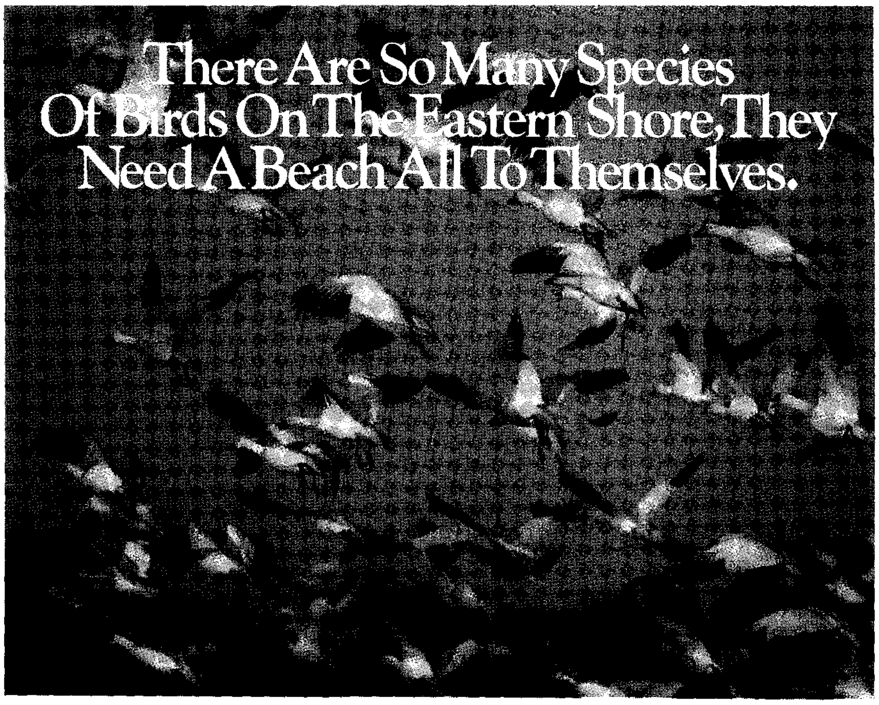
The Warriors threw their allegiance behind a boxer a few years older than they were, who was working his way through the ranks of the city's fighters. He was an Italian from Bensonhurst, and the most efficient and murderous and well-built fighter they had ever seen. They thought he must be invincible. One night, he won a split decision from a black fighter at an arena in Fort Hamilton, but was badly beaten up, and that was the first time the Warriors sensed a world beyond the boundaries of their neighborhood that was mysterious and complicated and unsentimental.

WITHOUT LARRY: Herb and Larry graduated from Lafayette High School in 1951. Larry found work delivering milk for a dairy, and Herb went to New York University. In 1953, out of boredom, he volunteered for the draft, and was sent for basic training to Fort

Dix, in New Jersey, and then, less than a week later, in the middle of the night, to Camp Chafee, Arkansas. He was trained at Camp Chafee as a clerk-typist and then was shipped out. "I could have gone to Korea," he says, "but I was sent to Germany—luck of the draw." On his arrival, in Zweibrücken, he and the others were put in formation. An officer asked if anyone spoke French, and Herb, figuring he was staring at a Paris assignment, put his hand in the air; he had studied French at Lafayette. He took a French test that afternoon, and then he walked back to the barracks. In the meantime, everyone else had been assigned to Paris or London or Berlin. "I had missed my chance at a desirable assignment," Herb says. "All the good ones had been given away.

"What they had in mind for me now was Bad Kissingen, Germany. I look on the map, I can't find it. Next morning, they put all of us on a troop train, which stops first somewhere near the French border, where nearly everyone gets off. 'Goodbye, Herb! Goodbye, Herb!' The train goes east and stops next near Frankfurt, where everyone else except me and one other guy leaves. 'So long, Herb!' This other guy asks to see my papers. He looks at them, looks at me, and says I'm no longer a clerk-typist. What I am now is a tank gunner, he says. I sit down. 'This has to be a mistake,' I say. 'I never had any tank training.' He looks at the paper again and tells me, 'That's what it says.' So I'm going to Bad Kissingen—Bad K, I come to learn they call it—and I'm a tanker. I'm going to be either driving a tank or firing a gun at one. And the train is going farther and farther east. Eventually, it stops and I get off. 'Best of luck, Herb.' Our assignment at Bad K is to patrol the Fulda Gap, and everyone knows that if the Third World War is going to start it will be by the Russians driving their tanks through the gap at Fulda, because that's the best flat pass they can drive tanks through into western Europe.

"For chums I have an outfit of guys from the deep Deep South—mainly Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, maybe some from Georgia. I am now running with Army men who play music like 'Hillbilly Heaven'—'I dreamed I was there in Hillbilly Heaven, Oh, what a beautiful sight,' something like that. My roommate is fourteen years old. He lied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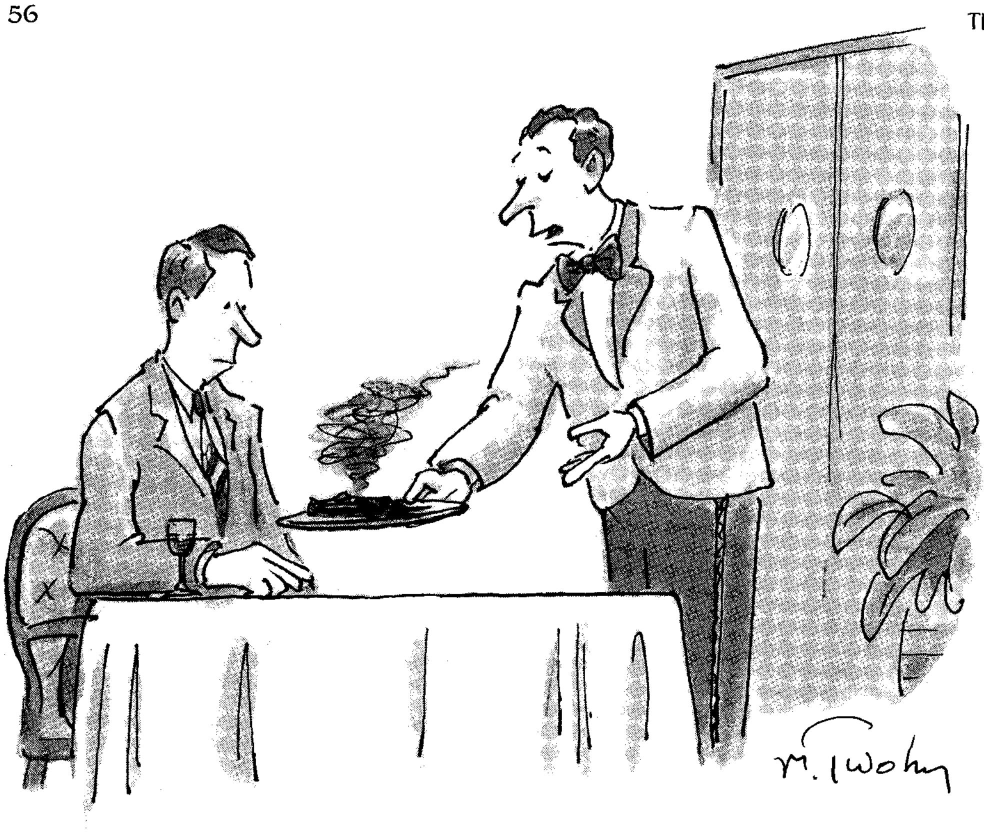


"My apologies, sir. Our chef forgot to take his beta-blocker."

• •

about his age. He wets his bed. These are very volatile people. They'd drive up to the border and throw hand grenades over it. They blew up a German guard tower one time. I'm going to either die with these guys or get court-martialled, because I can't control them."

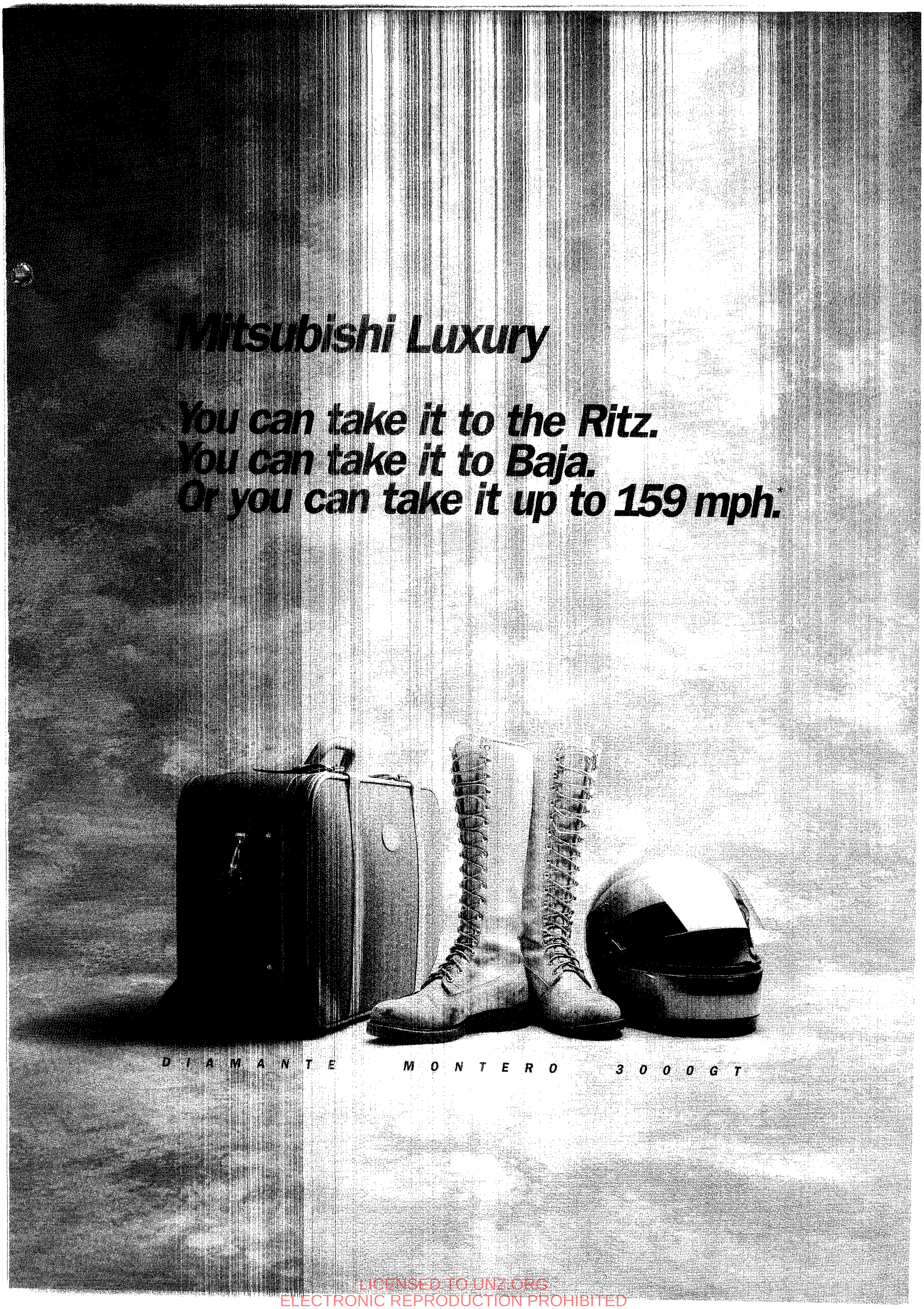
Instead, Herb was transferred to "Courts and Boards," where he processed paperwork for courts-martial. He spent his day in an office, where no one bothered him. He never saw combat, and when he was discharged, he didn't feel comfortable celebrating his return. To be certain that he could just slip quietly back into Brooklyn, he wrote to his mother and father giving them the wrong name of his troop ship and an arrival time later than his actual one. He planned just to show up at their apartment. He wrote Larry giving him the correct name of the ship, but also gave him the wrong time, and asked him not to make a big deal of his return. During the years that Herb was away, Larry delivered milk and also worked for a package-delivery service. Occasionally, he had dinner with Herb's parents. Herb's father would ask Larry what he planned to do with himself, and Larry would say that he wanted to be a personality on the radio. Herb's father would ask how he intended to accomplish that, and Larry would say he didn't know, he just wanted to be on the radio. Smacking Larry on the lapel, Herb's father would say, "What are you, another Arthur Godfrey? You got to go to school. You got to get a job." As Herb's ship approached its mooring in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Herb could see Larry on the dock, with Herb's mother and father. "He had been making phone calls for weeks, checking the passenger list of every troop ship to arrive in New York Harbor," Herb says. "And there he is now, standing behind the rope, waving like I had won the war."

Soon after Herb arrived, Larry told him that he had got married while Herb was away. Herb asked why he had done that, and Larry said, "It was winter, and I didn't want to go out and stand on the corner anymore."

WITHOUT HERB: In 1957, someone told Larry that Miami was a good city for a person who wanted to find work in radio, because there were no unions, so he bought a train ticket to Miami. He was twenty-three, and had never been farther from New York than Philadelphia. He took a room in a Miami hotel and went from one station to another, and eventually found work sweeping up at one of them. The manager told him that if he hung around long enough he would have an opportunity to go on the air. After hearing that, he hardly ever left the station. "I slept there," he says. His first day on the air was May 1, 1957. Half an hour before he was to go on, the manager called him into his office and asked what name he planned to use. Zeiger didn't sound like show business, the manager said. As he spoke, he was turning the pages of a newspaper. He came to an advertisement for a liquor store named King's and said, "That's your new name. You're Larry King." Larry went into the studio and sat in front of the microphone and waited for the sign that said "On Air" to light up.

A song called "Swingin' Down the Lane" was playing. Larry faded the music and opened his mouth. Nothing came out. He brought the music back up. He took a deep breath and faded the music. He brought the music back up. "In that minute," he says, "I'm thinking, I can't do this. My mouth is dry, the palms of my hands are damp. All those years, I'm saying inside, you were fooling yourself. You won't be any good at this. You can't be on the radio. The door to the studio opened, and the manager said, 'Larry, radio is a communications medium. Communicate!' And I said, 'Good morning, my name is Larry King. I just got that name fifteen minutes ago, and I'm nervous.' "

While Larry was working in Miami, Herb had married a college sophomore named Ellen Eisenstadt and was raising a daughter and two sons and trying to establish himself. He worked for a while as a claims adjuster in Manhattan. He was learning to care, but not that much. He moved several times. He and Larry lost touch. From friends in Brooklyn he would occasionally hear that Larry often talked about him on the air and also wrote about their past in columns he contributed to Miami newspapers. He was aware that Larry was becoming well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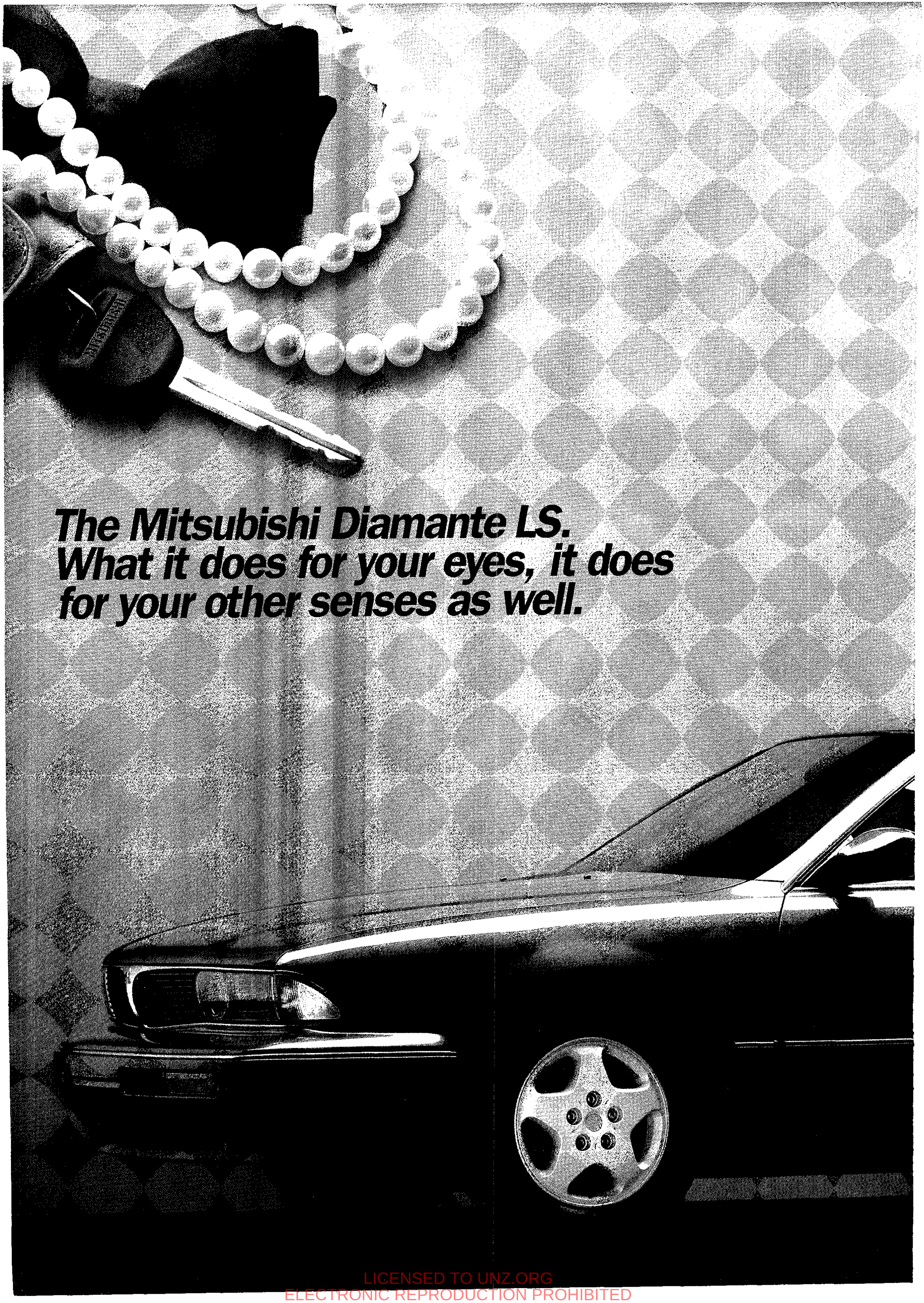
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The Mitsubishi Diamante LS.
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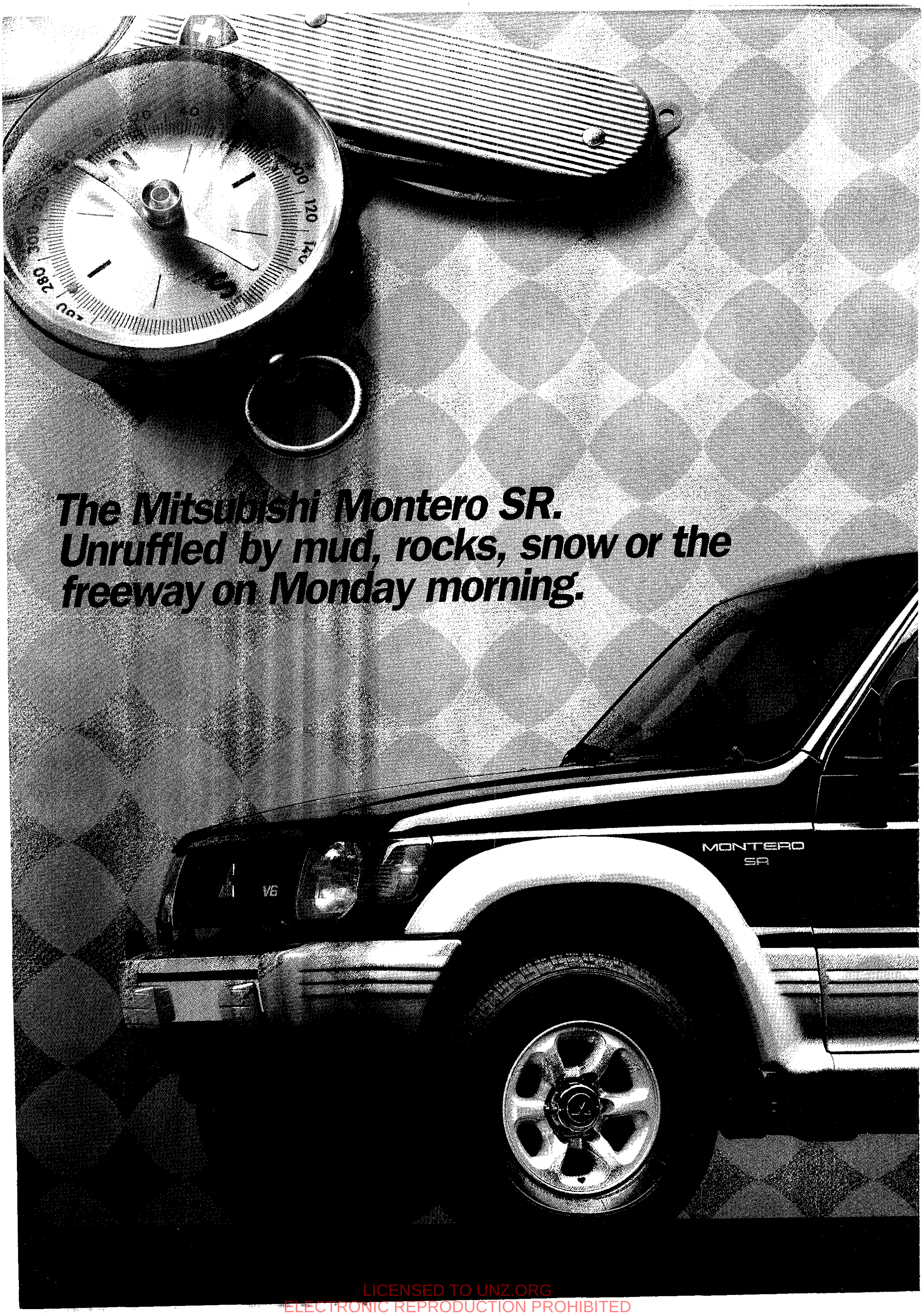
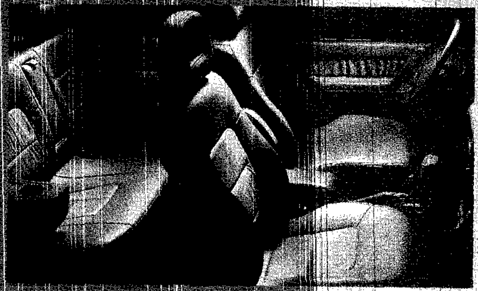
Dual air bags, ABS anti-lock brakes, side-impact protection, optional traction control, and an enormously strong passenger cage all contribute to your sense of security and well-being. Which, in turn, serve to intensify the boundless other pleasures to be enjoyed in the Diamante LS.


The Mitsubishi Montero SR.
Unruffled by mud, rocks, snow or the freeway on Monday morning.
V6
MONTERO
SR

A fine luxury car is expected to display poise, unflappability, masterful control. But only on reasonably passable roads.

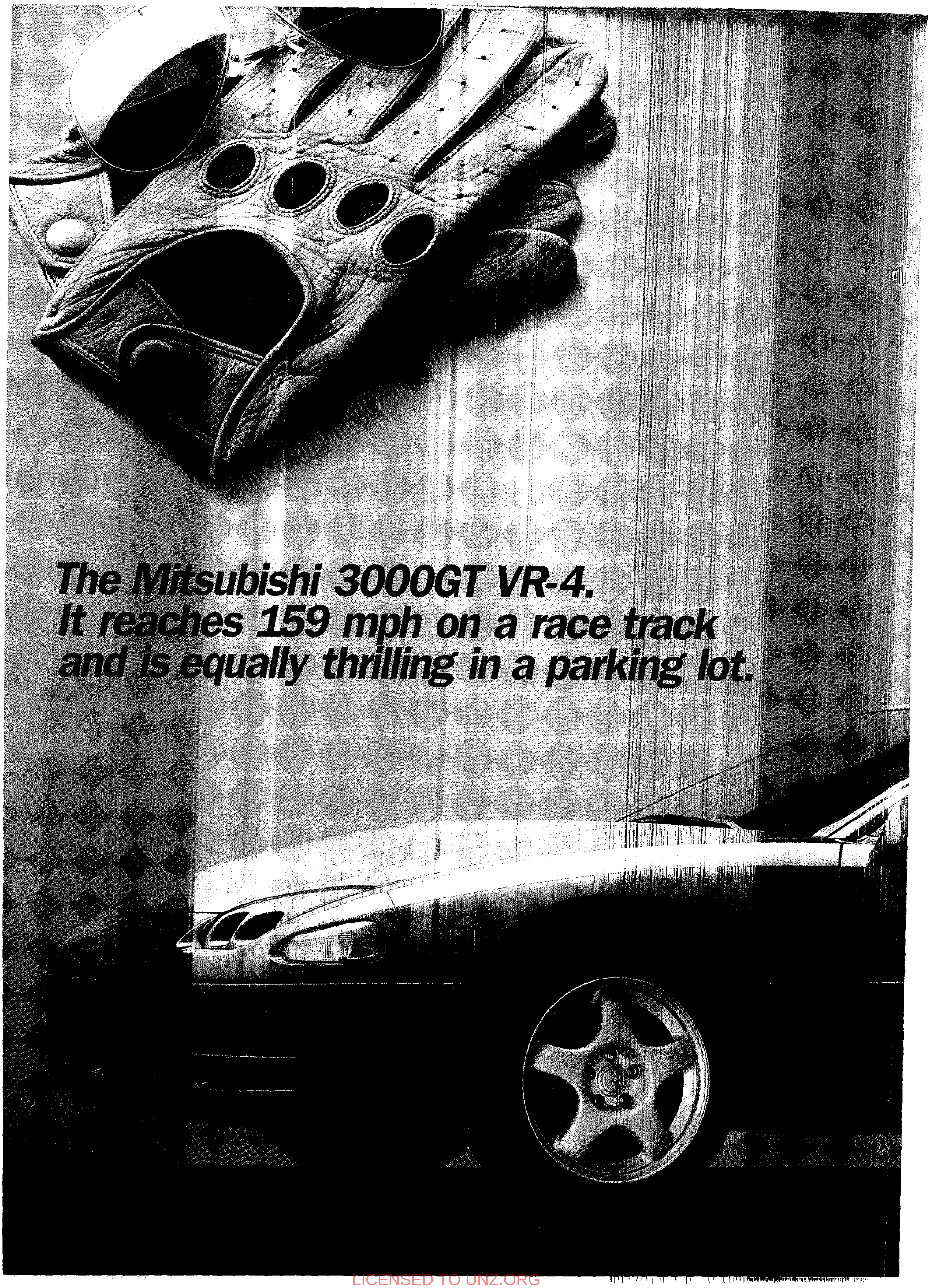


The Montero SR displays those traits on roads that would not be passable for any conventional luxury vehicle. As well as surfaces that don't remotely qualify as roads, and in forbidding weather.

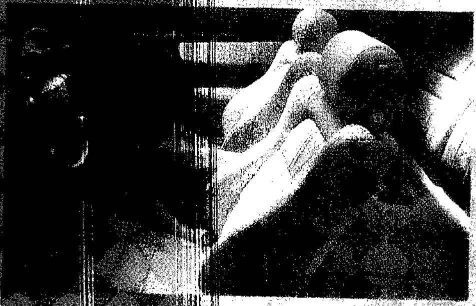
With Active-Trac 4WD, Montero even adapts to the severity of the conditions at hand. From a lightly rain-slicked road all the way to deep mud and snow. And with Multi-Mode™ ABS, anti-lock braking is preserved in every drive mode. It's a highly versatile, ruggedly proficient luxury sport-utility. In essence, a "go-anywhere" luxury vehicle.

To go with its smooth, unruffled handling of almost any condition, there's a smooth 24-valve V6 engine capable of generating 215 horsepower. There's also a host of amenities, including a premium stereo system, power windows and door locks, cruise control, three-row seating for seven, and available leather and wood interior trim.

All this, with an off-road racing heritage that, in 1993 alone, produced five major victories for Montero, including the Paris-Dakar Rally. Such versatility isn't what you expect from a luxury vehicle. But then, it's exactly what Mitsubishi's "new thinking" demands.*


The Mitsubishi 3000GT VR-4.
It reaches 159 mph on a race track
and is equally thrilling in a parking lot.

There are roads on which it's perfectly legal to [illegible] maximum performance [illegible] GT VR-4. Such roads are

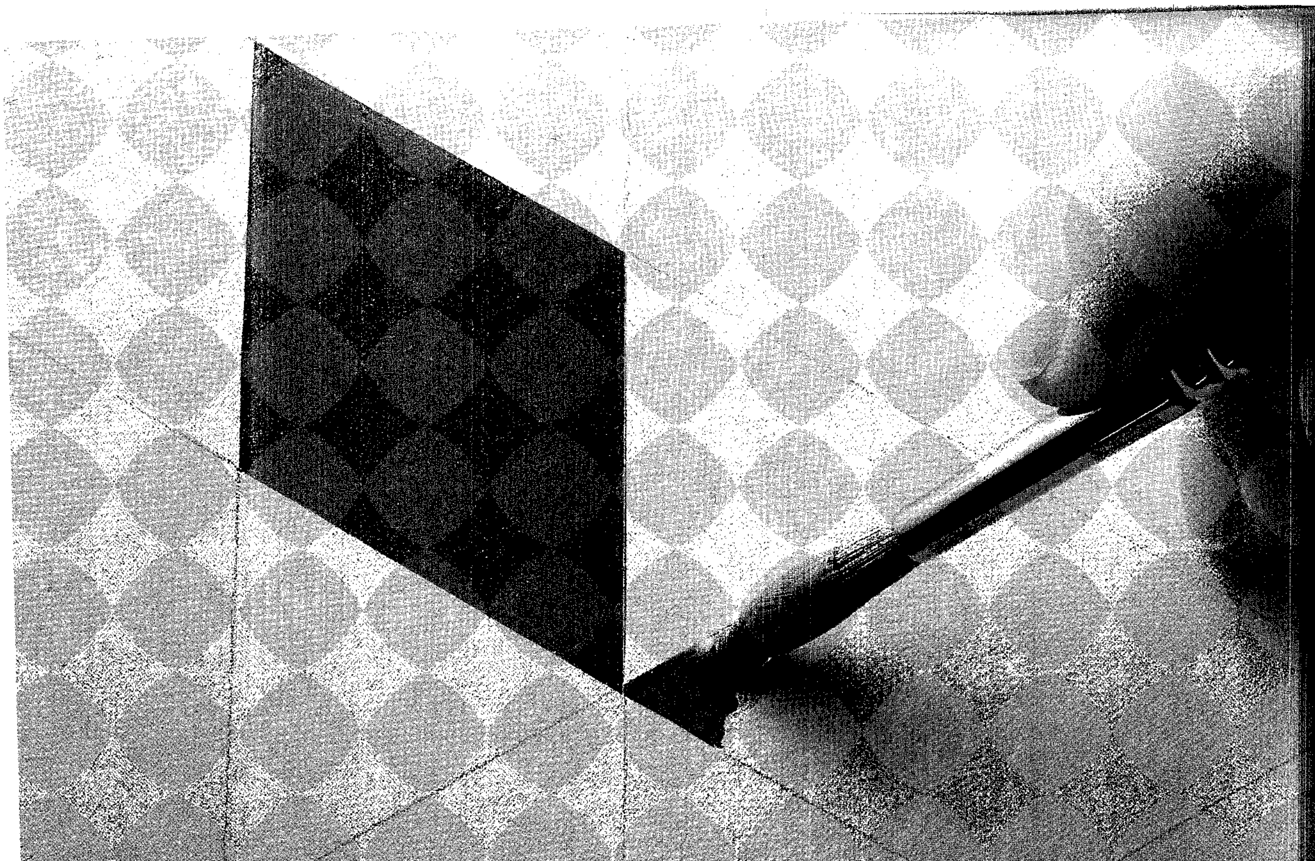


usually oval tracks, closed to normal traffic. But who knows? You may decide to look [illegible] someday.

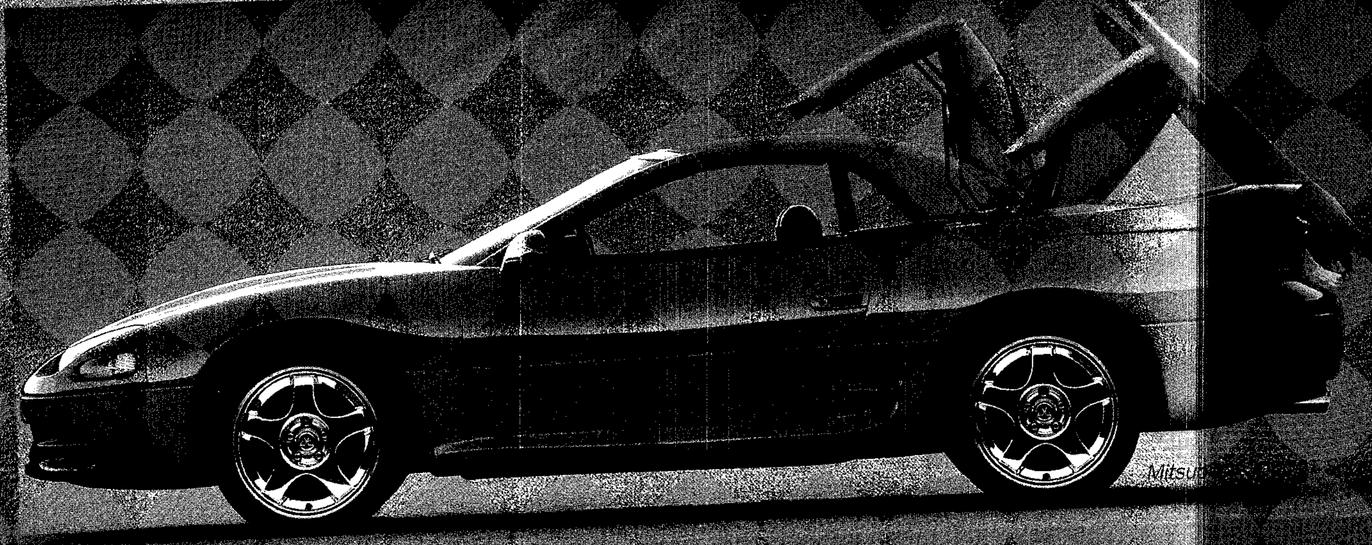
On the other hand, you may well be content with the challenges offered by [illegible] the slow-moving truck or the [illegible] road, for example. Under such circumstances, terms like [illegible] four-wheel steering," "twin turbochargers," "320 horsepower" and "six-speed gearbox" take on special meaning. You'd never believe an automobile could do such things. And with such gratifying smoothness and finesse.

The truth is, the 3000GT VR-4 represents new thinking in high-performance driving. It looks and performs like an exotic sports car, but isn't priced like one. Moreover, it's equally gratifying as a grand-touring sports car, equipped with such luxury features as a power-adjustable driver's seat, leather trim, a superb Mitsubishi/Infinity® stereo system and comprehensive safety equipment.

All of which make it enormously enjoyable to spend time in. Whether you're negotiating a race track, taking an all-day trip or just sitting still in a parking lot. And that says nothing about the fun you'll have watching heads turn.



The world's only production convertible with a retractable hardtop—coming this fal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[illegible] corporate policy. The latest example [illegible] convertible 3000GT that is coming soon, called the 3000GT Spyder. It will be as different from other convertibles as the 3000GT itself is from other high-performance cars. The top is not [illegible] do you have to remove it and store it away when sunny weather comes. It's a hardtop that folds away into the [illegible] It's the world's only production [illegible] retractable hardtop.

Extreme? Perhaps. But the 3000GT is [illegible] extremes. Extremes of performance and [illegible] Why should the 3000GT Spyder be any [illegible]

[illegible]

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The New Thinking in Automobiles

known, and wasn't sure how he would feel about hearing from him. "A lot of people like to live their lives forward, not looking back," Herb says. In 1976, Larry's mother died, in Miami. Herb's mother, who had also moved to Miami, saw the announcement in a Florida paper and went to the funeral. She saw Larry and showed him pictures of Herb and Ellen and their children, Sharon, Steven, and Richard. Larry called Herb, who was living in Chicago by then, and told him that the next time he was in Miami he should come and see him.

HERB and Larry both say that when they got back together "it was as if all the other years never happened." This is not the kind of remark that Ellen, who spent those years with Herb, likes to hear. Ellen is tall, with short reddish-blond hair, long legs, and a tiny waist. She grew up in Midwood, a more prosperous section of Brooklyn than Bensonhurst. She and Herb met in the cafeteria of N.Y.U., after Herb returned from the Army. When Herb called for Ellen at her parents' house, her father always had four cups of tea set out on the table in the kitchen, and he would ask Herb, "Which one tastes more like sugar?" He was trying to come up with a low-calorie substitute for sugar, and eventually he did: Sweet'n Low. When Ellen first met Larry, Inky, Who-ha, and the other Warriors, and Herb's other friends with Dick Tracy names like Noodles, Sheppo, Tim the Book, and Gutter Rat, she thought they were morons.

Ellen has known Larry for almost as many years as Herb has. She was the matron of honor at Larry's second wedding. She does not resent the intimacy between the two men, but she sometimes feels as if Larry had assumed her position.

"Every family event or gathering, you'd think Herb and Larry are the parents," she says. "I can't find a picture of Herbie and me."

If Herb raises his eyebrows or purses his lips or gives any other sign that he considers this remark an exaggeration, Ellen says, "What happened at Steven's bar mitzvah?"

"All the pictures at Steven's bar mitzvah are me and Larry," Herb says.

"What happened at Richard's?"

"What happened?"

"All the pictures are you and Larry. And Sharon's wedding?"

"Sharon's wedding is me and Larry."

Ellen once asked Herb, "Larry and I are drowning in the water—which one of us would you save first?"

"Give me the total circumstances," Herb said.

"*Which one would you save first?*"

"Well, I have known Larry for a *very* long time."

LARRY believes that Herb's career as a negotiator began in the ninth grade, when Herb talked the principal out of suspending him and Larry and a friend of theirs named Brazie Abbate for an extravagant prank that got out of control.

Larry's version: We're in ninth grade—in the incorrigibles class. One of the guys in that class was Gilbert Mermelstein, whom we called Gil Moppo, because his hair was like a mop, all curled up. One day near the end of the winter, the beginning of spring, Moppo does not come to school. Myself, Herbie, and Brazie Abbate, who became a brain surgeon in Buffalo, or maybe a urologist in North Carolina, go over to Moppo's house to inquire. Gil Moppo's cousin is sitting in front of Gil Moppo's house. The shades are drawn, Gil Moppo's cousin looks forlorn. Gil Moppo, he says, has developed tuberculosis. Gil's father and mother have taken Moppo to Phoenix, Arizona, for the cure. And this was like March. Moppo they've taken to Arizona. "I'm going to Arizona tomorrow," the cousin says, "but before I can leave I have to go tell the school what happened to Moppo and have them transfer his records to Lafayette High School, because Moppo won't be back to junior high school." Herbie says, "Leave tonight, we'll tell them." The cousin says, "Would you do that for me?" Herbie says, "Go ahead to Arizona."

Herbie, Brazie, and I are then walking back to our corner. Herbie says, "I have an idea that could make us five dollars apiece to go to Nathan's." Nathan's was a very popular hot-dog place about six minutes by car from the corner where we hung out. Brazie says, "What's your idea?" Herbie says, "We go into class tomorrow and tell them that Gil Moppo died." Brazie and I look at each other. "Now, they're going to call the house," Herbie says. "No answer, disconnect—Moppo's in Phoenix, Moppo's mother and father are in Phoenix with him, and his cousin is on the way, so it's not possible for them to check. We raise money in the class for flowers, we take the money down to Nathan's. Fifty cents apiece, there's thirty kids in the class. It can't fail."

Brazie says, "It can't fail?"

"They'll forget about him," Herbie says. "We'll be in high school when he comes back. Fifteen bucks, what the hell. Who will know?"

Herb's version begins differently: We would walk to school, four or five guys. We're in the ninth grade, junior high school, in a backward class, and the next year, with luck, we'll be promoted to high school. One day we're walking—me, Larry, and Brazie Abbate. Someone told me that Brazie ultimately became a neurologist, but we haven't seen Brazie in thirty-five years. We have lost touch with Brazie. In any case, along the way a guy comes up to us and says, "What's the story with Moppo, how come he's not in school?" Now, Moppo is a guy whose real name was Gilbert Mermelstein. He had curly red hair, like Harpo Marx, which caused him to pick up the name along the way of Moppo. The guy has a point. It's the middle of term, probably March, Moppo's been absent for two weeks, why isn't he here?

I said, "I don't know." They ask Larry, Larry don't know; they ask Brazie, he don't know. The guy comes back to me. "Hey, come on," he says. "You *know*." I shrug my shoulders. He says, "It's bad, huh? Come on, what do you know?" I have this rule—I don't know where I got it—I have a rule in life: if someone asks me something as many as three times, I feel an obligation to tell him the truth, but after telling him three times if he doesn't accept it I'm not telling him the same thing again. And I do this even to this day. I make something up. I tell him something outrageous. I figure he'll know it's an invention and give up. That guy asks me a fourth time, "Herbie, you really know what happened to Moppo, don't you?"

"Well, I don't want this to get around," I said. I lowered my voice. "You want to know what happened to Moppo? He's dead."

"He's what?"

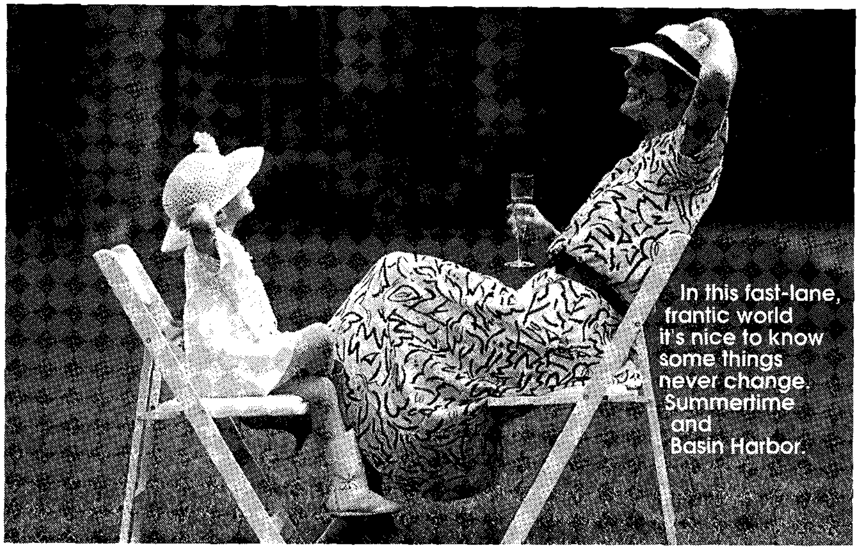
I said, "Listen, we don't want this to

get around. This is something we're not talking about, I've made my last statement, this is it."

The guy ran off. The three of us went on to talk about other things. About ten minutes later, we arrive at school. We get to homeroom and everybody's whispering. What are they whispering about? Moppo. We assumed it was because he hadn't been around for so long. In a little while, we heard it. What about Moppo? He's dead. I don't remember that I related this to what I had said. He had been a sickly type, and I guess it hadn't seemed impossible that he could have caught something and died. Anyway, we learned that Moppo was dead, and that the class had heard the news from a friend of Moppo's, but there was such confusion that we didn't know: How did it happen? People were speculating scarlet fever—that was going around. Maybe polio. The teacher went out and she immediately notified the principal, and the principal's office called Moppo's home, and learned that the telephone had been disconnected, and the family had moved.

Larry: We decide to carry out Herbie's plan, and we go into class the next day, and go up to our teacher, Mrs. Dewar—tall, slim, wore a wig. We say, "Mrs. Dewar," and we have our heads down, we look sad—me, Brazie, and Herbie—and we say, "Mrs. Dewar, Gil Moppo died." She says, "He died?" Moppo had been a sickly boy, so the news wasn't incredible. So as not to alarm the rest of the class, Mrs. Dewar calmly rises and goes out the door. We hear her footsteps going down the hall to the principal's office. The office calls Gil Moppo's house. Disconnected. The principal's office writes "Deceased" across Gil Moppo's card. Deceased. Accepted our word. We raised fifteen bucks, went down to Nathan's, had a ball. We think, End of story.

Herb: Larry always says that after we collected the money we went to Nathan's. Didn't happen. What happened was the teacher had the principal's office call Moppo's house and they heard that the phone had been disconnected. They wrote "Deceased" on his card. The teacher was shocked and said we ought to do something for Moppo. We never had anything like this, she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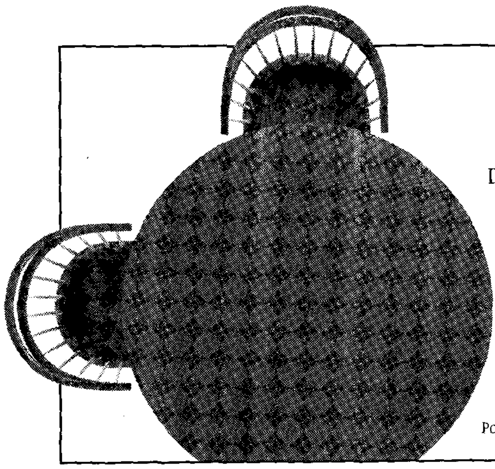
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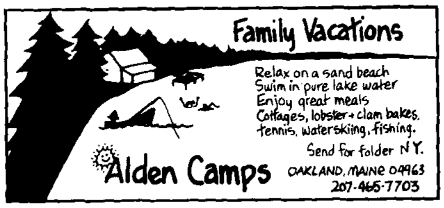
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said, Moppo was a nice kid. We as a homeroom should do something for him. At this point, Larry volunteered that me and him and Brazie would collect money and get something to commemorate Moppo. We spent Moppo's money, maybe some of it. All right, we spent it, it's true.

Larry: Two weeks later, the principal, Dr. Irving Cohen, asks to see the three of us. Herbie says, "Don't worry. We'll say that we heard from somewhere that Moppo had died, we sent the flowers to charity, but we'll give the money back. Don't worry, don't worry, don't worry." We get in the office. Dr. Cohen says, "Hello, Herbert. Hello, Lawrence. Hello, Brazie. Sit down. I want to tell you something."

Herb: At a faculty meeting, he had heard about what we had done in raising money to buy flowers for Moppo.

Larry: High schools in New York City got all the attention in the press for their sports teams, he says.

Herb: Junior high schools got none.

Larry: To draw attention to the school, they were going to have a big assembly.

Herb: The Gilbert Mermelstein Memorial Award.

Larry: Given to an outstanding ninth grader.

Herb: He had called the *Times*.

Larry: As I look back, that was the moment to have said, "Doc . . ."

HERB: It is now the morning of the Gilbert Mermelstein Memorial Award.

Larry: Being held with the whole school on hand in our spacious auditorium, which faces Eighty-fourth Street and is also the left wall of the punchball court.

Herb: Larry, Brazie, and I are sitting on the stage.

Larry: To our right is this huge, huge plaque.

Herb: And above us is a banner across the entire back wall saying, "Gilbert Mermelstein Memorial Award."

Larry: The New York *Times* guy is in the front row, with a photographer.

Herb: The chances were that Moppo hadn't died. I didn't know for sure what had happened to him, but it was not likely that he had died. We didn't know how to use the phone book, and I didn't know for sure where he lived. We didn't really know how to find out what had happened.

Larry: We're in our full suits, with ties.

Herb: Dr. Cohen is going on about the virtues of Moppo. "Moppo's gone, but Herb and Larry," etc.

Larry: The plaque is up, the banner.

Herb: And Larry is not being stoical. He's having a breakdown. Brazie is saying, "Screw it, I never wanted to be a doctor anyway." I appear to be the most calm, but really I was dying.

Larry: Unbeknownst to us—

Herb: Moppo returns to school. He had had t.b. or scarlet fever or maybe asthma, and it required him to go to Tucson or Phoenix, someplace with a dry climate—at that time Arizona had a dry climate—and he recovered.

Larry: Made what has come to be known in Arizona tubercular circles as the most dramatic recovery on record.

Herb: Came back that day.

Larry: But he came a little late.

Herb: He does not know about the assembly.

Larry: He went to his homeroom and no one was there.

Herb: He runs into a janitor in the hallway or someone who tells him that everyone is at an assembly.

Larry: There are two ways to come into the auditorium.

Herb: One is through curtains at the side of the auditorium.

Larry: And one is through big brass doors at the back.

Herb: Now, what happened next all happened very fast.

Larry: There's this crash—

Herb: And the doors swing open.

Larry: The first thing Moppo sees is his name, Gilbert Mermelstein, up in lights.

Herb: And the second is "Memorial."

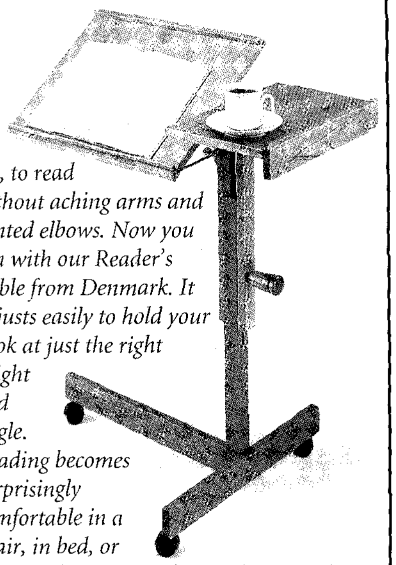
Larry: The kids in the back see Moppo, and right away they know the whole bit: Herbie, Larry, and Brazie made up the death, they took us for fifteen beans, Moppo's still alive.

Herb: Laughter starts spreading from the back of the auditorium to the front.

Larry: Dr. Cohen, who wouldn't know Moppo if he saw him, looks up from his speech and puts on his glasses.

Herb: He peers at Moppo and says, "Who is that?"

Larry: Herbie stands up on the



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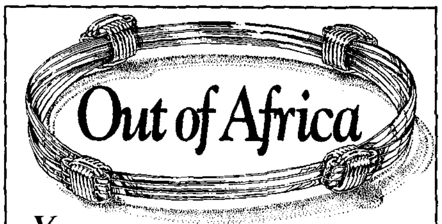

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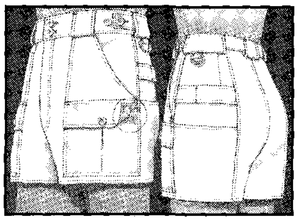

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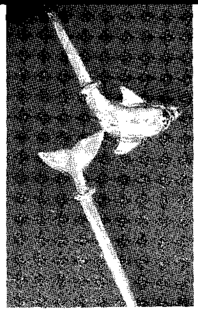

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stage, cups his hands over his mouth, and yells, "Moppo, go home! You're dead!"

Herb: I panicked.

Larry: Moppo slams the door and runs home.

Herb: Dr. Cohen turns and looks straight at us—

Larry: And says, "I'll see the three of you in my office."

Herb: "Immediately."

Larry: He storms off the stage, the place is in a panic. Herbie's saying, "We'll handle it, don't worry."

Herb: Larry is saying, "This is it. We're dead. We will all drive trucks for the rest of our lives." And Brazie's looking at me and saying, "I didn't even say anything, this was your idea." So we're breaking down. We are not a solid group anymore.

Larry: We're walking down the hall to the office and the *Times* reporter is saying, "You guys faked a death? And the guy comes back on the day . . . ?"

Herb: We leave the reporter in the vestibule outside Dr. Cohen's office.

Larry: Dr. Cohen looks at the three of us in his office, and he says, "You are suspended from school. You're not graduating. Not this year. Not next year, or any year after that. If it were in my power—and it might be—I would send you to Rikers Island, and put you at hard labor until you were eighteen, at which time we would have no further control over you, but at least we would have you there until then. You have pulled the most despicable act I have ever seen in a schoolroom." Brazie and I are staring at the floor, and suddenly Herbie says, "Wait a minute, Doc. You're making a big mistake for you."

Dr. Cohen says, "What did you say?"

"You're really going to kill yourself if you do this," Herbie says.

Dr. Cohen says, "What do you mean?"

Herbie says, "It's true we're not graduating this year, and maybe not ever. We'll do manual labor for the rest of our lives, maybe work in factories doing the worst and most hopeless of all possible jobs. But what about you? If you suspend us, there is a hearing before the Board of Education. That's automatic. At the hearing, we'll get suspended, no doubt, because we did a terrible thing. But one of the questions the Board of Education is going to ask you is, you took the word of three thirteen-year-old boys who told you that someone was dead? Shouldn't you have checked?"

"We did check," Dr. Cohen says.

"You made one phone call," Herbie says. "Shouldn't you have done more than that? You made one phone call, and the operator said the phone was disconnected, and you wrote 'Deceased' on the card? We have a bad disciplinary track record already, and we come in and tell you that a kid is dead, and you make one phone call? And then you give us an award? Doc, we may be suspended, but you're out of work." He pauses to let this sink in, and then he says, "Why don't we forget the whole thing, and ask the *Times* guy not to print it."

Herb: Dr. Cohen agreed not to suspend us, and we talked to the reporter and said that what we had done was stupid and we were returning the money, and he agreed it was really more of a *Daily News* kind of story, and we went to Moppo's house that afternoon to try to explain what had happened, but to this day I don't think he really understands how we could have said that he was dead.

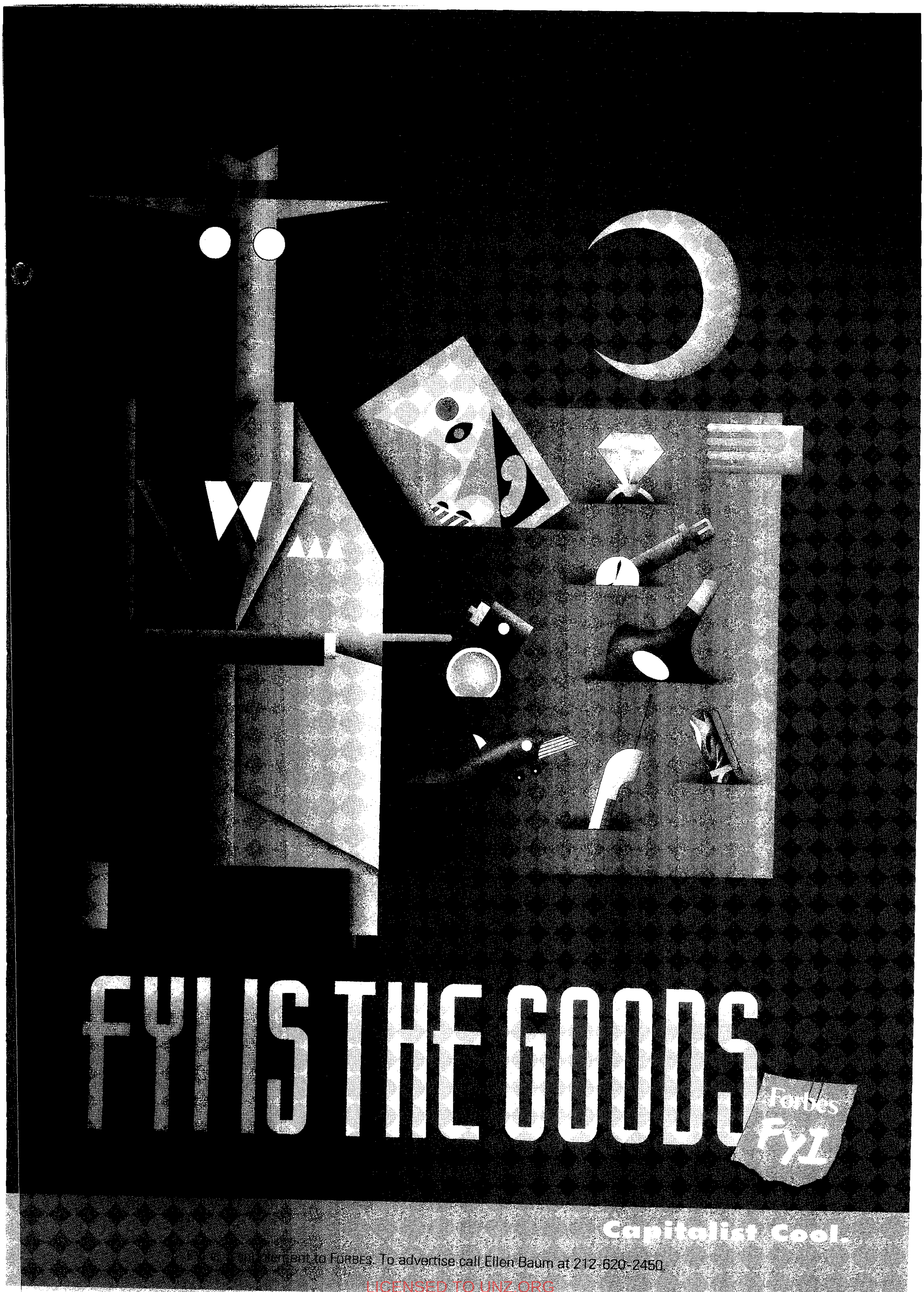
Larry: It shook him.

Herb: For a while after that, the big joke was always, "Moppo, what are you doing here? You're dead." Or, "Moppo, you're not looking too good. I think you're going to die."

Larry: It is now the end of the story. Graduation day, we're lined up to get our diplomas. The way it is arranged, Moppo is in front of Herbie in the procession. Dr. Cohen is reading the students' names on the stage and giving out diplomas. He reads, "Gilbert Mermelstein," and Herbie pushes ahead of Moppo and says, "I'll take it, Dr. Cohen. He's dead."

NOT long after Larry's mother died and Larry met Herb's mother at the funeral and called Herb in Chicago, Ellen and Herb had a reason to be in Miami, and Larry invited them to the radio station. Herb appeared on the show, and Larry told the Gil Moppo story. Gilbert Mermelstein called the station. He was living somewhere in Florida. He said, "Larry, you'll never guess who this is." Larry spoke to him for a few minutes, then handed the receiver to Herb.

Herb said, "Moppo, go home. You're dead," and hung up the phone. ♦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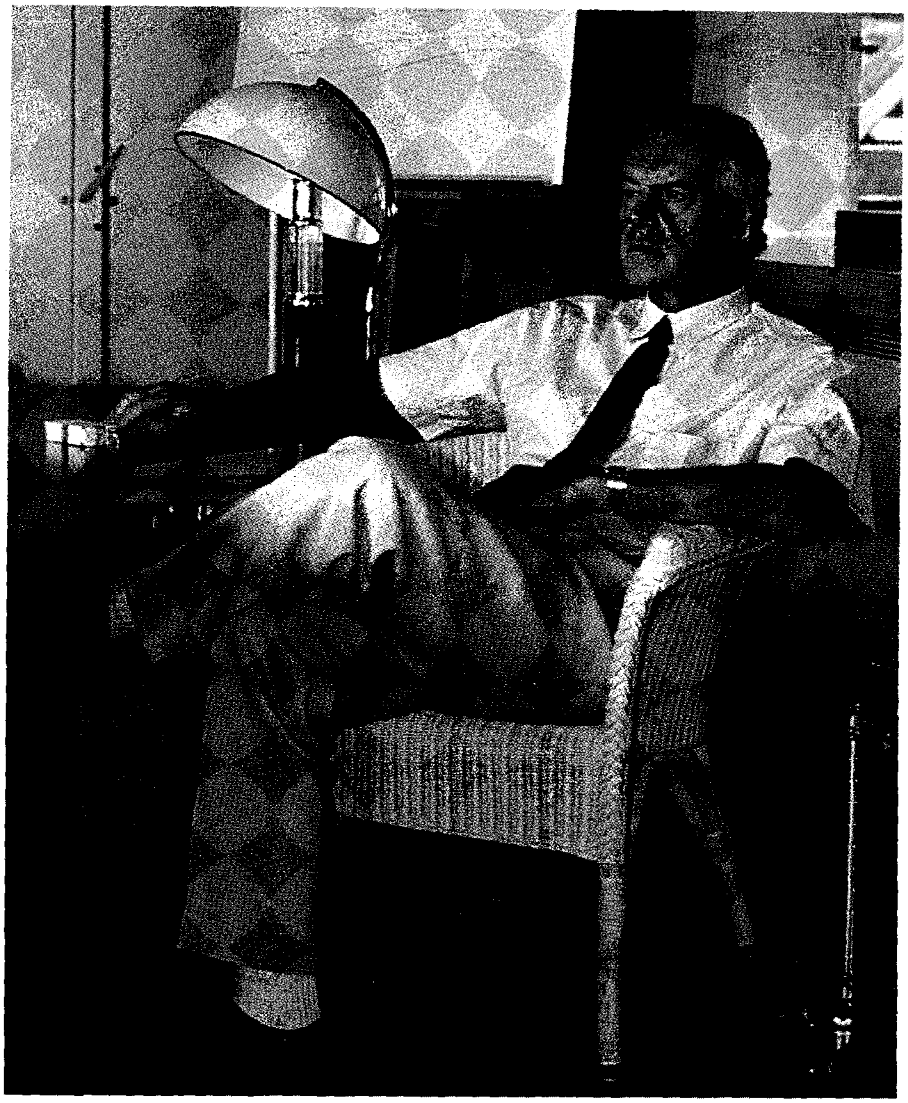


DIRTY HANDS

The central figure of the corruption trials in Milan is Raul Gardini, the billionaire who personified the new Italy—and whose suicide became the symbol of its collapse. The Italians proclaimed a revolution against the system that created Gardini, so why are they now turning to Silvio Berlusconi?

BY JANE KRAMER

MILAN, MARCH 18

RAUL GARDINI'S friends thought that he went out in style. "He lost the game, he paid the price, he left the scene," an equity trader who had bought into one of his deals said. Style, of course, is common currency in Milan, where the bravest face auditions at a Memphis mirror, and people who have run out of reality frame old Missoni scarves and hang them over the living-room couch, like paintings. It was not a word you heard in the emergency room of the Policlinico when Raul Gardini arrived with a bullet in his head. The surgeon who saw him first assumed he had been murdered. The surgeon wondered to *his* friends why the man with the whitest smile, the prettiest palace, the fastest sailboat in Italy had been bleeding to death, unattended, on a hot morning last July when all the other billionaires were at the beach. The surgeon had missed the news that a warrant was out for Raul Gardini. Gardini was wanted for political payoffs, and those payoffs were so enormous that even the judge who signed the warrant was dazzled by the audacity of the fraud. Gardini was famous for audacity. He was the ten-year

LUIGI TAZZARI/GAMMA LIAISON

wonder of Italian finance. "The new Italy," people called him, because he was so up front and unambiguous and outspoken. He was often compared to the great American venture capitalists. He had the style of an American, people said—he was nothing at all like the dry old bankers and businessmen who orchestrated what passed in Italy for a free market. But in the end he was a man of secrets, like them all. He had paid the biggest bribe—the biggest recorded bribe—in Italy's worst corruption scandal since the Vatican was caught in a scam with the Freemasons and Roberto Calvi was found hanging under a London bridge.

The surgeon was wrong about murder. Raul Gardini, like the new Italy, had self-destructed. He had shot himself that morning, and it was certainly a bravura gesture, if not precisely, as his friends insisted, a stylish one. He had dressed and shaved and ordered breakfast, and then he had written a goodbye note to his wife, Idina, and their three children; the note said "*Grazie*," and nothing more. An hour later, the butler came for his breakfast tray and found him. In another hour, he was dead. It was the tenth suicide of the scandal—which began here, quietly and comically, when a local undertaker complained to a journalist about having to kick back ninety dollars to Bettino Craxi's Socialist Party for every corpse that came his way from an old-age hospice attached to the city—but, given Gardini's fame and his "style" and his fortune, it was the most spectacular. The bribe that Gardini paid amounted to a hundred and forty million dollars. It was, as the Italians called it, *la madre di tutte le tangenti*—the mother of all bribes. And the deal it commemorated—the government's wildly inflated purchase of Gardini's shares in a company called Enimont, which had linked Gardini's chemical company Montedison and the government's oil company Eni in what was said to be the seventh-largest petrochemical complex in the world—was an object lesson in corruption, even in a country already notoriously practiced in sleights of hand and pocketbook. It had led the prosecutors here on a six-month paper chase through what one of them called a "Chinese box" of pirate companies. It had taken them to the Swiss banks where Gardini had slipped those companies' assets into his own family accounts, and back to Italy, where Gardini had distributed his bribes (most of them bearer bonds from the Italian Treasury) to the politicians who had turned the failure of Enimont to his own extraordinary profit. It had shattered a family, threatened to ruin hundreds of thousands of Montedison stockholders, and left a thousand banks with debts of twenty-five billion dollars.

LAST year, Italians thought they were having a revolution. They called it Mani Pulite—Clean Hands. More than four thousand warrants had gone out since the undertaker talked. Eight hundred people had been charged. Giulio Andreotti and Bettino Craxi, who had run the protection racket of Italian politics for more than twenty years, were finally out of power, and so were most of the Socialists and Christian Democrats who sold the protection for them. Five hundred and twenty deputies and senators were under investigation. Craxi himself had been indicted, and Andreotti was facing indictment. People thought that at last the citizens of Italy were claiming Italy. They said that the Craxis were finished, the hustlers like Gardini were finished. They went to the polls for their first local elections since Clean Hands started and were shocked when Fascists came close to taking over Naples and Rome, and Milan itself ended up in the hands of a populist protest party called the Northern League, which blamed the disgrace in Italy on the people it called "Italians"—people like them. In ten days, they will go to the polls again to elect a government. It now seems likely that that government will be led by Silvio Berlusconi, a Milan businessman who used to own the politicians he is trying to replace. No one pretends that Berlusconi is a revolutionary. People say they admire him because he is "successful." They mean that he has managed to keep from getting arrested himself.

Italians knew they had a rotten system—a marriage of convenience that was really a marriage of inconvenience. Their politicians were extortionists, and they obliged them and, indeed, voted for them because—for a long time and in large part—they were persuaded that the extortionists were all that stood between Italy and a government of Communists (who wound up party to the extortion themselves). It was inevitable that the system began to crack when the Wall cracked. Italians, like most people, do not easily part with money unless they think they are getting something in return, and their models were never the politicians anyway. Their models were the new businessmen like Gardini and Berlusconi, who had managed to get much more for their money than ordinary people got, and who turned the system to their advantage with a contempt that amounted to insouciance.

People tended to associate Gardini and Berlusconi *because* they were new. Gardini was a small-town hustler who married a fortune and lost his way in the big city, while Berlusconi was a big-city hustler who started with nothing and made his own fortune in his own town, but they were both creatures of the eighties Italy of their ascendancy; they had cornered success in a country with what could be called a quantum theory of success, and other Italians lived vicariously through their exploits. Their faces sold papers. The more successful they were, the more substantial they seemed. Berlusconi was smarter, and he was prescient. He thought about what he wanted, and put together one of the biggest media consortiums in Europe—controlling the images that, so to speak, created him, and then leaving his own image to the people he paid so he could go home and put on his sweats and invite the boys over for some television soccer and a few beers. He left Gardini chasing rainbows of reputation. Gardini ended up as the symbol of everything that went wrong with Italy, while Berlusconi reinvented himself and became the man who was going to save Italy from itself.

GARDINI had wanted to be the richest man in Italy, but Gianni Agnelli, the Fiat chairman, was richer. He had wanted to sail the fastest boat, but he lost his most important race to an American. He had wanted to live like a doge, but the palace he bought in Venice came with a curse that had done in nearly everyone who owned it since the quattro-

Opposite, Raul Gardini at his home in Ravenna in 1991. He paid what may have been the biggest bribe in Italy's history.

cento. Abroad, he was often taken for a patrician. He had sailed with the King of Spain and the Aga Khan and dined (as he put it) "with Bill Clinton of Arkansas." Al Gore had him to the White House to discuss ecology, and François Mitterrand had him to the Élysée to discuss the stock market, and Mikhail Gorbachev liked him so much that he turned over a Russian farm rumored to be the size of Tuscany. But in the few square blocks of Milan where the business of Italy is decided Raul Gardini was an upstart gambling with his wife's money. He was not, as they say in Milan, a *salotto buono* kind of person. He belonged to the wrong "living room." His famous style was untempered by education or cultivation, and the secret of what he called his "vision" was mainly ignorance and impatience. Gardini, like most of Italy, did his real business in the *sottogoverno*, where the cash changed hands.

People describing Raul Gardini often begin by saying that he was, after all, from Ravenna. He was a Romagnolo, by which they mean "an exaggerated Italian." They say, if they liked him, that, being a Romagnolo, he was "instinctive" or "impulsive," or "spoke his mind," or had a "fighting character." They say, if they didn't like him, that, being a Romagnolo, he was an "adventurer," or "irrational" or "brutal," or ran his business as if he were "hunting animals or hunting women." Italians called him Il Contadino—the Peasant. It was a mark of his prominence that nobody needed to add his name. But he was never a peasant. He was simply provincial—which in Milan is often taken for the same thing. He came from a family with land, and if he wasn't rich by Milan standards he had never been poor by Ravenna standards. His grandfather, Silvio, dabbled in agronomy and was famous in a small way for his hybrid fruits and his beehives. His father, Ivan, dabbled in Fascism. After the war, he looked after the farm. Like his father, Ivan had a reputation as a farmer, but he made his real money by selling his beachfront land to resort developers. His two sons lived the dolce vita on a provincial scale, which is to say that they shot birds and sailed boats and prowled the Piazza del Popolo. They were not encouraged to complicate their lives with too many books or too much education. Raul Gardini was the "smart" son. He made it through an agricultural high school, and even through a few agronomy courses at college in Bologna. In 1957, when he was twenty-four and was playing poker in Ravenna, the way to a good job and a good life was to marry money, and this is what Gardini did.

Gardini never claimed to be anything but a gambler, and he was lucky in that the father of the girl he married—a Romagnolo grain trader named Serafino Ferruzzi—was something of a gambler, too. In 1945, Ferruzzi had gambled on the likelihood that a lot of the local padroni would be shot as Fascists and their grain would be "available," and that after a long war Italians would be hungry and anyone's grain would be worth a lot of money. He made his first fortune in grain silos and grain futures. By the time Gardini proposed to his eldest daughter, Ferruzzi was the richest man in Romagna and was on his way to being the biggest private commodities trader in Italy. His only son, Arturo Ferruzzi, was not at all interested in trading. Arturo was a gentle soul, cheerful and slow, and he wanted to be a pig farmer. His father bought him a pig farm, and gave him thousands of pigs—more than enough pigs to keep him happy. Serafino was looking for a son to succeed him, and Gardini was the closest he came.

Gardini once described his wife, Idina, as "having interpreted with dedication her mission to have children and to raise them well." She had no interest in the business, and she was not expected to have an interest. Serafino Ferruzzi Srl., the family holding company, had moved from the grain trade into grain elevators and cement and insurance, and even shipping, and had two and a half million acres of land and investments everywhere, but the business was still Serafino Ferruzzi's secret. Ferruzzi gave Gardini a title. Gardini was "in charge of industrial activity," and Arturo, with his pig farm, was "in charge of farming." He kept the other titles for himself. He owned or controlled forty-two corporations and partnerships and holding companies. Hundreds of thousands of farmers supplied him grain, and fifteen thousand men and women worked for him, but he told Gardini that there was nothing for Gardini to do, and for twenty years that was true. Serafino Ferruzzi Srl. and its public umbrella company, Ferruzzi Finanziaria, or Ferfin, were solidly in the hands of the old peasant who had put them together on wit and instinct and a little postwar profiteering. For twenty years, not even Gardini knew everything that Serafino had.

Serafino was an autocrat—or maybe simply an Italian father. He fought Gardini or ignored him, but it was understood that when the old man died the business would be his. It is often said (and not always with a smile) that the Italian family was the original protection racket. *La famiglia* has been the model and the metaphor for most of the institutions of Italian life, and it is hardly surprising that provincial Italians should have run their businesses the way they ran their church and their Mafia and their political parties, and even their government—like families, and preferably in families. The rhythms of business in Italy are the rhythms of generation and inheritance, and it doesn't matter if that business is a corner store or a grain conglomerate like Serafino Ferruzzi's. The man who runs the family runs its business—or, in what could be called the enlightened families, the man who runs the business runs the family—and his word holds until that classic deathbed scene (you know it from a hundred Italian movies) in which the dying father turns the family *and* the business over to an aging son who has waited fifty or sixty years for the first plate and the last word at the dinner table.

There is no real managerial class in Italy, the way there is in France, although there are a lot of "managers." The idea of protecting your money or your plant with a competent stranger has never been popular in Italy's provincial business circles. It is mainly the big-city businessmen who make what is considered the "European" choice of separating their money from the management of their empires, and are thus protected when their managers go to jail. It was not a choice that appealed to Serafino. His empire was an object lesson in Italian family capitalism, the difference between the Ferruzzi family and most of the other big industrial families being that no one outside Ravenna knew much, if anything at all, about Serafino Ferruzzi. He didn't ski at Cortina or swim at Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat or sleep with movie stars. He was considered mysterious, though in truth he was simply a *contadino*, guarded and sly. When he died, at seventy, in a plane crash, Italians who had never heard the name Ferruzzi opened their newspapers to discover that the old man whose private plane had just collided with a house outside Ravenna was, after Gianni Agnelli, the richest man in Italy.

THERE was one important difference between Raul Gardini and Serafino Ferruzzi. Ferruzzi stuck to his peasant sense and traded in what he knew—in soy and cement, in things he could see from the top of a silo or weigh at the foot of a loading platform. The money he made was simply another one of his commodities—and not always the most reliable. It was something to barter for reality. He was a speculator, but he never speculated on dreams or schemes or abstractions, or on the paper credits that became Gardini's stock-in-trade. He never made a public offering of stock until the year he died, and then only at Gardini's urging. Gardini, on the other hand, floated dreams that were made for a stock market like the Italian market, where the price-earnings ratio is now a hundred and ninety: nine times as high as the American average and, it could be said, nine times as far from reality. Where Serafino had traded grain, Raul was going to "revolutionize" Russian agriculture. Where Serafino had traded soy futures, Raul was going to beat the commodities exchange. Where Serafino had kept the family Ferraris in gasoline, Raul was going to free the world from gasoline with sugar-and-grain-alcohol fuel.

Silvio Berlusconi hopes to be Prime Minister after the Italian election. He began his career as a client of the politicians he is trying to replace.

PIZZOLI/SYGMA

Gardini was a hustler. When he took over Montedison, in 1988, he paid by slipping Montedison's most profitable plants into the family's private holding company, and leaving Montedison's other stockholders with shares in his debt in exchange. And, like most hustlers, he seemed to believe wholeheartedly in himself. He might have remained a local scandal if he had come on the scene five years earlier, or even five years later. But his particular style of hot-potato finance was getting to be everybody's style when he took over at Ferruzzi. He fitted the Zeitgeist of the Italian eighties, which were just as greedy as everybody else's eighties, and even more flamboyant. He sold the Ferruzzi name as if he were Michael Milken selling junk bonds, and then he skimmed the capital he raised on that name as if Ferfin were a savings-and-loan a couple of steps from bankruptcy—as in the end it was. He was not much of a talker, but it turned out that all he really did for the family in twelve years' time was talk bankers into floating his holding companies and lending him money. He could never have paid it back, and the family had no talent to put the house of cards he had built for it in order. There was no one in the family capable of reading a financial statement, and anyway the family was not interested in financial statements. The family was interested in skimming whatever it could from Ferfin's companies before those companies went under. When the Enimont scandal broke, last year, the family started talking. By then, the Ferfin debt amounted to twenty-five billion dollars, which no one in the family could (or was willing to) trace. This winter, in Ravenna, four Ferruzzis were indicted for criminal conspiracy. It turned out that the mother of all bribes had been the least of Raul Gardini's problems.

Gardini liked to say that it was never his money on the table. He never officially owned a share in most of the companies he ruined, and he put whatever shares he did have in Idina's name. He gambled for *la famiglia.* He raised the stakes in the family's name, and when he was first caught out, in 1989, in Chicago—he was trying to fix the soybean-futures market, and the Chicago Board of Trade gave him a week to liquidate his holdings—he shrugged it off as a gamble he'd taken and lost in the family's interest, and ignored the havoc he'd caused. The family was his passion and his cover. His scheme, with Enimont, was elaborate. He was going to corner the European sugar and grain business and then the chemical business, and with his grain and his chemicals he was going to convert Europe to ethanol—grain-alcohol fuel—and make the family Europe's heroes. He raided the French sugar company Beghin-Say, and he nearly succeeded in buying British Sugar. He went to Brussels and demanded the entire European Community grain surplus; he wanted it at market prices, and not at subsidy prices, and, in any event, he had never heard of any of the treaties that gave American farmers surplus parity with the Europeans. He was startled when the Community turned him down. Reality didn't concern him at all. No one knew what drove him. People today think it was an ongoing Oedipal crisis. They say that Gardini was waging a posthumous war with the "father" he could never outdo or outsmart, or even challenge, when Serafino was alive—that his only chance with the family was to think hard about what Serafino would have done in any situation and then do something "better," or something else. He bought the politicians and the bankers and the judges he needed to put Enimont together, and when his scheme collapsed he bought all of them all over again to keep the family happy. He must have known that he could not afford to disappoint them, because in the end it was the family that brought him down. They were real *contadini*—ruthless and shrewd. Their Swiss accounts were a generation removed from the mattresses and the coffee cannisters in which Serafino's father had kept his cash. They were not interested in Mikhail Gorbachev or in European Community surplus regulations or in offices like Gardini's done up by Gae Aulenti. They lived it up in the manner of the rustic rich. They were flashy and comfortable and measured their power by the fact that no one ticketed their sports cars or turned them away at Lucas-Carton when they flew to Paris for a meal. They were lazy. They were not brilliant. They liked to shop. They didn't care whether Europe drove on oil or alcohol. They wanted their allowance on time.

MONTEDISON was a huge company when Gardini set out to acquire it, in 1985. It was the biggest private Italian company after Fiat, and had forty-five thousand workers, and investments and operations in twenty countries. It was also a fairly healthy company, despite an odd (though not, for Italy, unusual) history of having been traded back and forth between the state and the private sector for years. When Gardini started buying, the company was controlled by a few old families, among them the Pirellis, the Agnellis, and the Bonomi-Bolchinis, and its éminence grise was an old banker named Enrico Cuccia, who was known here as "the parish priest of Italian family capitalism." Cuccia ran a merchant bank called Mediobanca. The bank was itself a typically Italian mixture of private and public capital, and for many years it was the only Italian bank permitted to finance private industry with public money in the form of long-term credit. It was thanks to Cuccia that Montedison had passed into the hands of the *salotto buono*. He was still the only Italian banker capable of mounting an operation like that, and it didn't matter if his own operation was something of a cross between a racket and a private club—there were not many important industrialists who could survive without his money, his manipulations, or his blessing. He was said to be the most powerful man in Italy, with the possible exception of Salvatore (Toto) Riina, who ran the mob from his Palermo hideout. Cuccia thought of the "new Italians" as a wildcat challenge—a gauntlet flung in the face of the old, orderly, predictable corruptions. He stood for the familiar hierarchies of money and family. He did not like Raul Gardini.

Cuccia himself comes from what is usually described in Milan as "a simple Sicilian family." He was born poor. He arrived here, after the war, a young banker with a pleasing Sicilian respect for other people's families—in particular, for the great northern business families—and he made himself indispensable to those families. It was a pact that guaranteed their solvency and his power. He put Mediobanca behind Agnelli's cars, Pirelli's rubber, and Giampiero Pesenti's cement and gave them, in effect, the country's highways. Forty years later, they still called him their parish priest, but the truth is that by then he was much more papal than priestly. No one could account for his power, but everybody seemed to accept it—and fear it. He was accused from time to time of unsavory "Sicilian" connections, but nobody accused him of corruption. Cuccia was

AT THE WELLHEAD

I

Your songs, when you sing them with your two eyes closed
As you always do, are like a local road
We've known every turn of in the past—
That midge-veiled, high-hedged side road where you stood
Looking and listening until a car
Would come and go and leave you lonelier
Than you had been to begin with. So, sing on,
Dear shut-eyed one, dear far-voiced veteran,

Sing yourself to where the singing comes from,
Ardent and cut off like our blind neighbor
Who played the piano all day in her bedroom.
Her notes came out to us like hoisted water
Ravelling off a bucket at the wellhead
Where next thing we'd be listening, hushed and awkward.

II

That blind-from-birth, sweet-voiced, withdrawn musician
Was like a silver vein in heavy clay.
Night water glittering in the light of day.
But also just our neighbor, Rosie Keenan.
She touched our cheeks. She let us touch her braille
In books like books wallpaper patterns came in.
Her hands were active and her eyes were full
Of open darkness and a watery shine.

She knew us by our voices. She'd say she "saw"
Whoever or whatever. Being with her
Was intimate and helpful, like a cure
You didn't notice happening. When I read
A poem with Keenan's well in it, she said,
"I see the sky at the bottom of it now."

—Seamus Heaney

"above" corruption, or perhaps he was simply Sicilian: he was, at least by Milan standards, quite uninterested in money. He could not be bribed with anything but power, and he had so much power by the time Gardini got to know him that the threat of his displeasure amounted to a kind of excommunication from the clearing house of credit. Not even Agnelli could survive without him.

Cuccia is eighty-six, and he is a pious man. His only public appearances are at the morning Mass at San Babila, around the corner from the palace where Gardini died—and that was as close as he liked to get to Gardini. They had one brief alliance. Cuccia is said to have planned the "restructuring" of Montedison that left Montedison's minority stockholders paying for Gardini's takeover. Cuccia wanted to keep a hand in Montedison, which at the time meant getting rid of Montedison's president, Mario Schimberni, who was trying to turn the company into a real public company, out of the *salotto buono* and out of Cuccia's control. Gardini obliged him—he fired Schimberni—and then ignored him and raided the *salotto buono*, too. It turned out that Gardini's idea of family capitalism involved the Gardini family and the Ferruzzi family—*basta*. Gardini was not interested in doing business à la Milanese, making the sort of investments by which the families that dined together every night kept an eye on one another at the office. No one had ever called him collegial, but he particularly disliked the people he referred to as "the big-city boys." He didn't understand that the oligarchy was an extended family, and that to the extent that the oligarchy ran Italy it ran Italy by sticking together. Its feuds were famous, but they always took place within what everyone agreed was the exclusive circle of its class interests. Its real arrangements were private, whereas the only thing private about Gardini was his books. He trumpeted his contempt, and he may have been too new to the ruling class to know what class interests meant. His contempt was in many ways his charm. Cuccia apparently tried to warn him. He told Gardini that his manners were inappropriate, and Gardini replied by faxing an angry note to Cuccia, saying that he was paying Cuccia for his services, but that his manners were none of the banker's affair. He let it be known that he had sent a fax so that people at the bank would see it—and, in fact, a lot of people did see it. By the next morning, half of Milan had seen it, and Cuccia was enraged. He was a man of obsessive discretion. He liked his bank, but he often worked at his house in Meina, on the Lago Maggiore, so that nobody in Milan would know. His neighbors in Meina gossiped about the limousines with smoked-glass windows and Milan plates which would arrive on Sundays, discharging serious-looking men, men in suits, but they knew Cuccia only as the tiny old man who carried the garbage to the gate when the guests went home, and they wondered if—given his timidity and his Sicilian name—he might not be a Mafia don in exile. It was clear to the people in Meina that Cuccia was not a man who took humiliation lightly, but it was evidently not so clear to Gardini. Gardini wanted Milan to know that he was boss. "*La chimica sono io*," he liked to say.

Gardini and Cuccia might have made a good marriage, like Cuccia's other marriages, because Gardini wanted protection and Cuccia was in the business of protection. Cuccia called it "stability," and it didn't matter if you called him a priest or a *gabellotto*, because you could not easily escape his attentions if you wanted to do big business in Italy. His terms were simple. You had to accept him, and you never talked out of school. He never forgave Gardini for his fax, and he did not embrace his Enimont project. He took a long view. He waited for Gardini to get caught up, or caught out, knowing, perhaps, that in the end he would be called on to save Montedison—that in the end Montedison would owe him everything. It was Gardini's moment, and Cuccia sat back and let him have that moment, and may even have enjoyed watching.

THERE was nothing unusual about Enimont, except (in hindsight) the loopholes in the contract between Montedison and the state that created it. Companies like Enimont—*parastatale* companies, in which the state holds shares—have been around in Italy since Mussolini. They were part of the Fascist corporate-state apparatus, and Italy never abandoned that apparatus for the simple reason that it presented politicians with such a convenient source of patronage and power. The politicians who had been milking Eni for bribes—bribes from people wanting jobs, bribes from people wanting contracts, bribes from people with something to sell for too much money or something to buy for too little money—expected that the merger of Eni and Montedison would be a source of more bribes, a kind of extension of opportunity. Gabriele Cagliari, who was the president of Eni and Gardini's partner in the deal, was already known in Milan as Craxi's man; he owed his job and a share of the Enimont spoils to the Socialists, if not to Craxi himself. He and Craxi were eager for the deal, although the truth is that for the state it was a terrible deal. Gardini was keeping Montedison's best companies for himself. He was holding onto the pharmaceutical companies and the "light chemical" companies, like Himont and Erbamont and Ausimont, and sliding his "heavy chemicals"—his plastic and fertilizer and petrochemical plants, which were outdated and indebted and losing money—into Enimont, where the state would be obliged to guarantee the losses and the jobs.

When the contract was signed, in 1989, Gardini's interest in Enimont was officially valued at a thousand five hundred billion lire—at the time, about a billion dollars. No one contested the evaluation. Gardini, contributing some of his Montedison plants, got forty per cent of the Enimont shares; the state, contributing its Eni plants, got another forty per cent; and the outstanding shares went on sale on the open market—which was supposed to prevent either Gardini or the state from acquiring a majority interest. People who saw the Enimont contract admit now that it was an "accommodating document," though it was not, by Clean Hands standards, a very expensive one. It cost Gardini seven million dollars in bribes from one of his Swiss slush funds. The money supposedly went to (among others) Craxi and Arnaldo Forlani, the Christian Democratic Secretary, and for Gardini it was money well spent. His contract prevented him from entering the market directly, but it never prevented his agents, or even his partners, from entering in their own names, and this, of course, is what they did. A French banker named

Jean Marc Vernes, who had been Gardini's proxy in the Beghin-Say takeover, bought up two per cent of the floating shares, and some of Gardini's other friends bought a little over eight per cent, and together they delivered Enimont into Gardini's hands. By March of 1990—five months after those shares went on the market—Gardini controlled seven of the twelve seats on Enimont's board. It happened so fast that the only business Enimont did before the raid was stopped—the courts blocked Gardini's forty per cent and turned it over to a "custodian"—was to order signs and stationery with the new logo.

Enimont lasted a year and a half, and for most of that year and a half Gardini expected to win. He had bribed the custodian, Vincenzo Palladino, a banker at the Banca Commerciale Italiana who was well connected in Milan and was considered "reliable," and through Palladino he had bribed the judge, Diego Curto. Curto was not so reliable. He put his bribe in Switzerland and considered himself impartial. When he was arrested, last year, he said he was so impartial that he had taken the money and flushed it down the toilet "impartially." The prosecutors followed his wife to Switzerland, and they discovered it there, in an account called Whiskey.

The fight over Gardini's blocked shares dragged on for six months. In September of 1990, the state agreed to a "solution." The state was now willing to dissolve the merger. It would sell its entire stake in Enimont to Gardini, if Gardini could pay. If not, it would buy out Gardini, and own Enimont alone. There was a new evaluation. Morgan Stanley made the evaluation, but it must have been difficult for the bank to know exactly what Enimont was worth, since somewhere along the way Gardini had also bribed Cagliari. Cagliari killed himself in jail last summer—the bells of San Babila were ringing for his funeral the morning Gardini died—without telling anybody to what extent the bribe he got had persuaded him to fix his books, or even in whose interest he had thought he was fixing them.

In November of 1990, Gardini's shares in Enimont were officially valued at two thousand eight hundred and five billion lire, which at the time was two and a half billion dollars. Gardini sold. He turned over some stock certificates and a couple of companies no one at Montedison wanted, the family made a profit of a billion five hundred million dollars, and no one but Gardini knew if he had ever really wanted to buy Enimont, or sell it, or if the whole merger had been a scam. It was at this moment that the mother of all bribes was paid.

It could be argued that a hundred and forty million dollars was not an extravagant bribe—not for Italy. It was less than ten per cent of Gardini's profit, and ten per cent was what you usually had to pay in Milan. And it wasn't unreasonable when you considered how many people expected a cut: the Socialists expected half, because Milan was their town and Enimont was considered their deal; the Christian Democrats expected at least a quarter; and the Social Democrats, the Republicans, and even the Communists had to be paid. Gardini was in a hurry. With his shares blocked, he had another problem. He had juggled Montedison's books to cover the money he lost in Chicago when the Board of Trade stopped his soybean trading, and Montedison was now reporting a five-hundred-million-dollar hole that no one could explain.

In December of 1990, Gardini announced that he was finished with chemicals. He spent Christmas with the family, at their Argentine ranch, and then he took a leave of absence from the family *and* its companies. He left his son, Ivan, who was twenty-one, in charge of Ferfin, and he went sailing. Months went by and almost no one in Milan saw him. There were rumors about a woman in his life; the rumors were wrong. The people who did see him say that he was already busy with other schemes, the strangest being a scheme to solve the East African famine by turning nomads into chicken farmers. He fought with the family for the first time. The family was not upset about the hundred-and-forty-million-dollar bribe. Gardini's brother-in-law Carlo Sama had helped arrange it; he and the new Montedison president were in charge of what Gardini called "filling the holes with shit." The Ferruzzis were upset because they wanted to keep their extraordinary Enimont profit. They were not interested in putting it into nomads' chickens (except for Arturo, who liked chickens).

Gardini reappeared in April, tanned and fit, from what he called his "spiritual retreat," and he had another plan for the family. This time he didn't tell the family. He tried it out on a journalist named Giuseppe Turani, who wrote for *La Repubblica* and was one of the best-read financial columnists in Italy. Gardini often called Turani about his projects, but Turani found this particular project "extravagant." Gardini wanted to consolidate the Ferruzzi empire into eleven shares—one for each of Serafino's grandchildren—and none of the shares were going to be voting shares. Gardini would decide everything himself, "in the family's interest." He had always decided everything—at least, until the Enimont sale. Now he wanted it in writing.

It was a monarchical scheme, and maybe even a mad scheme, and it was certainly a new twist on Italian family capitalism, where the capitulations are supposed to be private, not written into the public record. But what interested Turani was that Gardini wanted to dump Montedison. He was planning to sell off all the Ferruzzis' best assets, settle his debts, and use the money for a new holding company, Société Centrale d'Investissement, which he and his friend Jean Marc Vernes were floating in Paris, through Vernes's family bank. He told Turani to forget the ethanol revolution. He had a much more lucrative revolution. He was going to corner the agribusiness revolution and change the world. A month later, he put his plan to the family.

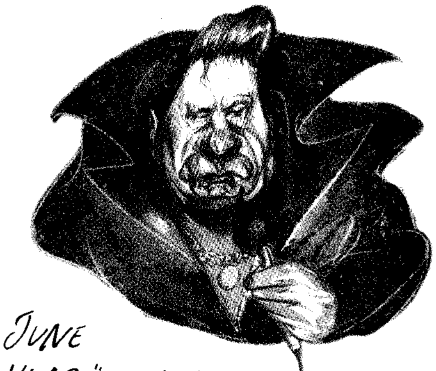
Carlo Sama used to be Raul Gardini's secretary. He was a Ravenna boy, whose parents owned the shop where the local brides ordered their china and their bedroom furniture, and he was not so different from a lot of other Ravenna boys, except that his sights were high. His first wife had a shop of her own—she sold "designer" gifts—and she was also the daughter of one of Serafino Ferruzzi's old partners, a man who had bought into the grain business early on, when Serafino needed cash. She sent Sama to Gardini, who gave him a job. As soon as the Vatican annulled his marriage, he married Alessandra Ferruzzi, the youngest, prettiest, and "smartest" (she had gone to college) of the three Ferruzzi girls.

Sama made a good Ferruzzi. He was smarmy, but he was undeniably more dependable than Alessandra's first husband—a handsome, harmless boy who had raced motorcycles and had left her a widow with two small children. Sama

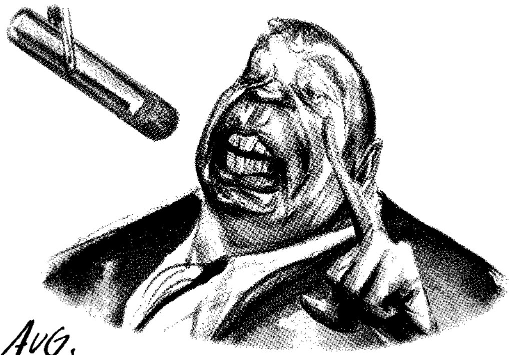
ZHIRINOVSKY'S CROSSOVER YEAR

THE U.S. MEDIA CYCLE AS EXPERIENCED BY RUSSIA'S POP SENSATION

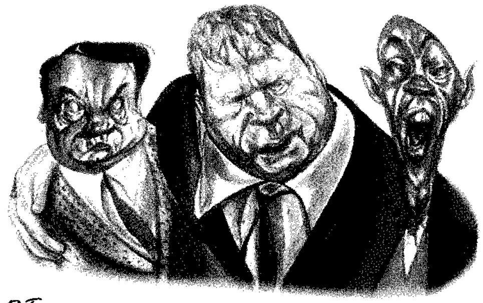
BY STEVE BRODNER



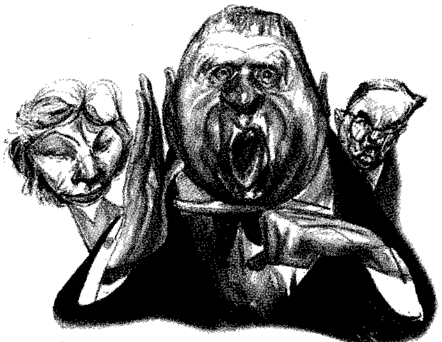
JUNE
VLAD "DICE" ZHIRINOVSKY MAKES ATLANTIC CITY DÉBUT. (SIGNS WITH MICHAEL OVITZ.)



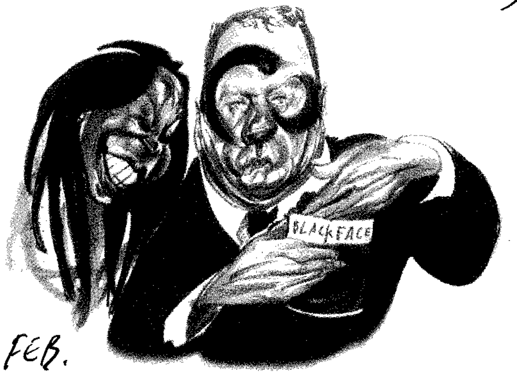
AUG.
BEGINS ON RADIO AS "RUSH" ZHIRINOVSKY, SAYS ALASKA IS A GREAT PLACE TO PUT THE UKRAINIANS. (GETS BIG MARKET SHARE.)



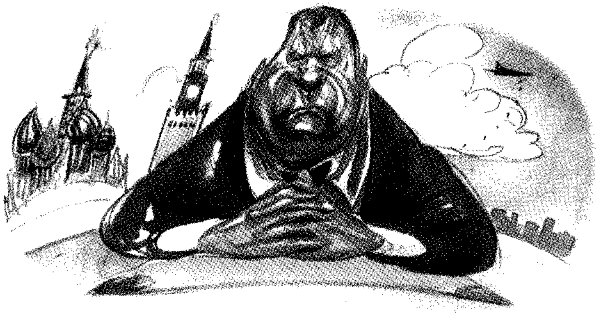
SEPT.
MOVES TO "ZHIRINOVSKY/LEHRER NEWSHOUR," INTRODUCES POLITICAL ANALYST KHALID ABDUL MUHAMMAD. (RATINGS DIP.)



DEC. "ZHIRINOVSKY GROUP" PREMIÈRES, HE OGLES ELEANOR CLIFT TO "DISPROVE GAYNESS." (CAREER TAILSPINS.)



FEB.
MARRIES WHOOPI GOLDBERG. (BOOKINGS SCARCE.)



OCT. TAKES RUSSIAN PRESIDENCY— LAST JOB OFFER. (BOMBS OVITZ.)

preferred Ferraris to motorcycles, and no one begrudged him his Ferraris. He made himself indispensable as a hatchet man. He did the unpleasant work. He was useful at takeovers. He kept the books that were off the books. He made lists of the people Gardini had bribed, and the people Gardini was going to bribe, and how much the family would have to pay. His notebooks contained a list of newspapers and magazines that Sama thought might look after the Ferruzzi image; after each name, he had entered a "suggested payment," and now he says that those payments (including a payment to Turani) were made.

By all accounts, Sama and his wife did not take well to Gardini's plan for the family. Sama was nearing forty-six—the age at which Gardini had taken over the family—and he and Alessandra were starting to think about *their* image. A woman in Rome who knew them both says that they were bored "living on the edge of kitsch." At any rate, they were bored living on the edge of Gardini's authority. The family argued about the plan all spring. For the first time, they hired their own lawyers to tell them what to do. In June of 1991, they fired Gardini. In August, they announced that the Ferruzzi family and the Gardini family were "divorced." It was not a word you would have heard, say, around Pirelli tires or the Falck steelworks—it was not in the Milan "style." But it suited the Ferruzzis and *their* style, and it was the word everybody in Ravenna used. "Have you heard about the divorce?" people in Ravenna said, and everyone else knew what they were saying. Idina "left" with Gardini. She turned in her Ferruzzi shares—they amounted to twenty-three per cent of the family's assets—and the Ferruzzis paid her the equivalent of four hundred million dollars. In Ferruzzi fashion, they slipped it out of one of the family's Swiss accounts—figuring, perhaps, that Gardini would raid the account himself if there were anything left to take. The Via Massimo D'Azeglio, which was known as the family's street, was now divided into the Samas' side of the street and the Gardinis' side of the street. A Milan businessman named Carlo Marchi remembers telling Gardini then that, for all the things Gardini bought—all the land and the companies—he had forgotten to buy a big mirror and look at himself and the family in that mirror and think about what he saw. He says Gardini never suspected that, whatever he thought of the big city and the big-city boys, the Ferruzzis might be interested in a little big-city status themselves—or, at least, have reasons to believe they could do as well at managing the second-largest fortune in Italy as Raul Gardini and his twenty-one-year-old son.

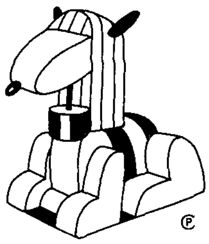
PAUL CAYARD, the American who raced Gardini's sailboats, says that "sailing was the purest moment in Gardini's life, the moment he turned into a different person," and this was apparently true. Gardini loved sailing and he loved boats. He claimed to be as happy sailing alone up the channel from Ravenna to the sea on a small Moro di Venezia—he called all his boats Il Moro di Venezia—as he was on his maxi-yacht Moro, which ran eighty-two feet and carried a thirty-man crew. In 1988, he went to Venice and started planning a boat for the America's Cup in 1992. He said he was going to build his new Moro di Venezia in Venice and conquer the world by sea, like the great merchant princes of the Venetian empire. He never lived in Venice. He was simply obsessed with Venice. He had already raided the Murano glassworks, and he had already bought Ca' Dario—the palace that came with a curse. Now he bought the old salt hangars near the Dogana and restored them for a headquarters. He built himself a boatyard. He was drinking a lot, and some people thought he was taking cocaine. It may be that he began identifying with Othello. His delusions were just as grand. He courted the people who fed his appetite for occasion. He promised them a launch that would be the mise-en-scène of their careers. Franco Zeffirelli staged it; he cast the tribunes who lined the Giudecca in March of 1990, dressed up in seventeenth-century costumes and blowing

"And stop slamming the screen door!"

trumpets, and rehearsed the *gondolieri* who ferried nearly a thousand guests. Ennio Morricone composed the music. Marc Berthier, from Paris, painted the pictures, in the absence of a Canaletto close to home. The guests, as one of the Venice papers put it, were "rich, royal, or Romagnolo." The cost of the launch to Montedison and its stockholders (but not to the Ferruzzis, who wrote it off) was said to be ten million dollars, and that was just the beginning of Montedison's expenses. The cost of the race, all told, was going to be a hundred million dollars. Then the Ferruzzis and the Gardinis got "divorced."

The Ferruzzis were not happy about Il Moro di Venezia—it was flying Venetian colors and making a hero of Gardini, and it was costing them money, because Montedison was still paying the bills to promote what Gardini had called its "miracle boat fibres." But Il Moro stood a good chance of winning the Cup for Italy, and the Ferruzzis also knew that if Cayard and his crew backed out or got despondent and lost, it would not look good for Montedison and its miracle fibres, and it certainly would not look good for the Ferruzzi family. Twenty million Italians watched the Cup finals, which were held in San Diego in May of 1992. They made up the biggest television audience in Italy since Berlusconi's soccer team, A.C. Milan, won the Toyota Cup, in 1990, and it didn't matter to them what the race was costing Montedison or that the family that owned Montedison was getting divorced. There was such good will in Italy the day Il Moro placed second in the America's Cup that even Sama was moved to call Gardini, in San Diego, and offer congratulations. (He called the networks first, so that the country could listen.) A few months later, Il Moro was up for sale.

On February 26th of last year, Gardini received an *avviso di garanzia*—an official notice of investigation. It was clear that someone had talked, since Gabriele Cagliari got the same notice that week, and so did the old Enimont director, Sergio Cragnotti, and a businessman named Giuseppe Garofano, who had been the president of Montedison during the Enimont merger. Garofano, especially, had been considered "protected." He was an Opus Dei Catholic with friends in the Vatican and friends in the Christian Democratic Party, and when he skipped the country—he fled to a Spanish convent the day his notice arrived, and was declared "officially at large"—Gardini hired a criminal lawyer. The lawyer, Marco De Luca, had a specialty; he orchestrated confessions for businessmen in trouble at court. He told Gardini that "the best and most useful thing would be to tell the whole story of the Enimont affair," so the prosecutors would understand that Gardini, like all the men of vision trying to survive in Italy, had been a victim of the system, and "forced to pay." As De Luca saw it, or says he saw it, Gardini had had no choice in the matter of bribes except, perhaps, the choice of making them big enough to buy his freedom. It was not a naïve strategy (although it can sound naïve to a stranger), and De Luca was practiced at it. When Gardini hired him, he was writing the same sort of confession for Carlo De Benedetti, the Olivetti chairman.



De Luca says now that from the point of view of a lawyer trying to make a deal for his client there was one big difference between De Benedetti and Gardini. De Benedetti was still a major force in Italian business when he told his story (and became something of a hero), whereas the Ferruzzi group, including Montedison, was on its way to receivership—Cuccia took it over in June—and Gardini himself was on his own, and alone. Gardini owned very little in Italy that it was important for Italy to save. He met with De Luca every day for the next five months. He had never stayed in Milan so long or, at least, so continuously, and the city depressed him. He rarely went out unless there was a friend from home to keep him company. He would sit in a rented palace on the Piazza Belgioioso talking to people in Ravenna, saying that he had never done anything "wrong."

Gardini knew, of course, that the family was finished. The old archbishop of Ravenna was counselling him—"for courage, but not advice, never advice, not Gardini"—and Gardini told the archbishop, "I'm not anything anymore without the family." He said the Ferruzzis were his "responsibility." He said he had begged them to keep him on at Ferfin—they could buy Idina out, but they needed his "vision." He never blamed them the way he blamed the big-city boys. His villains were Diego Curto and Giuseppe Garofano and, especially, Bettino Craxi. He told the archbishop that "Craxi had leaned on me." He said that Vincenzo Palladino—the custodian of his Enimont shares and the man who had carried his bribe to Curto—was Craxi's man, and that Curto himself was Craxi's man. Gardini wanted to make up with the family now—to save Ferfin and put the family together—and the family must have been thinking about making up with him, because in May last year the Ferruzzis asked him back and offered him Ferfin to save. It was much too late.

The Ferruzzis were mired in debts—their own debts, their companies' debts, Gardini's debts—and they did not seem to understand that they were responsible for the fortune they had squandered or skimmed or squirrelled away since Gardini left. They wanted Gardini to save them with another Chinese box of holding companies; they wanted credit that did not attach to them. They called Gardini, and then they covered themselves. They made their own "spiritual retreat." Like almost everybody else in important money trouble in Italy, they found their way to Enrico Cuccia's office. It was not an office where Gardini felt free.

Gardini signed a letter to the prosecutors on July 16th—the day Giuseppe Garofano was extradited from Spain and made a confession of his own—and De Luca sent it to the courthouse. He offered the prosecutors details of Gardini's money-laundering system. He offered them details of Gardini's Enimont bribe network. He even offered a description of how Gardini had turned his raid on the Chicago soybean market into a company loss that cost Montedison's shareholders five hundred million dollars. De Luca was hoping for clemency—a couple of nights, at most, "at the disposition of the prosecutors" (which meant a couple of nights in jail), followed by house arrest and then a relatively quick private hearing and a fine. He says that he was still expecting clemency when Gardini shot himself. They had "an appointment at the courthouse" that day. Gardini's oldest Ravenna friend, a reporter named Vanni

Balestrazzi, had had a call from Gardini the night before he died. Gardini said he wasn't worried, but Balestrazzi knew that he was upset about being picked up in a police car and escorted to the prosecutors in handcuffs—which was how an appointment at the courthouse usually began. "He couldn't stand the humiliation," Balestrazzi told me. "It was just like that in kindergarten."

GARDINI'S bagman was a Neapolitan marchese named Sergio Cusani. Cusani was a Socialist. He called himself a *finanziere*, but some Italians would have called him a *portaborse*. He carried the purse. He dealt in bribes. For a percentage, he arranged to put your money discreetly into the hands of Craxi and his Socialist friends, and he cut such a civilized figure with his marchese manners and his handmade suits and his white sports car that everyone hired him. He is said to have started bribing for Gardini in the early eighties, and, in a manner of speaking, he was the best lackey Gardini ever had, being the only one who in the end refused to testify against him.

Cusani's trial began in October, and so many witnesses were called that it is still going on. It was the first public "celebrity" Clean Hands trial. Most people had coöperated, and the prosecutors, with so many cases to contend with, had made it a rule of thumb that anyone coöperative—anyone who confessed and named names and, especially, led them to bribes they hadn't already recovered—would be tried the way Gardini had wanted to be tried, quickly and in private. Some prosecutors were against the arrangement, but the chief prosecutor was for it, and, more important, so were Antonio Di Pietro, the prosecutor who began Clean Hands, and Gherardo Colombo, the prosecutor known here as the "judicial genius" of the investigations. Colombo made a distinction between *concussione* and *corruzione*—meaning between the not always or entirely enthusiastic parties to a corrupt system and what could be called the enthusiasts of corruption. It was perhaps a Jesuitical distinction, but it meant that when Sergio Cusani refused to coöperate he went to public trial, and that trial became the Enimont trial and, in a manner of speaking, Raul Gardini's trial in absentia. It had all the Enimont conspirators (except the conspirators who were dead and one banker who couldn't be extradited from Monaco) for a cast of characters, and it established the closest thing to a public record of the Enimont affair. It was meant as an education, though like a lot of things in Italy it turned quickly into an entertainment. There was something for everyone in Cusani's trial. There was high comedy, in the person of Bettino Craxi testifying about his "innocence," and low comedy, in the person of Giuseppe Berlini, who had been a hotel doorman until he started "managing" the Ferruzzis' Swiss accounts. There was family treachery, in the person of Carlo Sama, and family tragedy, in the person of Gabriele Cagliari's widow. There was even some Milan style, in the person of Cusani himself. Cusani appeared at his trial in a succession of beautiful suits and kept everyone guessing as to the name of his tailor. People tended to forget that the criminals and conspirators putting in appearances at the courthouse were the people who had helped bankrupt Italy. They compared the trial to "Berlusconi's trials"—the mock trials that they watch, like sitcoms, on Silvio Berlusconi's television stations.

The trial was a good show, but in the end it was the chicken or the egg. No one denied the corruption, or even the extent of the corruption—only his own particular corruption. The businessmen tried to persuade people that the politicians had forced them into betraying their honest natures, and the politicians tried to persuade people that it was the businessmen who had forced *them*—which was an argument that not even the politicians took seriously. Craxi said he had come (he had no choice but to come) to warn the country. He wanted the country to know that the real villains of Clean Hands were the Communists and their friends at the courthouse. He said that unless the witch-hunt stopped, Italy would "fall" to the Communists. At first, he sounded like the Pope, who was saying the same thing. The papers said he sounded like a Cold Warrior preaching to people who had forgotten that a Cold War ever happened. They were right about Craxi but not about memory. The Communist menace had turned out to be much more durable as a piece of rhetoric than people thought in January, when they were sitting at their television sets chuckling over Craxi's testimony. That testimony was only a dress rehearsal. A few weeks later, Craxi's friend Berlusconi turned it into a "God, country, and family values" speech that officially opened his campaign to become Prime Minister. The polls that weekend gave him a quarter of the vote. Today, they give him nearly forty per cent.

SILVIO BERLUSCONI is the most popular politician in Italy right now, although, of course, he isn't a politician at all, and it may turn out that the only real difference between him and Gardini is that Gardini paid in order to break the law, while Berlusconi was smart enough to bend the law so that he didn't have to break it. Berlusconi began his career as Craxi's client. He wanted to build huge housing projects in Milan; Craxi rewrote the zoning and environmental laws so he could build them. He wanted to own television stations; Craxi, with a little help from Andreotti, rewrote the monopoly laws so he could buy the three biggest private channels in the country and a controlling interest in three or four more, and create his own "networks" by broadcasting the same shows seconds apart. Now he owns, along with his television stations, the publishing houses Mondadori and Einaudi, thirty-four mass-market magazines, a handful of daily papers, his Milan soccer team, and a supermarket-and-department-store chain called Standa, with fifteen thousand workers, which he bought from Gardini in 1988. It was not hard for him to enter politics. He had the money to open twelve thousand campaign "clubs" for his party, Forza Italia (which he named for the Italian soccer cheer), and he owns the air space on which his "message to Italy" was broadcast eighteen times a day. It was a successful message, being a simplistic message. It was all about enterprise and initiative and "the individual." He called it "a vision." He says he wants to run Italy the way you run a prosperous business—or a "family."

When Gardini was exposed—when the mother of all bribes became part of the public record—Italians never expected that in a year they would be voting for another billionaire *emergente*, and one suspected of receiving even bigger favors than Gardini ever imagined. They thought that Di Pietro had saved them. They thought they would be voting for someone like him. They envisioned a country run by Clean Hands prosecutors. They wanted protection—they wanted

"You said you were only going to read another minute half an hour ago!"

another kind of family—but it turned out that they did not have much of an instinct for the kind of society where they didn't need protection. They tried for a while. Last year, citizens' groups and citizens' parties were starting up all over the country. They ran in local elections and (except in Palermo) lost, and then most of them broke up, squabbling. They could not seem to accept their common interest. After that, the only interests that emerged in Italy were the old interests—the ones offering absolution for adherence.

The election that was supposed to commemorate a revolution has turned into a cynical exercise, not so different from most Italian elections. Berlusconi has put together an electoral coalition with the Fascists (who have changed their name to the National Alliance) and the Northern League, and *that* was so cynical that even the League is threatening to leave it. But the voters are just as cynical. A friend in Milan tells me that people will vote for Berlusconi in the expectation that, being so rich already, he will not be "hungry like Craxi and the other professionals." Another friend puts it this way: "Better a successful crook than a failed one." In fact, Berlusconi's own company is as much as four billion dollars in debt (Cuccia is looking after it now), and Berlusconi is simply trying to buy a government instead of fighting one—or, rather, he is fighting in a novel way, by becoming the government himself. Gardini never thought of becoming the government. That, perhaps, was his weakness. That and getting caught. Berlusconi never gets caught, although the police have searched his offices, he claims, eighty-six times since the campaign started, and six of his managers are under investigation, and could be arrested any day. (He blames "the Communists at the courthouse.") The closest the prosecutors have come to Berlusconi is his brother Paolo, who was arrested last month for bribing some local bankers in a real-estate deal. He spent a couple of hours with the Guardia di Finanza—the fiscal police—and was sent home.

It may be that people will vote for Berlusconi simply because he is successful. He started with nothing and got rich and now he goes to the Élysée, the way Gardini used to, and has a four-billion-dollar debt he doesn't have to pay, and the prettiest girls in town at his parties. He took what he wanted from Italy, and this is something that Italians relish. They liked their revolution, but they didn't know what to do with their revolution. They wanted the kind of success story that did not involve them in long trials and longer appeals and rules of testimony and evidence. They expected the prosecutors to clean up Italy overnight, and when it was clear that cleaning up Italy was a matter of years, not nights, they watched Cusani's trial and then turned cheerfully to the spectacle of Berlusconi's campaign. In the end, the Di Pietro they preferred was not the one at the Milan courthouse but the one the factories in Naples had been turning out for Christmas—the one they could put away, with the other crèche figures, and forget until another holiday when they were feeling sentimental, or pious.

THE day Gardini died was the festival of Sant'Apollinare, the patron saint of Ravenna. People were still celebrating there when the police in Milan released his body and sent it home. The mayor of Ravenna, who decided to greet the coffin, told me later that "in this city that loved Gardini, I was the only man waiting at the church when the body arrived." The truth was that not many people in Ravenna loved Gardini. They loved the celebrity he brought them, and they came to his funeral by the thousand, as much out of curiosity and what you could call "Romagnolo solidarity" as affection. It was noted that "no one else came." The kings and khans and most of the big-city boys who had courted Gardini when he was Il Contadino, and had his palace and his pageant and his beautiful boat, stayed pointedly away. Cesare Romiti, the managing director of Fiat, was one of the few big-city boys who even considered coming. That morning, he remembered an "important date" and cancelled.

Two old farmers were walking by the church that morning and stopped to watch the family arrive. "Who was he, anyway?" one of them asked the other, and his friend replied, "He was a guy who went up and up and up, so when he fell, his fall was fatal." ◆

ANNALS OF LITERATURE

THE ART OF LOSING

A selection from the correspondence of Elizabeth Bishop, written over the years from 1934 to 1979, captures the transitions of a life in letters. As Bishop advised Robert Lowell, "being a poet is one of the unhealthier jobs—no regular hours, so many temptations!"

DURING her lifetime, Elizabeth Bishop was, even more than most poets, underappreciated. Her work—spare, witty, observant—won the admiration of her fellow-poets but never brought her the wider recognition she deserved. In recent years, Bishop's reputation has grown to the point where she is now universally regarded as one of the great masters of poetry in this century. James Merrill wrote after her death, "One has to blush, faced with poems some of us feel to be more wryly radiant, more touching, more unaffectedly intelligent than any written in our lifetime."

This peerless poetry emerged from a difficult, often painful life, with hard-earned periods of stability and joy. Bishop's father, a successful executive at his family's construction firm in Worcester, Massachusetts, died of Bright's disease in 1911, when Elizabeth was eight months old. Her mother then returned to her own home town, Great Village, Nova Scotia, and there suffered a series of nervous breakdowns. She was sent to an asylum when Elizabeth was five, and Elizabeth never saw her again.

Elizabeth lived with various relatives, and in 1927 was sent to the Walnut Hill boarding school. Three years later, she enrolled in Vassar College. She studied science and music but focussed mainly on literature, publishing poems and stories in the rebel literary magazine that she and her friends Mary McCarthy and Eleanor Clark founded. She graduated from Vassar in 1934, at the height of the Depression, and moved to New York, determined to be a writer. The city was not the place for her. In 1955, she wrote to the poet Randall Jarrell, "Exile seems to work for me," and the first right spot she found was Key West, Florida. In 1938, she bought a house there with her college classmate and lover, Louise Crane, and over the next eight years she worked on the poems that would make their way into her first book, "North & South," which in 1946 received the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship. All along, she had been sending the poems to Marianne Moore for review, immensely grateful for the older poet's guidance and touchingly skillful at resisting her sometimes too staunch advice.

The letters quoted here, from "One Art," a selection edited by Robert Giroux (to be published next month by Farrar, Straus & Giroux), reflect Bishop's gaiety of spirit and her love of precise and resonant detail. They also document her growth as an artist and illuminate her struggles: the search for fundamental security—for a *home*—was foremost; and then there were the painful bouts of drinking that plagued her intermittently; her intimacy with dearly cherished, sometimes frighteningly unstable people; and her uneasy dealings with the literary world.

In an unhappy period in the mid-forties, Bishop sought the counsel of Dr. Anny Baumann, a physician who treated numerous artists, and who became a mainstay in her life. In 1951, a fellowship from Marianne Moore's alma mater, Bryn Mawr, provided Bishop with the money to embark on a long-dreamed-of trip through the Strait of Magellan. She became ill from eating cashew fruit in Rio, and a woman whom she had met in New York years earlier, Maria Carlota Costellat de Macedo Soares, and who eventually became the master planner and overseer of Rio's Flamingo Park, invited her to recuperate at her home. A few weeks later, Lota asked her to stay forever. Years of happiness followed: a fulfilling domestic life; an outpouring of poems and stories; the Pulitzer Prize for her second book.

As a result of the prolonged strain connected with the park project, Lota's physical and emotional health suffered, and in September, 1967, she committed suicide in New York, leaving Bishop adrift again. In the fall of 1970, she agreed to take over Robert Lowell's classes at Harvard while he was on sabbatical. She taught there for many years, and in 1976 published what many people consider her best book, "Geography III."

Bishop died of a cerebral aneurysm, in her apartment in Boston, on October 6, 1979, a week after writing the note to her students which concludes this selection. The following poem, "Sonnet," was published in *The New Yorker* later that month.—ALICE QUINN

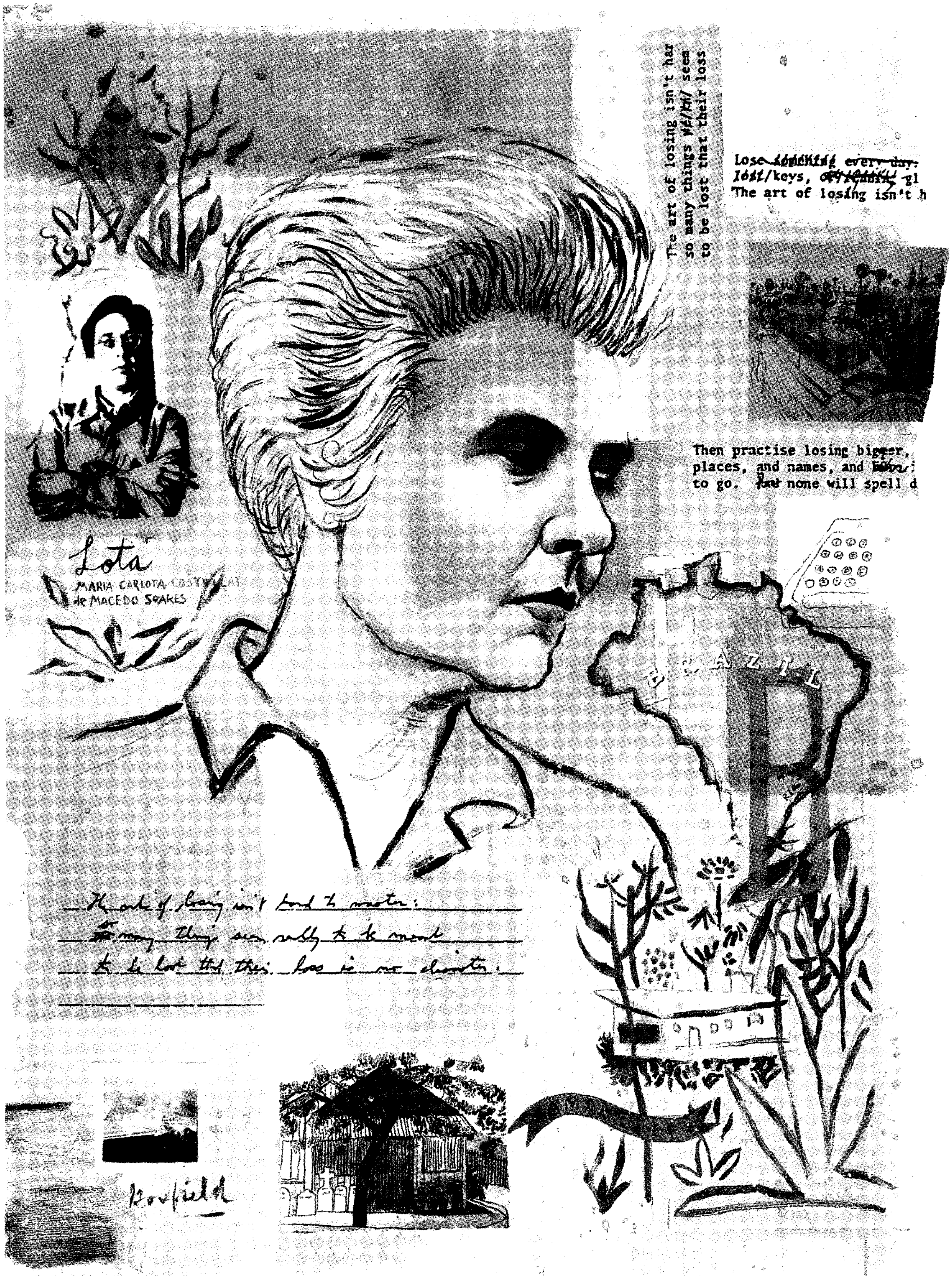
Caught—the bubble
in the spirit-level,
a creature divided;
and the compass needle
wobbling and wavering,
undecided.
Freed—the broken
thermometer's mercury
running away;
and the rainbow-bird
from the narrow bevel
of the empty mirror,
flying wherever
it feels like, gay!

To Frani Blough:

Boston
April 1, 1934

A couple of weeks ago I met Marianne Moore. I think I told you that I found Miss Borden [the Vassar librarian] had known her all her life. Frani, she is simply amazing. She is poor, sick, and her work is practically unread, I guess, but she seems completely undisturbed by it and goes right on producing perhaps one poem a year and a couple of reviews that are perfect in their way. I have never seen anyone who takes such "*pains*." She is very impersonal and she's a little like Miss Borden—speaks just above a whisper,

JOSH GOSFIELD


The art of losing isn't har
so many things ~~W/H/~~ seem
to be lost that their loss
Lose ~~something every day.~~
~~lost~~/keys, ~~[illegible]~~ gl
The art of losing isn't h
Then practise losing bigger,
places, and names, and ~~[illegible]~~:
to go. ~~But~~ none will spell d
Lota
MARIA CARLOTA COSTALLAT
de MACEDO SOARES
BRAZIL
The art of losing isn't hard to master:
So many things seem really to be meant
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.
Bowfield

Coca-Cola
Coke
PEPSI
Richter

• •

but at least five times as fast. I wish I could tell you about her—I will sometime in person—she really is worth a great deal of study.

To Donald E. Stanford:

Vassar College
April 5, 1934

The most interesting thing I've been doing lately is taking Marianne Moore to the circus. We went last Wednesday and had a perfectly beautiful time. She arrived carrying two large bags or satchels. One of them contained two paper bags, one for each of us, full of stale graham bread to feed the elephants with. They like it even better than peanuts and we were uncomfortably popular with them. All up and down the line of elephants they were pushing and writhing their trunks and trumpeting. I was mystified as to the other bag until halfway through the performance, when Miss Moore produced from it a large green glass bottle and some paper cups and napkins. It was orange juice. I became so impervious to the public that I even ate a large juicy pear on the train coming back. In the circus the seals were particularly good, especially the ones that can play "My Country 'Tis of Thee" on pipes. Marianne Moore really is so nice—and the most interesting talker; I've seen her only twice and I think I have enough anecdotes to meditate on for years.

To Marianne Moore:

Hotel Venecia, Seville
April 6, 1936

All the houses and city walls in Marrakech are covered with storks' nests—they are very "familial," as a French lady said to me, and wander around with six-foot sticks in their beaks building their houses exactly as well as the natives. But the nicest of all were the little owls we saw out in the country—stubby and almost tail-less, about six inches high, and very soft looking. They would sit right by the side of the road, sometimes in the road, and stare quietly back at us as we went up to them, then just as we got quite close, the eyes would blink once and the face would seem really to change expression—becoming surprised, and annoyed with itself for being surprised—and the owl would fly off. . . .

The Holy Week processions are not being held in Spanish towns because of the Communist troubles—but here they draw so many tourists that the government has ordered them to go on—well interspersed with police—whether the Church wants to or not. A Spanish monk in Tangier, when we asked him whether they were going to be held or not, said "Yes—but not for *God.*"

Key West, Florida
February 4, 1937

The purpose of my trip to Fort Myers was to see Ross Allen wrestle with his alligator and give a lecture on, and exhibit of, snakes. I do wish you could have seen it, Miss Moore. I am so sure you would have liked it. He had two tremendous diamond-back rattlers; they popped balloons with their fangs, and you could see the venom springing out—it was in a floodlight. Then he extracted venom in a cocktail glass set on a little white table. The rattling sounded like a sewing machine. He had some other beautiful snakes, especially one, a long shiny "chicken snake" vertically striped black and yellow. The Harlequin Coral snake is too small to exhibit that way, but I have seen some lovely ones, and some puff adders. Did you know—I didn't before—that when the puff adder plays dead and rolls on his back, a little blood actually trickles from his mouth?

January 14, 1939

Key West is nicer than ever. I don't believe I have ever told you about Mrs. Almyda, our wonderful housekeeper. She is very solemn, gentle, and *good* as gold, and a very good cook for all the exotic local dishes that we eat—turtle, conch-shell chowder (the inside of those beautiful conch shells), etc. What I like best about Mrs. A., though—aside from her character—are her exclamations, which are almost *heavenly.* "Oh my precious love!" (that's for breaking a dish, or any catastrophe), "Oh my blessed hope!" etc.—and at anything you tell her that surprises her, and so much that we say seems to, she says "Oh hush!"

November 20, 1939

I have now heard from four separate sources that you were the most ravishing of the personages at Louise's tea party the other day. You and the opening of the Picasso show [at MOMA] fill every letter, until I'm beginning to wonder why I left New York. . . .

Now that the weather is nice, I've embarked on a great planting plan. There is an old, old Negro with white hair and a large white mustache here this morning "budding" a rosebush. I thought it would be spectacular to have white, red, pink, and yellow roses all on the same bush. He has tied it up in little rags like curl papers. I have also planted a ravaged-looking palm tree, and I *hope* to get a ten-foot Night Blooming Cereus planted in the front yard to make Louise open her eyes when she arrives. Mrs. Almyda had a permanent wave this summer and when I got here both she and the yard presented the same appearance of baroque abandon.

September 11, 1940

Thank you again, Marianne, for all the first part of the first letter. It seems to me that I make such demands on your thought and time and almost never give anything in return. I scarcely know why I persist at all. It is really fantastic to place so much on the fact that I have written a half-dozen *phrases* that I can still bear to reread without too much embarrassment. But I have that continuous uncomfortable feeling of "things" in the head, like icebergs or rocks or awkwardly placed pieces of furniture. It's as if all the nouns were there but the verbs were lacking—if you know what I mean. And I can't help having the theory that if they are joggled around hard enough and long enough some kind of electricity will occur, just by friction, that will arrange everything. But you remember how Mallarmé said that poetry was made of words, not ideas—and sometimes I'm terribly afraid I am approaching, or trying to approach it all, from the wrong track.

To Robert Lowell:

Stonington, Maine
September 8, 1948

I think you said a while ago that I'd "laugh you to scorn" over some conversation you & J. had had about how to protect yourself against solitude & ennui—but indeed I wouldn't. That's just the kind of "suffering" I'm most at home with & helpless about, I'm afraid, and what with two days of fog and alarmingly low tides, I've really got it bad & think I'll write you a note before I go out & eat some mackerel. The boats bringing the men back from the quarries look like convict ships & I've just been indulging myself in a nightmare of finding a gasping mermaid under one of those exposed docks—you know, trying to tear the mussels off the piles for something to eat—horrors.

To Carley Dawson:

New York
November 10, 1948

After being so social in Boston once the "reading" was over, and then here, and then the weekend at Bard & then yesterday a reception—or something—for the Sitwells, I don't feel like myself at all. I'm exhausted all over but particularly the face, which I suppose comes from wearing a horrible fixed grin for so long. I've just put some Arden lotion in the icebox and am looking forward to lying down and putting a nice cold washcloth full of it on my poor hypocritical features. . . .

Those present were Richard Wilbur, Eberhart, Cal [Robert Lowell], Lloyd [Frankenberg], Jean Garrigue, Dr. Williams & Miss B [Louise Bogan], me, and a wild man from California in a bright red shirt and yellow braces named Rexroth, who did his best to start a fight with everyone and considered us all effete and snobbish Easterners. He never quite succeeded and finally had to prove his mettle or his reality or something by taking three of the prettiest undergraduates off for an evening in the cemetery. . . .

Yesterday was rather like a party in a subway train—at the Gotham Book Mart with *Life* magazine somehow horning in on it. Miss Steloff rushing about in an Indian print dress, Miss Sitwell wearing a gold turban that looked like a tiara from the front, Marianne in one of her large black numbers (& me in what M. referred to as a *nominal* hat), hordes of people, everyone, my dear, including Auden and Spender, whom I'd never seen before. Miss Sitwell was very nice—much nicer than I'd thought from the poetry. It was there that my grin really began to hurt.

To Dr. Anny Baumann:

Yaddo
November 26, 1950
(The day after the hurricane)

I've been having a sort of brainstorm ever since I got here, just can't stop writing, can't sleep, and although at the time I wrote before I had managed not to drink for a stretch, I've certainly made up for it since & made a damn fool of myself & got into a peck of troubles—& made a very good friend of mine here very unhappy.

Well, last night as the trees came crashing down all around me and I felt like death, it seemed a sort of natural phenomenon equal to the brainstorms and I suddenly made up my mind. I will *not* drink. I've been stalling along now for years & it's absolutely absurd. Dr. Foster once said: "Well, go ahead, then—ruin your life"—and I almost have. I also know I'll go insane if I keep it up. I *cannot* drink and I know it. . . .

You know, two of the people I like best in the world never touch a drop—and Father had to stop, and his father, and three uncles. It can be done. And I'd like not only to do it, but be cheerful about it—and shut up about it. It would be so nice if I never had to have one of those painful conversations with you again. Well, somehow the hurricane seems to have cleared my head. Yaddo is a complete mess though, and one of my *walls* actually fell off—maybe did me good too—all that fresh air—and water.

To Marianne Moore:

Rio de Janeiro
February 14, 1952

There are so many things here you would like; I have written you so many imaginary letters and bored you to death with descriptive conversation many times. I have been staying mostly at my friend Lota's country place in Petrópolis, about 40 miles from Rio, and it is a sort of dream-combination of plant & animal life. I really can't believe it at all. Not only are there highly impractical mountains all around with clouds floating in & out of one's bedroom, but waterfalls, orchids, all the Key West flowers I know & Northern apples and pears as well. Lota has sold one of her places to a famous Polish zoo man and you just have to drive down the mountainside for two minutes to see a black jaguar, a camel, all the most beautiful birds in the world. I think of you every minute there. The zoo man—I can't believe this yet myself, and we have no common language even—gave me a TOUCAN for my birthday, the other day. He, or she (the toucan), is very tame and mischievous—throws coins around the room—

flies off with the toast from my breakfast tray. He is black, to begin with, but with electric-blue eyes, a blue-and-yellow marked beak, blue feet, and red feathers here & there—a bunch under his tail like a sunset when he goes to sleep. . . . Anyway, I've never had a nicer present and his name is Uncle Sam.

Samambaia, Petrópolis
March 3, 1952

The mail from Petrópolis to Rio—30 or 40 miles—often takes two weeks. I used the above address because I think it is so pretty—it means "Fern"—but it is not really usable. The same friend brings my mail up from Rio every weekend. I don't mean to complain about the mails—they are part of the really lofty vagueness of Brazil . . . where a cloud is coming in my bedroom window right this minute.

To Dr. Anny Baumann:

July 28, 1952

It has taken me a long time to get down to work, I am sorry to say—I guess I have lived without any working habits for too long. And then everything is so beautiful it is hard to stay indoors. It is very cold nights and mornings, but hot enough in the middle of the day to eat lunch outdoors, and brilliant, brilliant blue—a few clouds spill over the tops of the mountains exactly like waterfalls in slow motion. I wear long woolen underwear, several sweaters on top, which I take off one by one during the morning and put back during the afternoon. It seems to be mid-winter, and yet it is time to plant things—but my Anglo-Saxon blood is gradually relinquishing its seasonal cycle and I'm quite content to live in complete confusion, about seasons, fruits, languages, geography, everything. . . .

While we were away, the cook took up painting—proving that art only flourishes in leisure time, I guess—and has turned out to be a really wonderful primitive, so we shall probably soon start peddling her on 57th St. & making our fortunes. We found a large rock painting she had done—a bird—using a big lichen as part of his body. We are afraid to comment too much for fear she'll begin on the walls. Lota told her to please *clean* the garbage pail—she is half-savage and very dirty, although a fine cook—and ten minutes later we found it painted in violent reds and pinks and blacks. Lota has some pots that Portinari did for her and we have to admit that the cook's are much better. . . .

There are so many mice that I said I wanted to get a cat and the animal dealer who gave me the toucan immediately said, "Oh—would you like a pair of Siamese? I am importing 200." So I guess I shall have them soon—wishes seem to come true here at such a rate one is almost afraid to make them any more.

September 16, 1952

The drinking seems to have dwindled to about one evening once or twice a month, and I stop before it gets really bad, I think. Of course that's still once or twice too often, but what is best about it is that I don't seem to think about it any more at all, or go through all that remorse. I get to worrying about the past ten years or so and I wish I could stop doing that, but aside from that the drinking and the working both seem to have improved miraculously. Well no, it isn't miraculous really—it is almost entirely due to Lota's good sense and kindness. I still feel I must have died and gone to heaven without deserving to, but I am getting a little more used to it.

To Kit and Ilse Barker:

Rio, Sunday A.M.
May 24, 1953

The nicest thing I saw on a drive yesterday was a man trying to sell papayas by the side of the road. He had them hung up by strings, like a little clothesline, and was seated beside them on the ground and as each car approached he raised an old bugle to his mouth, blew a *bugle call* and pointed majestically at the line of big sagging yellow fruits. I think they all are slightly crazy sometimes (the cliché remark about Brazilians). We stopped to buy oranges on our trip, about 8 a.m. and while we bought, the man put on a Victrola record on an old wind-up Victrola standing in the ditch.

Samambaia
February 5, 1954

The Biennale was thoroughly exhausting, but we had a nice time, even so. . . . Fortunately we got there rather late and almost everything good had been sold to rich São Paulo coffee planters—otherwise I don't think Lota—who adores to buy things—would ever be able to leave Brazil for the rest of her life. . . .

But in spite of inflation Lota is feeling very set up these days. Her house won the first prize in the architecture exhibit for an architect under 40, or something like that. Gropius was a judge, and naturally Lota is bursting with pride because she knows, and I know, and a few other friends, that all the good ideas were hers and not the architect's at all, charming man as he is.

To Randall Jarrell:

October 7, 1956

Those two volumes of Coleridge's Letters arrived last night, and I read until two and woke up at six to start in again—and only the pleasant and relieving prospect of writing you can tear me away from that adorable man. As Alice J. says of Henry James: "His intestines are *my* intestines; his tooth-aches are *my* tooth-aches." I'd never realized how wonderful the letters could be in bulk like that, and how contemporary he sounds. Have you read them?

It's funny, but true, that just the day before your letter arrived I'd been giving your collected works a thorough re-reading. You know, I was pleased about the Pulitzer business, and particularly here, where it was lots of fun—but I really cannot for the life of me understand why they didn't give it to you. Some of the war poems are surely the best ever written on the subject, honestly—and as far as "our" wars go, the only ones. But re-reading them I began to think that perhaps that's just why; that's why they settled on someone innocuous like me. The war is out of style now and they want to forget it? And of course I don't know who "they" were, anyway—it all depends on that, I suppose. Perhaps I'm just as happy not knowing, so don't tell me, if you know, who the committee was!

To May Swenson:

July 3, 1958

I think everyone feels that his or her best poems were lucky accidents—I know I do. But of course they really aren't at all—they are really the indication that you have worked hard on all the others, and felt deeply, and somehow managed to create the right atmosphere in your own brain for a good poem to emerge.

And as to experience—well, think how little some good poets have had, or how much some bad ones have. There's no way of telling what really is "experience" anyway, it seems to me. Look at what Miss Moore has done with what would seem to me like almost none, I imagine, and the more "experience" some poets have, the worse they write.

To Robert Lowell:

March 30, 1959

I have no news of any importance—but then, I don't believe I ever have. We had a large dinner party for 20 on Lota's birthday and it was quite successful, I think—dozens of Japanese lanterns and lots of plants and orchids our florist neighbor happened to give us at just the right moment. We set up five card tables in the "gallery"—all different colors, reflected in the rippled aluminum ceiling—very gay, if modest; and I produced an iced chestnut soufflé with fancy work in whipped cream, etc. It looked almost professional, by lantern light at least. . . .

During the ten weeks I read & read & read—the 3-volume life of Byron, Greville in 3 volumes, Lucan (didn't you say you were reading that, too?), etc. etc.—and now am finishing the new edition of Keats's letters—all to what purpose I'm not sure, but all fascinating. At the moment I find the Keats the best of the lot, though. Except for his unpleasant insistence on the *palate,* he strikes me as almost everything a poet should have been in his day. The class gulf between him and Byron is enormous. As Pascal says, if you can manage to be well-born it saves you thirty years.

Rio de Janeiro
August 26, 1963

Monday morning bright & early

I'll start a letter to you and heaven knows when I'll finish it. Virgil Thomson says, "One of the strange things about poets is the way they keep warm by writing to one another all over the world. . . ."

I felt very badly when I read about poor Ted Roethke—must have been a heart attack? Please, take care of your health! Being a poet is one of the unhealthier jobs—no regular hours, so many temptations! . . .

Yesterday was one of the weirder events of my life. To begin with, it was the inauguration of a big show at the Museum of Modern Art about Lota's park. Rather to our surprise, it was a huge success. Never so many people at any opening—and the wooden models, aerial photographs, model playgrounds, toy trains, etc., are all very attractive. I think Lota was very pleased, although she still isn't up to all the work and excitement and goes around looking like a ghost. . . . Anyway, a huge success. Lota untied the ribbon & was dragged into the limelight & given sheaves of wilted roses. I sat on the tiny platform too and there were thousands of people. There is so little for the poor public in Rio; anything's a godsend. It was funny hearing the speeches praising Dona Maria Carlota Costellat de Macedo Soares to the skies as a lover of children & a benefactor of humanity. Meanwhile Lota was yelling at, and almost kicking at, little boys who were trying to climb up on the platform, cursing photographers, etc., with her most terrifying scowls and language. I kept saying, "Try to look *pleasant!* They're all looking at you!"

To Dr. Anny Baumann:

October 22, 1964

The park is looking better and better . . . by leaps & bounds. There was a long television program devoted to it Monday night. Lota refused to be in it, of course, but Dr. Peixoto (if you remember him) talked and talked and knew everything Lota had ever told him by heart, I think. Lota is getting so famous that shopkeepers, etc., all recognize her. She has just had a wonderful idea for children's reading rooms in both playgrounds—there is a dearth of them here. . . .

Lota has read this and approved so far, and now I can add that she comes home from work every evening looking so pale and exhausted that I get very worried about her. I wish I could get her out and exercising a bit more—but that's almost impossible! She falls asleep at 9 or 10, sometimes with her clothes on, etc. Do you think that vitamins help any? . . . But I don't see how she can keep going like this until next April, or whenever she'll consent to take another vacation. . . . "Flamingo Park" is a wonderful project, but I don't want it to kill her.

To Frani Blough Muser:

December, 1965

I don't think I told you, because I didn't make up my mind until the very last minute, but I am going to be one of those awful poets-in-residence for the two next terms (they have a three-term

THE GREAT ZUCCHINIS
John O'Brien

year) at the University of Washington, Seattle . . . I am not looking forward to this very much, but they pay awfully well—at least by my standards, which scarcely seem to be American any more! . . .

I hope Lota will be able to get away from her job and join me for May, at least. But at this very moment things are so awful for her that she may resign today and come with me on December 27th! Heavens, how I hate politics after the last four years—and I'm against the two-party system, and maybe even democracy, for all I know, after the latest events here. Anyway—it has been a nightmare stretch for her, and I don't like to abandon her this way, but I can't be of any help, and scarcely see her, so might as well go off and earn some money.

To James Merrill:

Seattle
February 22, 1966

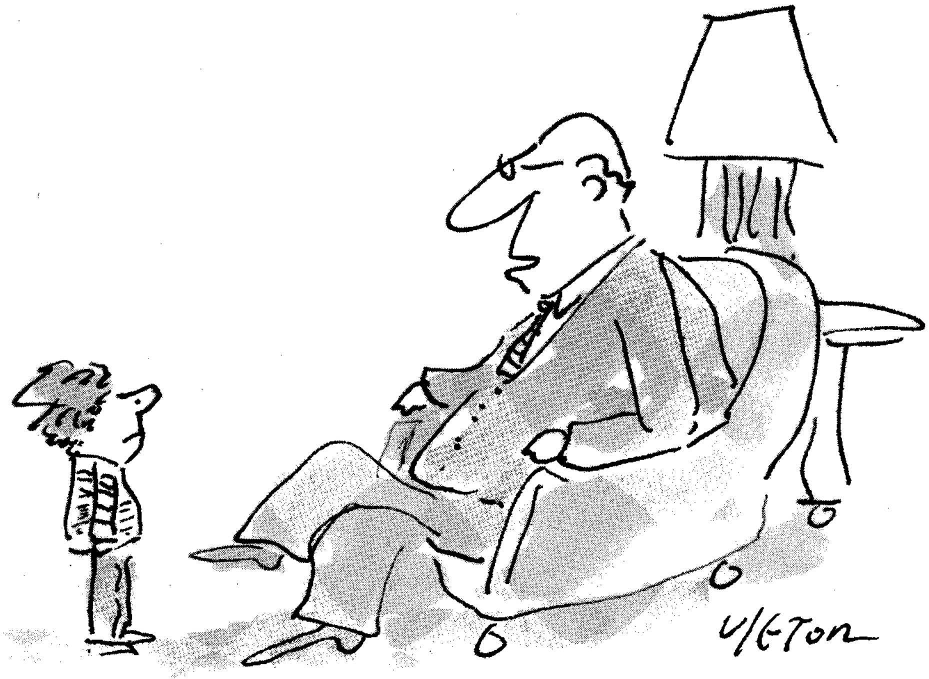
Trying to teach verse-writing and something called "Types of Contemporary Poetry" (it gets called other things, too), when one has never faced a class in one's life, is rather staggering, and I found Seattle, the West in general, and all these academic people pretty staggering. . . . I keep running out of things to say to the writing class, and either they don't write at all, or the six or eight bright ones write so much I can't keep up with them. . . .

Lota's park is finished, more or less, but now she is president of its "Foundation" for five years. This will mean a little less work, I hope, and much more time in Petrópolis, and perhaps we may even get away for a trip to Europe this year or next—I don't know. We both want to go to Greece badly. Oh dear, it is Carnival now in Rio. Sunday night was the "samba schools," the night I always attend, staying up all night and driving back to Petrópolis at dawn. Here I played a few samba *discos* I brought with me and samba-ed about all by myself.

To Dr. Anny Baumann:

March 19, 1966

As you may have gathered, I have been rather upset by many problems in Brazil lately—well, not lately exactly, because they have all gone on since Lota took on the job. *Of course* I am going back, and of course I mean to live there, and with Lota, forever and ever. I couldn't possibly think of anything else—but I feel that lately I have not been managing my life there, and with her, as well as I should and I feel I need advice, quite badly perhaps. She has been wonderful about writing to me—I don't see how she does it. I called her last night but the connection was bad; I woke her up (I'd canceled the call, but they put it through anyway). However, I think I managed to convince her all was well with me and that I was quite sober, and that was the main thing. She writes me that she wants to write you explaining the various things that went wrong.



"Grandpa doesn't feel like giving free advice."

To Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale:

Petrópolis
March 18, 1967

Lota had a real physical breakdown—nervous breakdown—from all those years of overwork and worry—and now I also wish I had not gone to Seattle, but it seemed like the best thing to do at the time. Her park—she did a magnificent job, but what's the use of working for any government, I wonder. After the last city elections the party in power has been doing everything they can to undo all she has done—not aimed at her personally (in fact, the new Governor offered her the same job *under him* and she refused it)—just politics. And damned shortsighted of them, since the park is extremely popular—two beaches crowded all the time—when it doesn't rain too hard—and bandstands, dance floors, *futebol* fields, a puppet-theatre—everything Rio needs. It's a city with nothing for the poor & what remains of the middle class now—nothing but movies, really.

Our big problem right now is what shall Lota do next? She's so used to being very important and working very hard that she is terribly lost without the full-time job, although she's on some committee or other. She is still very weak and depressed. Please don't mention all this when you write; her friends and I are all feeling desperate at the moment, but surely her brains and natural energy will get her through this bad stretch eventually.

To U.T. and Joseph Summers:

New York
September 23, 1967
Saturday P.M.

It is very bad, I'm afraid, and please forgive me if I don't make very much sense. Lota came up last Sunday—18th?—the plane was three hours late, and the minute I saw her I knew she shouldn't have been allowed to come—in fact I think I'll go back to Brazil and shoot her doctor. Anyway—she was exhausted—we passed a quiet afternoon, *no cross words or anything like that*—but I could see she was in a very bad state of depression and [I] didn't know what to do, really, except try to get her to rest.

Well—sometime toward dawn she got up and tried to commit suicide—I heard her up in the kitchen about 6:30—she was already almost unconscious. I thought she had taken Nembutal since she had a bottle of it in her hand—but later blood tests showed only Valium, I think. I'll not go into details except that within about 20 minutes—I don't think it was much longer than that—we had her in the ambulance and off to St. Vincent's—and they were giving her oxygen on the way there. —I never thought I'd be glad to see three cops in my bedroom but I certainly was. She has been in a coma ever since, but now they think she is *probably* going to live—although still unconscious she has opened her eyes and moved her arms and legs a bit, etc. . . .

I'm just stunned, that's all—this is so totally unlike the Lota of the last 15 years of my life with her.

September 28, 1967

Lota died Monday morning sometime without having regained consciousness. That's about all I have to tell you now—Tuesday was taken up with all the arrangements necessary for sending a "body" (oh god) home to a foreign country. . . .

She was a wonderful, remarkable woman and I'm sorry you didn't know her better. I had the 12 or 13 happiest years of my life with her, before she got sick—and I suppose that is a great deal in this unmerciful world.

To Maria Osser:

San Francisco
January 4, 1968

I left Brazil with a very heavy heart and I hope never to see Rio again. . . .

Those last years were so awful, so exhausting; I didn't behave the way I wish I could have, often, but I didn't realize for a long time . . . how desperately sick Lota was. You must believe me when I say we loved each other. Other people do not have the right to judge that. She went to sleep in my arms the night of September 17th. There will never be anyone like her in this world or in my life, and I'll never stop missing her—but of course there is that business of "going on living"—one does it, almost unconsciously—something in the cells, I think. Do you think if all the above weren't TRUE, I'd be here? . . . No—I'd be dead, too.

To Robert Lowell:

Boston
January 16, 1975

I am now going to be very impertinent and aggressive. Please, *please* don't talk about old age so much, my dear old friend! You are giving me the creeps. The thing Lota admired so much about us North Americans was our determined youthfulness and energy, our "never-say-die"ness—and I think she was right! . . . Of course—it's different for a writer, I know—of course I know!—nevertheless, in spite of aches & pains I really don't feel much different than I did at 35—and I certainly am a great deal happier, most of the time. (This in spite of the giant oil tankers parading across my view every day.) I just *won't* feel ancient—I wish Auden hadn't gone on about it so in his last years, and I hope you won't.

However, Cal dear, maybe your memory *is* failing! Never, never was I "tall"—as you wrote remembering me. I was always 5 ft. 4 and 1/4 inches—now shrunk to 5 ft. 4 inches. The only time I've ever felt tall was in Brazil. And I never had "long brown hair" either! It started turning gray when I was 23 or 24—and probably was already somewhat grizzled when I first met you. I tried putting it up for a very brief period, because I like long hair—but it never got even to my shoulders and is always so intractable that I gave that up within a month or so. I think you must be seeing someone else! So please don't put me in a beautiful poem "tall with long brown hair"! What I remember about that meeting is your dishevelment, your lovely curly hair, and how we talked about a Picasso show then on in N.Y., and we agreed about the Antibes pictures of fishing, etc.—and how much I liked you, after having been almost too scared to go—and how Randall and his wife threw sofa pillows at each other. And Kitten, of course, *Kitten.* You were also rather dirty, which I rather liked, too. And your stories about the cellar room you were living in and how the neighbors drank all night and when they got too rowdy, one of them would say, "Remember the boy," meaning you. Well, I think I'll have to write *my* memoirs, just to set things straight.

To Miss Pierson:

May 28, 1975

I am answering you because (1) You enclosed a stamped, self-addressed envelope. (This happens very rarely.) (2) You think that poetry discussion groups are "a bloody bore"—and, although there are exceptions, in general I agree with you completely. . . .

I think you have set up difficulties for yourself that perhaps don't really exist at all. I don't know what "poetic tools & structures" are, unless you mean traditional forms. Which one can use or not, as one sees fit. If you feel you are "moralizing" too much—just cut the morals off—or out. . . . Your third problem—why shouldn't the poet appear in the poem? There are several tricks—"I" or "we" or "he" or "she" or even "one"—or somebody's name. Someone *is* talking, after all—but of course the idea is to prevent that particular tone of voice from growing monotonous. . . .

Read a lot of poetry—all the time—and *not* 20th-century poetry. Read Campion, Herbert, Pope, Tennyson, Coleridge—anything at all almost that's any good, from the past—until you find out what you really like, by yourself. Even if you try to imitate it exactly—it will come out quite different. Then the great poets of our own century—Marianne Moore, Auden, Wallace Stevens—and not just 2 or 3 poems each, in anthologies—read ALL of somebody. Then read his or her life, and letters, and so on. (And by all means read Keats's Letters.) Then see what happens.

That's really all I can say. It can't be done, apparently, by willpower and study alone—or by being "with it"—but I really don't know *how* poetry gets to be written. There is a mystery & a surprise, and after that a great deal of hard work.

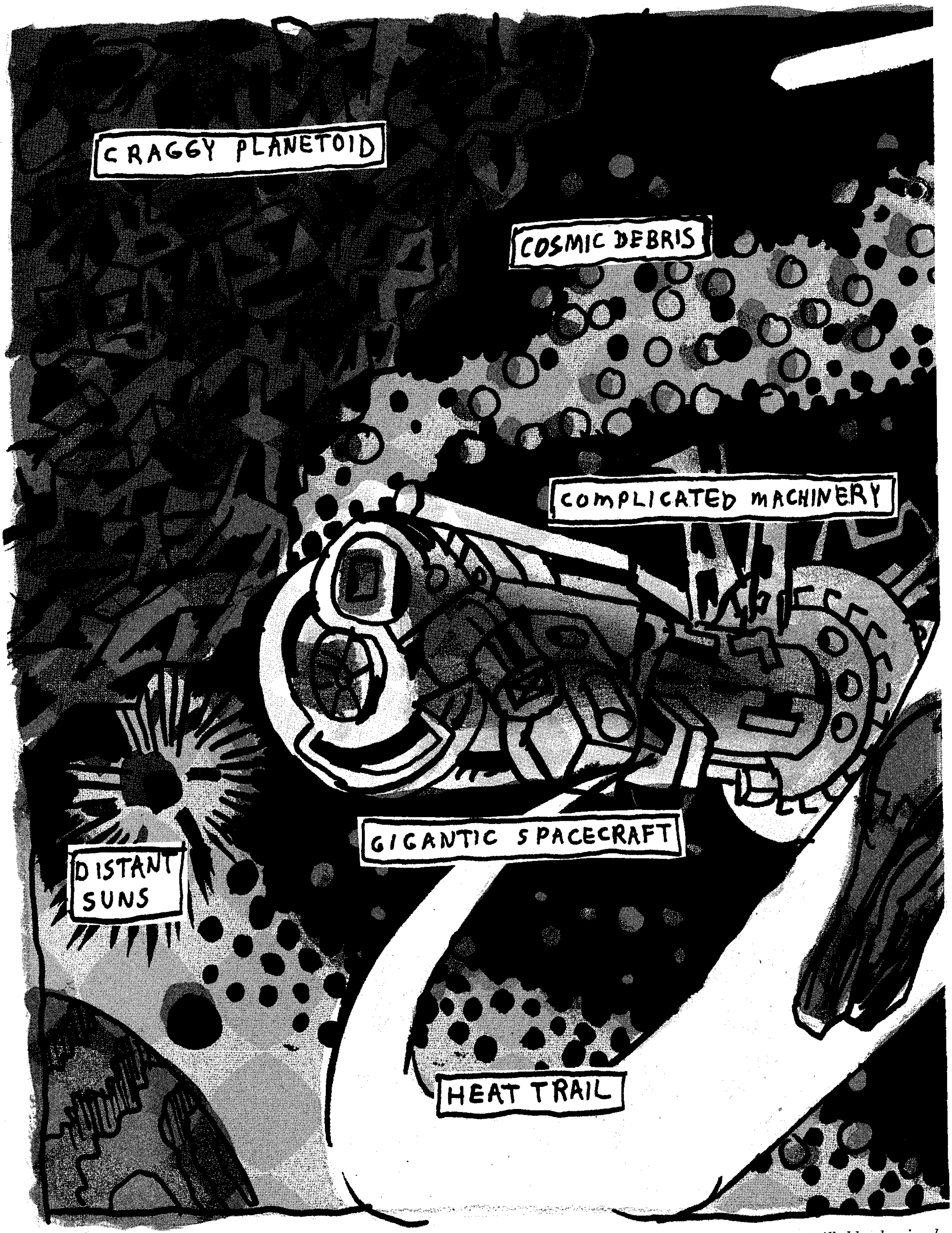
To her poetry students:

September, 1979

Miss Bishop is in hospital & is very sorry she will be unable to meet her classes this week. She *will* meet them on October 7th and 8th.

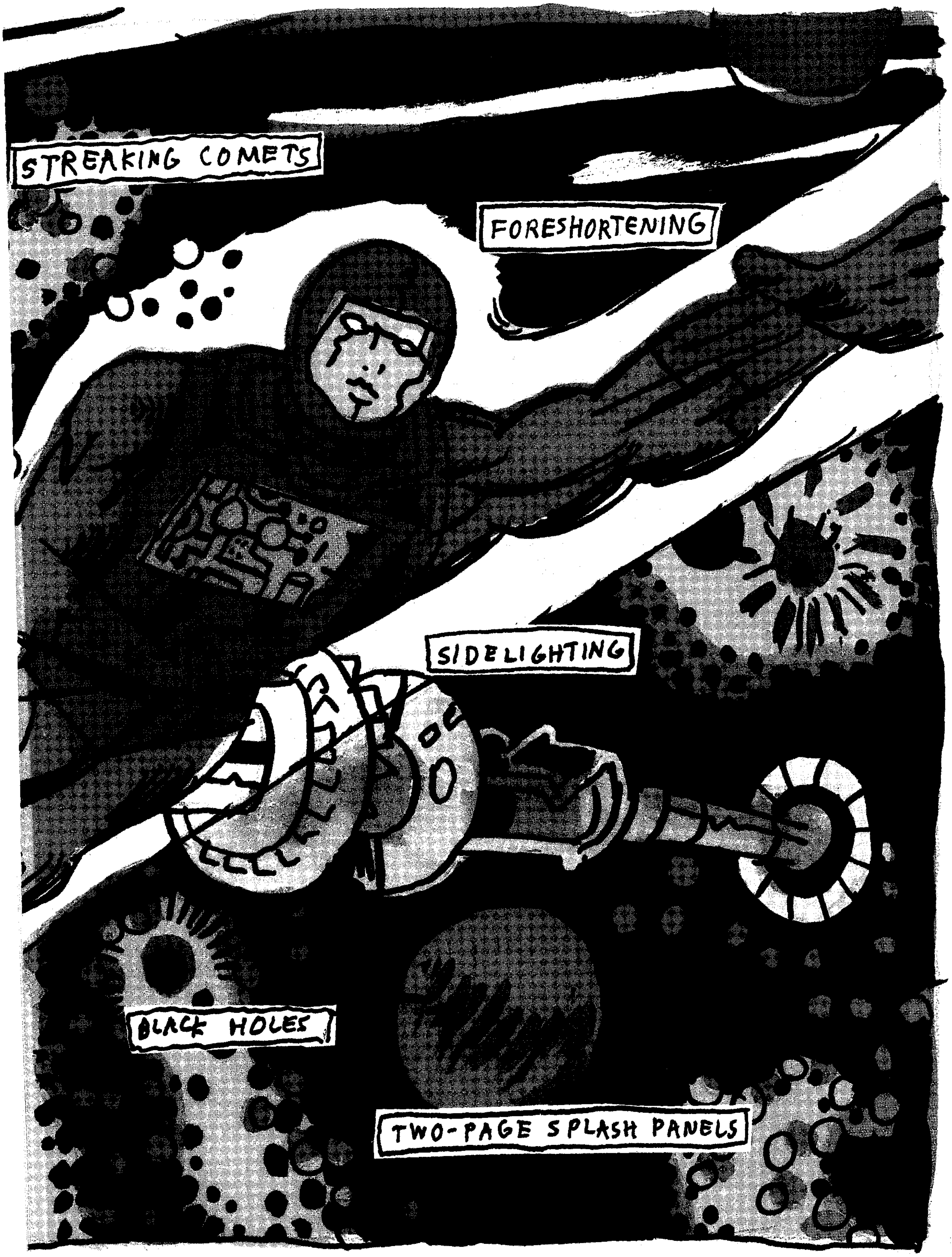
1. Will English 285 please continue studying all the Roethke poems in the Norton Anthology.

2. The list of students for English 582 will be posted here by noon on October 7th. In the meantime, please try to finish a *ballad* (at least 8 stanzas). It can rhyme a-b-c-b or a-b-a-b. ◆


CRAGGY PLANETOID
COSMIC DEBRIS
COMPLICATED MACHINERY
DISTANT SUNS
GIGANTIC SPACECRAFT
HEAT TRAIL

PHILOSOPHY FOR TWELVE-YEAR-OLDS: *When I first saw Kirby's comic-book drawings, I was thrilled by the visual*

BY GARY PANTER


STREAKING COMETS
FORESHORTENING
SIDELIGHTING
BLACK HOLES
TWO-PAGE SPLASH PANELS

hyperbole and the immensely graphic quality of his line—and by his awe of the universe. Jack Kirby died on February 6, 1994.

FICTION

MY SON THE FANATIC

BY HANIF KUREISHI

SURREPTITIOUSLY, the father began going into his son's bedroom. He would sit there for hours, rousing himself only to seek clues. What bewildered him was that Ali was getting tidier. The room, which was usually a tangle of clothes, books, cricket bats, and video games, was becoming neat and ordered; spaces began appearing where before there had been only mess.

Initially, Parvez had been pleased: his son was outgrowing his teen-age attitudes. But one day, beside the dustbin, Parvez found a torn shopping bag that contained not only old toys but computer disks, videotapes, new books, and fashionable clothes the boy had bought a few months before. Also without explanation, Ali had parted from the English girlfriend who used to come around to the house. His old friends stopped ringing.

For reasons he didn't himself understand, Parvez was unable to bring up the subject of Ali's unusual behavior. He was aware that he had become slightly afraid of his son, who, between his silences, was developing a sharp tongue. One remark Parvez did make—"You don't play your guitar anymore"—elicited the mysterious but conclusive reply, "There are more important things to be done."

Yet Parvez felt his son's eccentricity as an injustice. He had always been aware of the pitfalls that other men's sons had stumbled into in England. It was for Ali that Parvez worked long hours; he spent a lot of money paying for Ali's education as an accountant. He had bought Ali good suits, all the books he required, and a computer. And now the boy was throwing his possessions out! The TV, video-player, and stereo system followed the guitar. Soon the room was practically bare. Even the unhappy walls bore pale marks where Ali's pictures had been removed.

Parvez couldn't sleep; he went more often to the whiskey bottle, even when he was at work. He realized it was imperative to discuss the matter with someone sympathetic.

Parvez had been a taxi-driver for twenty years. Half that time he'd worked for the same firm. Like him, most of the other drivers were Punjabis. They preferred to work at night, when the roads were clearer and the money better. They slept during the day, avoiding their wives. They led almost a boy's life together in the cabbies' office, playing cards and setting up practical jokes, exchanging lewd stories, eating takeaways from local "balti" houses, and discussing politics and their own problems.

But Parvez had been unable to discuss the subject of Ali with his friends. He was too ashamed. And he was afraid, too, that they would blame him for the wrong turning his boy had taken, just as he had blamed other fathers whose sons began running around with bad girls, skipping school, and joining gangs.

For years, Parvez had boasted to the other men about how Ali excelled in cricket, swimming, and football, and what an attentive scholar he was, getting A's in most subjects. Was it asking too much for Ali to get a good job, marry the right girl, and start a family? Once this happened, Parvez would be happy. His dreams of doing well in England would have come true. Where had he gone wrong?

ONE night, sitting in the taxi office on busted chairs with his two closest friends, watching a Sylvester Stallone film, Parvez broke his silence.

"I can't understand it!" he burst out. "Everything is going from his room. And I can't talk to him anymore. We were not father and son—we were brothers! Where has he gone? Why is he torturing me?" And Parvez put his head in his hands.

Even as he poured out his account, the men shook their heads and gave one another knowing glances.

"Tell me what is happening!" he demanded.

The reply was almost triumphant. They had guessed something was going wrong. Now it was clear: Ali was taking drugs and selling his possessions to pay for them. That was why his bedroom was being emptied.

"What must I do, then?"

Parvez's friends instructed him to watch Ali scrupulously and to be severe with him, before the boy went mad, overdosed, or murdered someone.

Parvez staggered out into the early-morning air, terrified that they were right. His boy—the drug-addict killer!

To his relief, he found Bettina sitting in his car.

Usually the last customers of the night were local "brasses," or prostitutes. The taxi-drivers knew them well and often drove them to liaisons. At the end of the girls' night, the men would ferry them home, though sometimes they would join the cabbies for a drinking session in the office. Occasionally, the drivers would go with the girls. "A ride in exchange for a ride," it was called.

Bettina had known Parvez for three years. She lived outside the town and, on the long drives home, during which she sat not in the passenger seat but beside him, Parvez had talked to her about his life and hopes, just as she talked about hers. They saw each other most nights.

He could talk to her about things he'd never be able to discuss with his own wife. Bettina, in turn, always reported on her night's activities. He liked to know where she had been and with whom. Once, he had rescued her from a violent client, and since then they had come to care for each other.

Though Bettina had never met Ali, she heard about the boy continually. That night, when Parvez told Bettina that he suspected Ali was on drugs, to Parvez's relief, she judged neither him nor the boy, but said, "It's all in the eyes." They might be bloodshot; the pupils might be dilated; Ali might look tired. He could be liable to sweats, or sudden mood changes. "O.K.?"

Parvez began his vigil gratefully. Now that he knew what the problem might be, he felt better. And surely, he figured, things couldn't have gone too far?

He watched each mouthful the boy took. He sat beside him at every opportunity and looked into his eyes. When he could, he took the boy's hand, checking his temperature. If the boy wasn't at home, Parvez was active, looking under the carpet, in Ali's drawers, and behind the empty wardrobe—sniffing, inspecting, probing. He knew what to look for: Bettina had drawn pictures of capsules, syringes, pills, powders, rocks.

Every night, she waited to hear news of what he'd witnessed. After a few days of constant observation, Parvez was able to report that although the boy had given up sports, he seemed healthy. His eyes were clear. He didn't—as Parvez expected he might—flinch guiltily from his father's gaze. In fact, the boy seemed more alert and steady than usual: as well as being sullen, he was very watchful. He returned his father's long looks with more than a hint of criticism, of reproach, even—so much so that Parvez began to feel that it was he who was in the wrong, and not the boy.

"And there's nothing else physically different?" Bettina asked.

"No!" Parvez thought for a moment. "But he is growing a beard."

One night, after sitting with Bettina in an all-night coffee shop, Parvez came home particularly late. Reluctantly, he and Bettina had abandoned the drug theory, for Parvez had found nothing resembling any drug in Ali's room. Besides, Ali wasn't selling his belongings. He threw them out, gave them away, or donated them to charity shops.

Standing in the hall, Parvez heard the boy's alarm clock go off. Parvez hurried into his bedroom, where his wife, still awake, was sewing in bed. He ordered her to sit down and keep quiet, though she had neither stood up nor said a word. As she watched him curiously, he observed his son through the crack of the door.

The boy went into the bathroom to wash. When he returned to his room, Parvez sprang across the hall and set his ear to Ali's door. A muttering sound came from within. Parvez was puzzled but relieved.

Once this clue had been established, Parvez watched him at other times. The boy was praying. Without fail, when he was at home, he prayed five times a day.

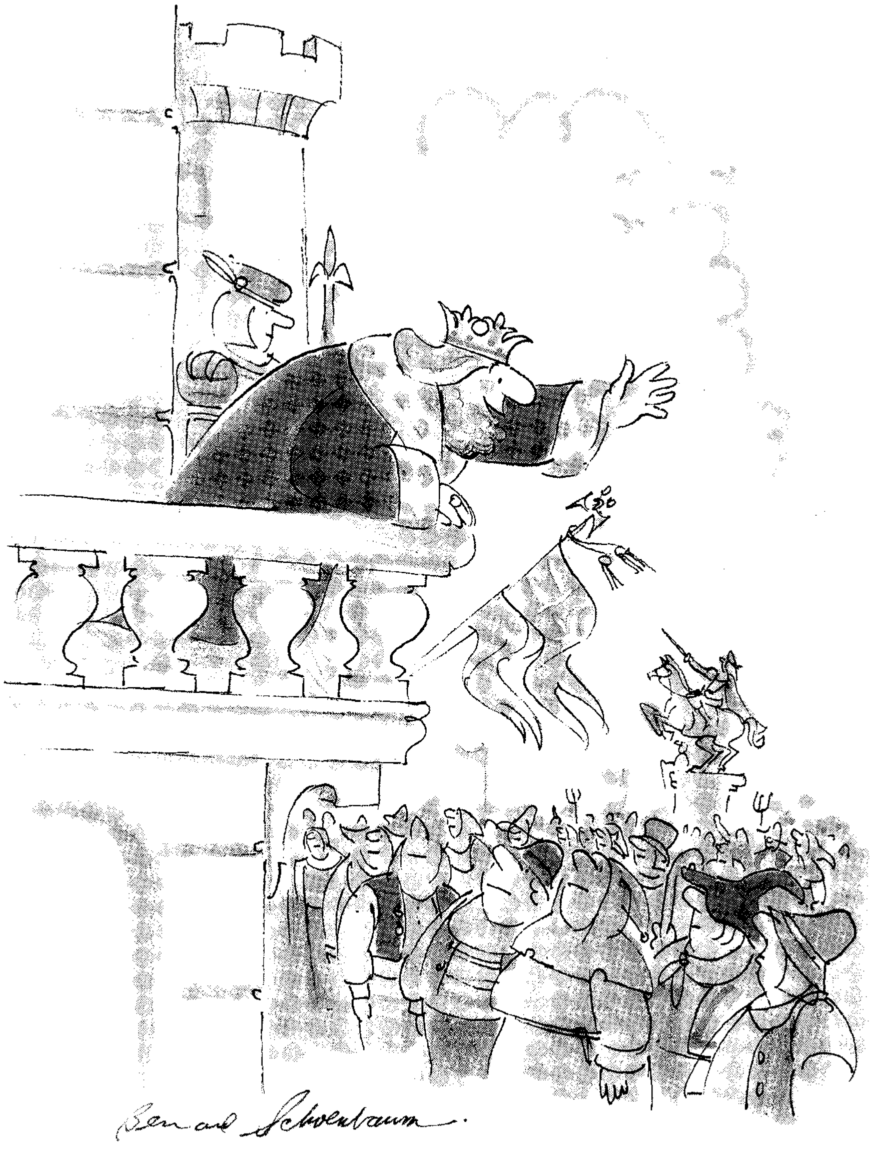
Parvez had grown up in Lahore, where all young boys had been taught the Koran. To stop Parvez from falling asleep while he studied, the maulvi had attached a piece of string to the ceiling and tied it to Parvez's hair, so if his head fell forward, he would instantly jerk awake. After this indignity, Parvez had avoided all religions. Not that the other taxi-drivers had any more respect than he. In fact, they made jokes about the local mullahs walking around with their caps and beards, thinking they could tell people how to live while their eyes roved over the boys and girls in their care.

Parvez described to Bettina what he had discovered. He informed the men in the taxi office. His friends, who had been so inquisitive before, now became oddly silent. They could hardly condemn the boy for his devotions.

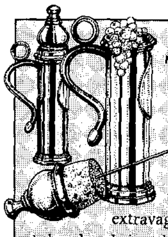
Parvez decided to take a night off and go out with the boy. They could talk things over. He wanted to hear how things were going at college; he wanted to tell him stories about their family in Pakistan. More than anything, he yearned to understand how Ali had discovered the "spiritual dimension," as Bettina called it.

To Parvez's surprise, the boy refused to accompany him. He claimed he had an appointment. Parvez had to insist that no appointment could be more important than that of a son with his father.

The next day, Parvez went immediately to the street corner where Bettina



"I now decree you all upper-middle-class."



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stood in the rain wearing high heels, a short skirt, and a long mac, which she would open hopefully at passing cars.

"Get in, get in!" he said.

They drove out across the moors and parked at the spot where, on better days, their view unimpeded for miles except by wild deer and horses, they'd lie back, with their eyes half-closed, saying, "This is the life." This time Parvez was trembling. Bettina put her arms around him.

"What's happened?"

"I've just had the worst experience of my life."

As Bettina rubbed his head Parvez told her that the previous evening, as he and his son had studied the menu, the waiter, whom Parvez knew, brought him his usual whiskey-and-water. Parvez was so nervous he had even prepared a question. He was going to ask Ali if he was worried about his imminent exams. But first he loosened his tie, crunched a poppadum, and took a long drink.

Before Parvez could speak, Ali made a face.

"Don't you know it's wrong to drink alcohol?" he had said.

"He spoke to me very harshly," Parvez said to Bettina. "I was about to castigate the boy for being insolent, but I managed to control myself."

Parvez had explained patiently that for years he had worked more than ten hours a day, had few enjoyments or hobbies, and never gone on holiday. Surely it wasn't a crime to have a drink when he wanted one?

"But it is forbidden," the boy said.

Parvez shrugged. "I know."

"And so is gambling, isn't it?"

"Yes. But surely we are only human?"

Each time Parvez took a drink, the boy winced, or made some kind of fastidious face. This made Parvez drink more quickly. The waiter, wanting to please his friend, brought another glass of whiskey. Parvez knew he was getting drunk, but he couldn't stop himself. Ali had a horrible look, full of disgust and censure. It was as if he hated his father.

Halfway through the meal, Parvez suddenly lost his temper and threw a plate on the floor. He felt like ripping the cloth from the table, but the waiters and other customers were staring at him. Yet he wouldn't stand for his own son's telling him the difference between right and wrong. He knew he wasn't a bad man. He had a conscience. There were a few things of which he was ashamed, but on the whole he had lived a decent life.

"When have I had time to be wicked?" he asked Ali.

In a low, monotonous voice, the boy explained that Parvez had not, in fact, lived a good life. He had broken countless rules of the Koran.

"For instance?" Parvez demanded.

Ali didn't need to think. As if he had been waiting for this moment, he asked his father if he didn't relish pork pies?

"Well." Parvez couldn't deny that he loved crispy bacon smothered with mushrooms and mustard and sandwiched between slices of fried bread. In fact, he ate this for breakfast every morning.

Ali then reminded Parvez that he had ordered his wife to cook pork sausages, saying to her, "You're not in the village now. This is England. We have to fit in!"

Parvez was so annoyed and perplexed by this attack that he called for more drink.

"The problem is this," the boy said. He leaned across the table. For the first time that night, his eyes were alive. "You are too implicated in Western civilization."

Parvez burped; he thought he was going to choke. "Implicated!" he said. "But we live here!"

"The Western materialists hate us," Ali said. "Papa, how can you love something which hates you?"

"What is the answer, then," Parvez said miserably, "according to you?"

Ali didn't need to think. He addressed his father fluently, as if Parvez were a rowdy crowd which had to be quelled or convinced. The law of Islam would rule the world; the skin of the infidel would burn off again and again; the Jews and Christers would be routed. The West was a sink of hypocrites, adulterers, homosexuals, drug users, and prostitutes.

While Ali talked, Parvez looked out the window as if to check that they were still in London.

"My people have taken enough. If the persecution doesn't stop, there will be jihad. I, and millions of others, will gladly give our lives for the cause."

"But why, why?" Parvez said.

"For us, the reward will be in Paradise."

"Paradise!"

Finally, as Parvez's eyes filled with tears, the boy urged him to mend his ways.

"But how would that be possible?" Parvez asked.

"Pray," urged Ali. "Pray beside me."

Parvez paid the bill and ushered his boy out of there as soon as he was able. He couldn't take any more.

Ali sounded as if he'd swallowed someone else's voice.

On the way home, the boy sat in the back of the taxi, as if he were a customer. "What has made you like this?" Parvez asked him, afraid that somehow he was to blame for all this. "Is there a particular event which has influenced you?"

"Living in this country."

"But I love England," Parvez said, watching his boy in the rearview mirror. "They let you do almost anything here."

"That is the problem," Ali replied.

For the first time in years, Parvez couldn't see straight. He knocked the side of the car against a lorry, ripping off the wing mirror. They were lucky not to have been stopped by the police: Parvez would have lost his license and his job.

Back at the house, as he got out of the car, Parvez stumbled and fell in the road, scraping his hands and ripping his trousers. He managed to haul himself up. The boy didn't even offer him his hand.

Parvez told Bettina he was willing to pray, if that was what the boy wanted—if it would dislodge the pitiless look from his eyes. "But what I object to," he said, "is being told by my own son that I am going to Hell!"

What had finished Parvez off was the boy's saying he was giving up his studies in accounting. When Parvez had asked why, Ali said sarcastically that it was obvious. "Western education cultivates an antireligious attitude."

And in the world of accountants it was usual to meet women, drink alcohol, and practice usury.

"But it's well-paid work," Parvez argued. "For years you've been preparing!"

Ali said he was going to begin to work in prisons, with poor Muslims who were struggling to maintain their purity in the face of corruption. Finally, at the end of the evening, as Ali went up to bed, he had asked his father why he didn't have a beard, or at least a mustache.

"I feel as if I've lost my son," Parvez told Bettina. "I can't bear to be looked at as if I'm a criminal. I've decided what to do."

"What is it?"

"I'm going to tell him to pick up his prayer mat and get out of my house. It will be the hardest thing I've ever done, but tonight I'm going to do it."

"But you mustn't give up on him," said Bettina. "Many young people fall into cults and superstitious groups. It doesn't mean they'll always feel the same way." She said Parvez had to stick by his boy.

Parvez was persuaded that she was right, even though he didn't feel like giving his son more love when he had hardly been thanked for all he had already given.

FOR the next two weeks, Parvez tried to endure his son's looks and reproaches. He attempted to make conversation about Ali's beliefs. But if Parvez ventured any criticism, Ali always had a brusque reply. On one occasion, Ali accused Parvez of "grovelling" to the whites; in contrast, he explained, he himself was not "inferior"; there was more to the world than the West, though the West always thought it was best.

"How is it you know that?" Parvez said. "Seeing as you've never left England?"

Ali replied with a look of contempt.

One night, having insured there was no alcohol on his breath, Parvez sat down at the kitchen table with Ali. He hoped Ali would compliment him on the beard he was growing, but Ali didn't appear to notice it.

The previous day, Parvez had been telling Bettina that he thought people in the West sometimes felt inwardly empty and that people needed a philosophy to live by.

"Yes," Bettina had said. "That's the answer. You must tell him what your philosophy of life is. Then he will understand that there are other beliefs."

After some fatiguing consideration, Parvez was ready to begin. The boy watched him as if he expected nothing. Haltingly, Parvez said that people had

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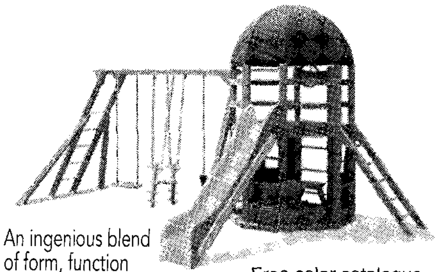

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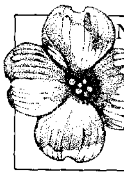

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He had been the translator of his mother's memories.
She would draw them in a partial language.
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and guess the word.

I was leaning on the back porch, facing away from him.
I thought he was exalting one thing alone, but
he was saying where he'd got his skill.
His partialness failed her.

Soon there was no one alive to interpret the word.
To get him to go on, at this point I said,
"It's hard to act so as to be good."
"Good?" he said. "You want to be

good? Tell me you don't want to have all the money on earth."
Forsythia on the windowsill now, here. When I'm alone
and can put people and my failures with them
out of my mind, I'm immensely happy.

—Elizabeth Macklin

to treat one another with respect, particularly children their parents. This did seem, for a moment, to affect the boy. Heartened, Parvez continued. In his view, this life was all there was, and when you died, you rotted in the earth. "Grass and flowers will grow out of my grave, but something of me will live on."

"How then?"

"In other people. For instance, I will continue—in you."

At this the boy appeared a little distressed.

"And in your grandchildren," Parvez added for good measure. "But while I am here on earth I want to make the best of it. And I want you to, as well!"

"What d'you mean by 'make the best of it'?" asked the boy.

"Well," said Parvez. "For a start . . . you should enjoy yourself. Yes. Enjoy yourself without hurting others."

Ali said enjoyment was "a bottomless pit."

"But I don't mean enjoyment like that!" said Parvez. "I mean the beauty of living."

"All over the world our people are oppressed" was the boy's reply.

"I know," Parvez answered, not entirely sure who "our people" were. "But still—life is for living!"

Ali said, "Real morality has existed for hundreds of years. Around the world millions and millions of people share my beliefs. Are you saying you are right and they are all wrong?" And Ali looked at his father with such aggressive confidence that Parvez would say no more.

A few evenings later, Bettina was riding in Parvez's car after visiting a client when they passed a boy on the street.

"That's my son," Parvez said, his face set hard. They were on the other side of town, in a poor district, where there were two mosques.

Bettina turned to see. "Slow down, then, slow down!"

She said, "He's good-looking. Reminds me of you. But with a more determined face. Please, can't we stop?"

"What for?"

"I'd like to talk to him."

Parvez turned the cab round and pulled up beside the boy.

"Coming home?" Parvez asked. "It's quite a way."

The boy shrugged and got into the back seat. Bettina sat in the front. Parvez became aware of Bettina's short skirt, her gaudy rings and ice-blue eyeshadow. He became conscious that the smell of her perfume, which he loved, filled the cab. He opened the window.

While Parvez drove as fast as he could, Bettina said gently to Ali, "Where have you been?"

"The mosque," he said.

"And how are you getting on at college? Are you working hard?"

"Who are you to ask me these questions?" Ali said, looking out the window. Then they hit bad traffic, and the car came to a standstill.

By now, Bettina had inadvertently laid her hand on Parvez's shoulder. She said, "Your father, who is a good man, is very worried about you. You know he loves you more than his own life."

"You say he loves me," the boy said.

"Yes!" said Bettina.

"Then why is he letting a woman like you touch him like that?"

If Bettina looked at the boy in anger, he looked back at her with cold fury.

She said, "What kind of woman am I that I should deserve to be spoken to like that?"

"You know what kind," he said. Then he turned to his father. "Now let me out."

"Never," Parvez replied.

"Don't worry, I'm getting out," Bettina said.

"No, don't!" said Parvez. But even as the car moved forward, she opened the door and threw herself out—she had done this before—and ran away across the road. Parvez stopped and shouted after her several times, but she had gone.

Parvez took Ali back to the house, saying nothing more to him. Ali went straight to his room. Parvez was unable to read the paper, watch television, or even sit down. He kept pouring himself drinks.

At last, he went upstairs and paced up and down outside Ali's room. When, finally, he opened the door, Ali was praying. The boy didn't even glance his way.

Parvez kicked him over. Then he dragged the boy up by the front of his shirt and hit him. The boy fell back. Parvez hit him again. The boy's face was bloody. Parvez was panting; he knew the boy was unreachable, but he struck him nonetheless. The boy neither covered himself nor retaliated; there was no fear in his eyes. He only said, through his split lip, "So who's the fanatic now?" ♦

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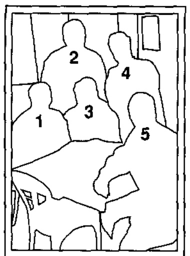

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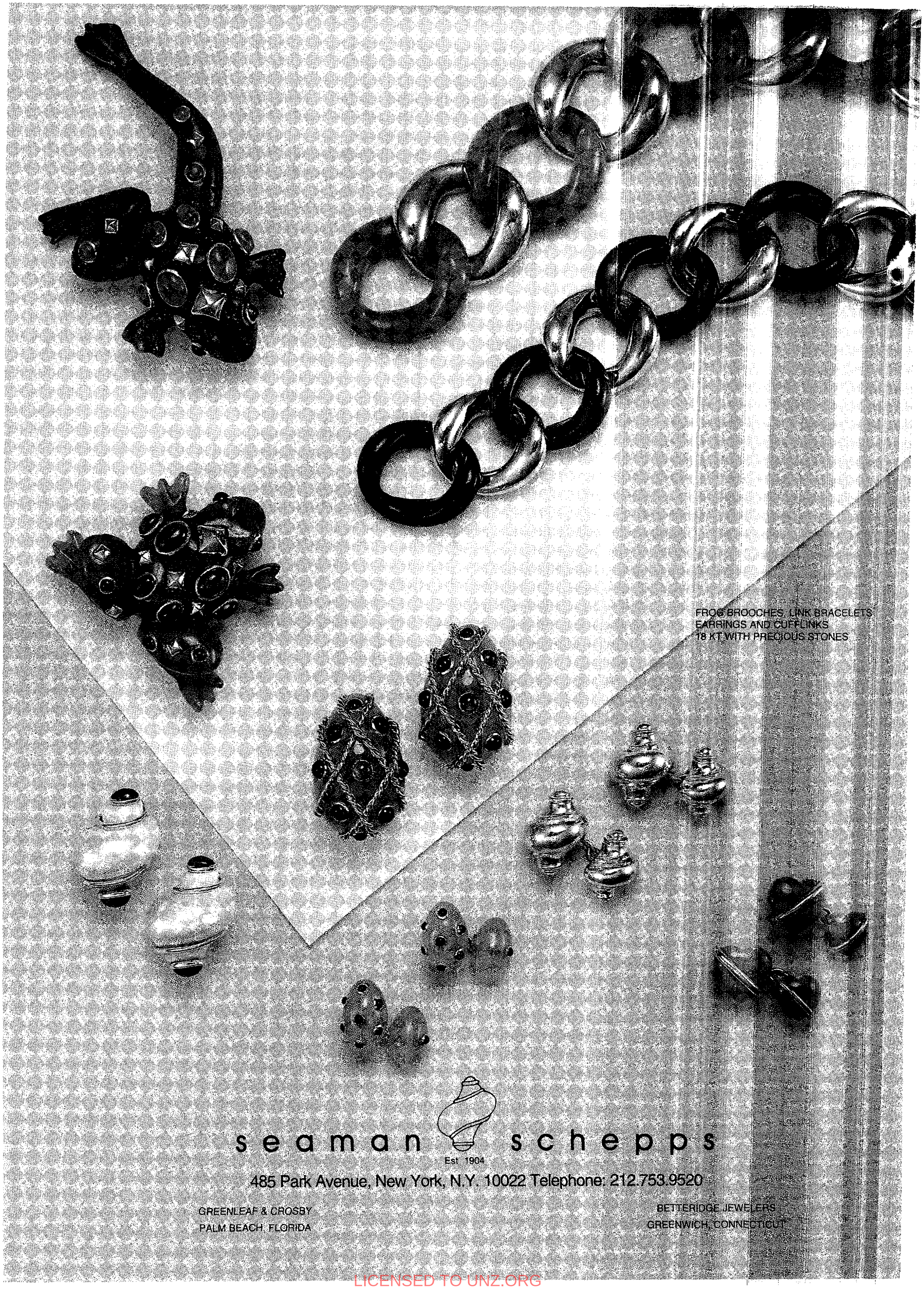

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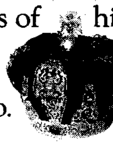

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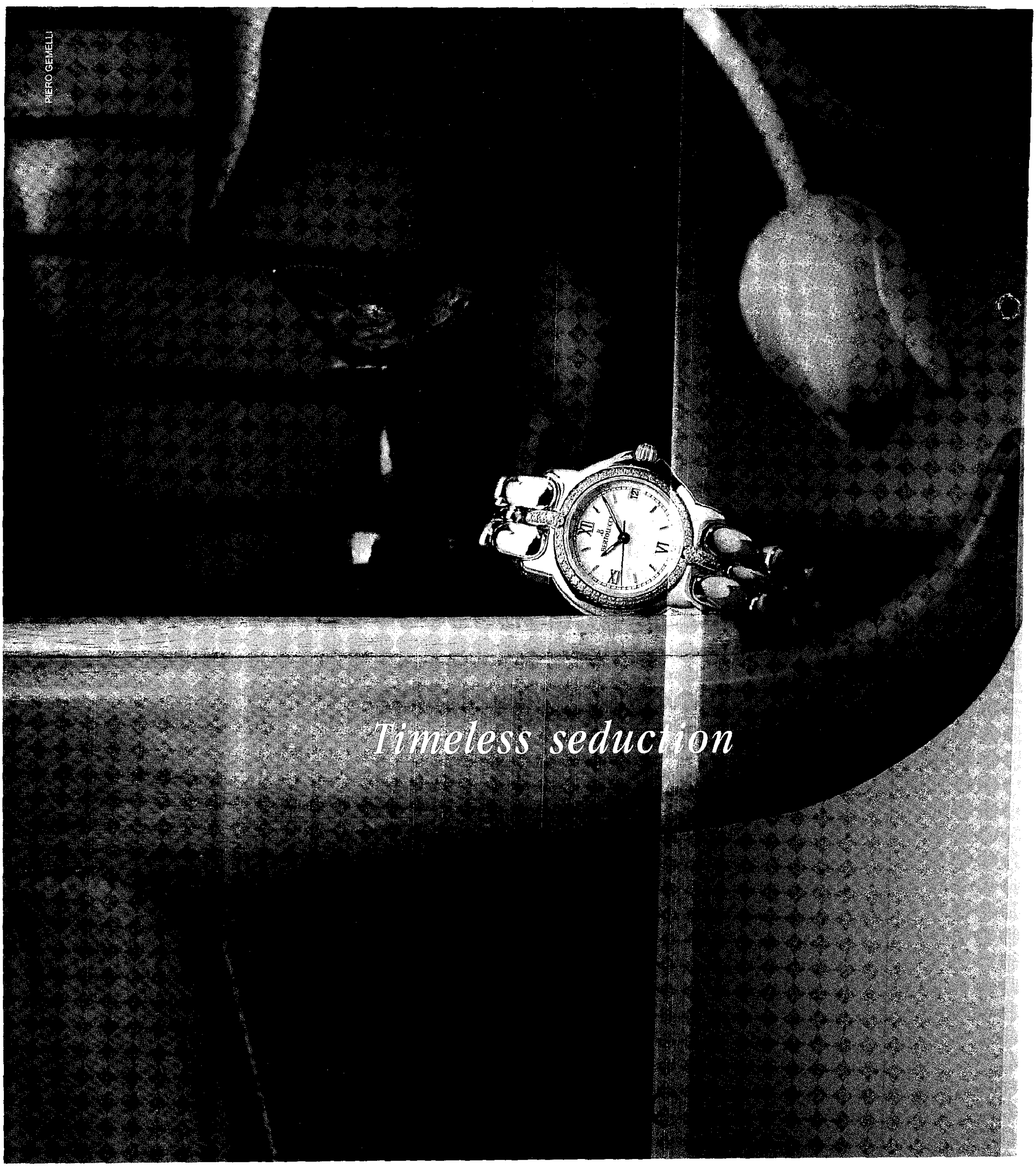
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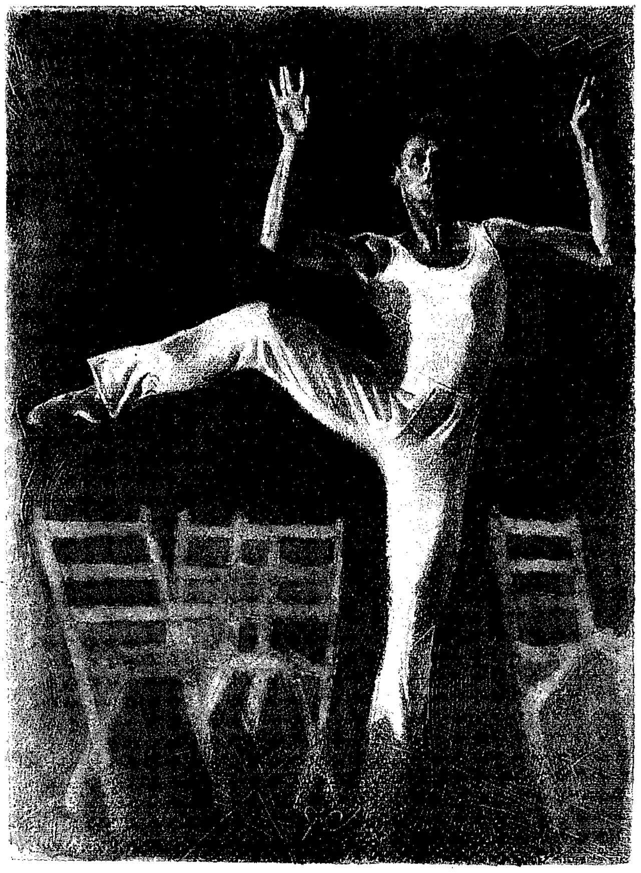
BEHIND WHITE OAKS

BY ARLENE CROCE

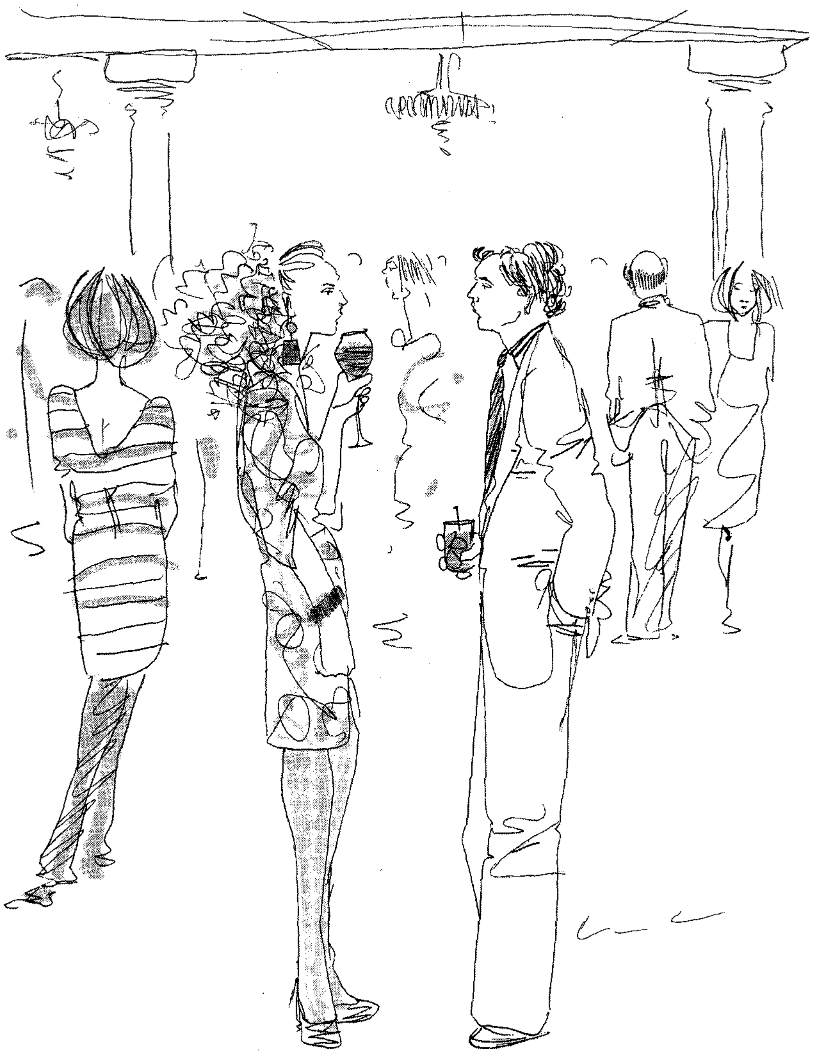
BALLET belongs to the young; only the greatest stars may hope to transcend the early death of the ballet body. And only the greatest are expected to; they're legends, after all—legends can't retire. And so, in one way or another, they stay before the public, trying not to look foolish beside their former selves, which may be called up at any moment on videocassette, a more threatening source of invidious comparison, even, than the image the audience holds in memory. Since ideological barriers crumbled in the seventies, aging ballet stars have sought an alternative outlet in the modern dance, but none have done so with the finesse of Mikhail Baryshnikov. The principal enabling factor has been versatility. Indeed, it was the young Baryshnikov's ability to handle anything that Ailey, Butler, Tetley, and especially Tharp threw at him that largely accounted for the decline in hostilities between ballet and modern dance. But Baryshnikov was also lucky to have come along at a moment when American modern dance could offer him a playground for his kind of technique. If Twyla Tharp hadn't been willing to open herself up to the challenge of ballet virtuosity and opera-house scale, all those other non-ballet or ballet-cum-modern roles of his would be simply long-lost experiments. With Tharp, Baryshnikov began transforming himself, becoming the American Baryshnikov. He joined Balanchine's company for a year or so, and by 1980, when he took over the direction of American Ballet Theatre, he was fully naturalized.



Mikhail Baryshnikov performing Merce Cunningham's "Signals," in the White Oak Dance Project's New York season.

Another piece of luck: the company Baryshnikov currently heads, the White Oak Dance Project, was founded by him in collaboration with Mark Morris, who was there to succeed Tharp as the ballet master of modern dance. Though the company is directed by a ballet star, its aesthetic reflects the modern-dance companies that most of its dancers come from: Morris's company and Tharp's and Lar Lubovitch's and Paul Taylor's. The main advantage to Baryshnikov, who is now forty-six, is that modern dancers start later and go on longer than ballet dancers, so he is able to surround himself with soloists of rank who are not kids. Apart from that, White Oak (named for the Florida estate of Baryshnikov's patron, where the company has its headquarters) is really an extension of Baryshnikov's Ballet Theatre, which depended for its premières not on European names but on the relatively unsubsidized American choreographers who, trying to keep their own companies afloat, were making interesting new dances. Outside of Balanchine and company, this was where the creative tradition in American dance lay.

White Oak presents itself modestly. Baryshnikov is listed as one of eight dancers, and his name leads all the rest only because the listing is alphabetical. Top billing is given to the choreographers whose work is on display. For the New York season (at the State Theatre), these names seemed to almost have been diplomatically selected: besides Tharp and Morris, they included Merce Cunningham, Hanya Holm, and Jerome Robbins—the left, the center, and the right of the American dance spectrum—and two newcomers, the American Kevin



"You say you love me, but I'm not on your speed dial."

O'Day and the German Joachim Schlömer. White Oak, the roster said, is nonpartisan; it is respectful of the establishment in all its facets and open to new ideas wherever they happen to crop up. Anthology companies are by nature conservative, and the idiomatic variety of American modern dance virtually presupposes small chance of artistic success. To the extent that White Oak succeeds in reconciling Merce Cunningham and Hanya Holm, it does right by neither. And yet if its revivals had been all Cunningham or all Holm they wouldn't have worked any better. The strong idiomatic content of Cunningham's "Signals" (1970) is something I daresay even Cunningham's current company couldn't recapture. A recent revival of "RainForest," a piece from the same period, looked like thin ballet. It was all too long ago, and everybody these days seems to have a ballet body, Mark Morris notwithstanding. Still, when White Oak makes a collective artistic impression it is usually because the dancers have been working directly with Morris (as in "Mosaic and United") or have some of his method in their blood, or else some of Tharp's method. White Oak's lineage doesn't really extend back beyond these two masters.

In Holm's "Jocose," the company was going back only to the eighties; it was one of the last pieces Holm choreographed before her death a year ago last fall at the age of ninety-nine. With a stylistic signature so faint and with choreographic juices drying up well before the piece ends, it was really up to the dancers—Nancy Colahan, Kate Johnson, Patricia Lent, Rob Besserer, and Kevin O'Day—to put it across. They did, but on the basis of personal authority, and not stylistic penetration. Substance was reduced to atmosphere. Since the atmosphere was that old standby amorous, the audience liked "Jocose" very much. And it went wild for Kevin O'Day's "Quartet for IV," a kind of "Jocose" for today. O'Day subtitled his piece "(and sometimes one, two or three . . .)"—exactly the theme of Holm's piece, which posits three women and two men. Unlike Holm, O'Day laid out his shifting combinations of number and gender without arch references to love's roundelay. His approach was strictly formal, never veering into anecdote, and, as strict form will, it told a fresh and interesting story about men and women. "Quartet for IV" was O'Day's début as a choreographer. A former Tharp dancer, he used her rotating pelvis and tallow legs to good effect in a solo for himself, but his solos for Johnson, Ruthlyn V. Salomons, and John Gardner, based on their characteristic movement, were equally good, and the choreography as a whole had a consistently novel thrust and tension.

I may have made the Holm piece sound quainter than it is. Actually, the most old-fashioned of the seven works presented was the one by Schlömer, "Behind White Lilies," a stolidly hieratic affair, in which dancers dressed in Egyptian sarongs trundled opacities on and off the stage for the duration of a string trio by Schoenberg. It was a bit of a shock to learn that Schlömer is the same age as O'Day, thirty-one—much too young to have absorbed so many clichés of the expressionistic era. "Behind White Lilies" (actual urns with bouquets were on the stage, a cliché of more recent vintage) was Baryshnikov's only out-and-out mistake as artistic director, but one could forgive it for the way the Schoenberg (Opus 45) was played. White Oak musical standards are high. One also heard Bach and Pergolesi, Ravel and Cowell, plus a new score, "White Man Sleeps," by Kevin Volans, and one heard it all played with distinction by a chamber ensemble led by Michael Boriskin. Ten years ago, even five years ago, this fact would not have been especially worth noting, but first-rate live musical performance at dance events has become a rarity. Jerome Robbins, who choreographed his piece to Bach cello music, may have been deliberately stressing White Oak's musicianship by having Baryshnikov sitting at the feet of the cellist, Wendy Sutter, when the curtain went up, and cartwheeling back toward her as it went down. And the musicians weren't for New York only; they'll go on the spring tour of Italy and the summer tour of the United States and Canada. I'm told that wherever White Oak appears across the country a portion of the audience arrives in black tie, even when the performance is in a gym. Baryshnikov and Morris started the company with no great ambitions in mind; Baryshnikov wanted something more than a vehicle, but at the same time he didn't want to be saddled—again—with the responsibility for other people's careers. White Oak dancers are people who, by and large, have already made their reputations, and some of them, like Rob Besserer and Kate Johnson, have followings almost as big, in their sphere, as Baryshnikov's. White Oak is a class act. There is a good nervous feeling of anticipation in the house, there is seriousness on the stage, there is civility in the air. I felt no urgency in anything the company did; its edge doesn't cut. But I did feel a strong sense of honor and, occasionally, the lash of passion. Cutting edges you can buy on Canal Street.

Baryshnikov as a dancer is in fine shape. Everyone knows he no longer does "Giselle" or "Apollo" or "Push Comes to Shove"; he communicates on an entirely different wavelength. I think that people who are just catching up to the movies "The Turning Point" and "White Nights" will have no trouble recognizing him; it's as if he'd just exchanged a tight military uniform for a slouchy sweater. On the White Oak programs in New York, he gave himself one group appearance and one solo spot every night. And though the week seemed to take a toll on his bad knee, he always came through.

In "Pergolesi," arranged for him by Twyla Tharp, he is supercasual—noodling, dawdling, goofing off—and then he explodes into a sextuple pirouette. Some of the movement may be improvised; a lot of it was surely based on improvisation, just as a lot of "Push Comes to Shove" was. And "Push" material is recycled in "Pergolesi": the "Swan Lake" hops in arabesque, the bits of mime ("I you marry"), the jokes about ballet versus normal behavior. Just when it gets a little too cozy and coquettish, he brings on an invisible partner (a reference, don't you suppose, to the solo's having origi-

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nally been a duet with Tharp). This recharges his batteries, and he's off on a new tangent. The abrupt switches in mood, the contrasting Mishas (diffident, then demoniacal) recall an early solo of his called "Vestris"; so does the eighteenth-century music. But mostly "Pergolesi" recalls the moment of Twyla and Misha, eighteen years ago.

Robbins' Bach suite is not nostalgic; it is all about Baryshnikov today. And it is deep-structure choreography, probing areas that only the most gifted dancing could clarify. The theme is dynamic relationships: a circle of turning hops will gradually diminish in scale but not in tempo; while the pulse still flickers, the step converts itself into large open swings of the leg. In a series of low leaps and beats in triple time, the dancer is asked to define minimum-contrast shapes clearly and fluently. In a saraband beginning with one foot decorously crossed over the other, he lifts and cantilevers his weight through the foot; the dance is almost a study in relevé. A particularly fine passage occurs when Bach sounds like a country fiddler and Baryshnikov responds by marching downstage and up a dozen times or more, each time embroidering his path with skips, with pirouettes, with turned-in knees, with robotlike rockings on his heels, and, of course, with every combination thereof.

Through all this, the balance of rigor and relaxation never ceases to fascinate. Likewise the mood of the solo: it is neither antic nor pedantic. Whom to thank for this miracle of equilibrium, the dancer or the choreographer? It is clear that Baryshnikov still contains, in himself, the arsenal of virtuosity. Having fired all his rockets, he dazzles us with slingshots and popguns. Robbins magnifies the achievement by never exaggerating it. He counts as much on Baryshnikov's skill, humor, and severity as he counts on his own, and in the end it's impossible to tell where he begins and Baryshnikov leaves off. The dancer has been brilliantly challenged, and the choreographer has challenged himself.

WHITE oaks from little acorns grow, and no matter how old dancers get they never grow far from the children they were when they first began to dance. A great dancer lets us see the child in him. That's what Baryshnikov does; and the child within was what I thought Dana Reitz and Sara Rudner were consciously trying to evoke in a joint concert given this month at The Kitchen. "Necessary Weather" was described in the program as "an inquiry into the climates of light and movement," but that conveys only the outward form of the concert, which had the benefit of a very suggestive and beautiful lighting plot by Jennifer Tipton. There was no music, but the lighting acted as a kind of music, now enclosing the dancers in space, now casting them adrift in an ambience of shadows. Through the maze of lightness and darkness one followed a dance or double dance of motifs woven by Reitz and Rudner. Wearing white silk shirts and trousers, they kept up this calligraphic flow of movement, arresting it briefly to lie or sit as if in meditation. To me, the flow suggested the spontaneous birth of the dance impulse and the relation of that impulse to the rhythms of the natural world. But there was much to wonder about; for example, the moment when Reitz held out a straw hat and it instantly became a bowl of light. What becomes of the child within when there is an actual child in the womb?

Reitz and Rudner are both dancers of middle years with a lot of experience in structured improvisation. Reitz and Tipton have been working together for some time, and my impression is that the terms of "Necessary Weather" were already set when Rudner came in. But Rudner adds more than her share of expertise to the collaboration. As she so often was to Twyla Tharp, she's the perfect counterweight to Dana Reitz, and she provides warmth as well as ballast. (With Tharp, she was a cooling agent.) Reitz is a tall, spare woman with an air of amused tolerance. She moves disinterestedly and a little disjointedly, as if she were herself the marionette whose strings she pulls. She has great magnetism as a dancer but next to no brio. Rudner has that, and also a center of gravity that couldn't equivocate if it tried. Wherever she is, she is positively there, in force. When she turns around her own axis, she takes the room with her. Because of Rudner's sturdiness, Reitz's detachment seemed more elegantly quizzical, and the evening had a richness beyond its white writing, its burning suns, and the journey it promised to take us on "along the edges of dream and real time." ◆

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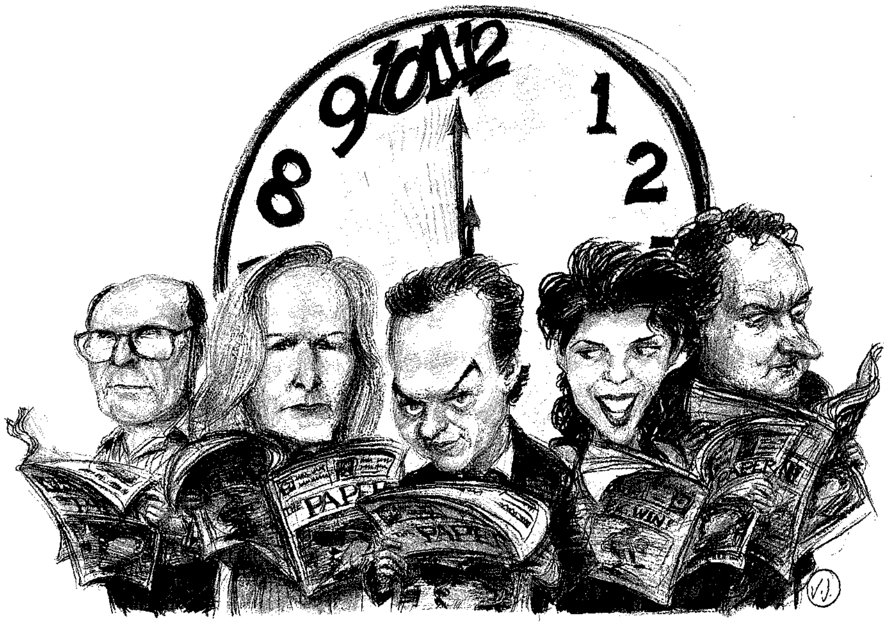
BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

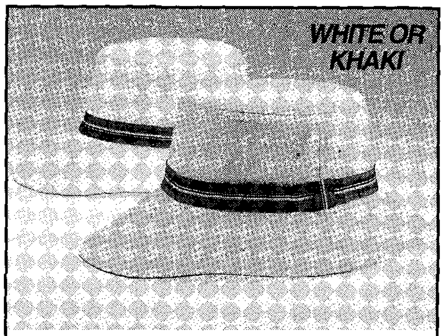


Robert Duvall, Glenn Close, Michael Keaton, Marisa Tomei, and Randy Quaid in "The Paper."

VICTOR JUHASZ

RON HOWARD'S "The Paper" is a game try at reviving a great Hollywood genre that seemed to have been laid to rest decades ago—the big-city-newspaper comedy. In the thirties, which were the heyday of the genre, newspapers were an important part of urban life, and the antsy, quick-witted reporter was an indispensable movie type, like the beefy Irish cop, or the spats-wearing, pencil-mustached (implicitly Mediterranean) gangster, or the fat politician with a cigar jammed in the corner of his mouth. The daily journalists in pictures like "Nothing Sacred" and "His Girl Friday" weren't necessarily high-minded crusaders for truth and justice: their appeal was simply that they were wise to every kind of civic chicanery and gleeful about exposing it. They were, in a way, ideal embodiments of populist glamour: they turned themselves—and the Depression-era audiences—on with the joy of annoying the rich and the powerful. It has been a long time since newspapers mattered so much in the day-to-day lives of beleaguered city dwellers, and perhaps even longer since the cynical, take-no-prisoners style of tabloid muckraking seemed the sexiest, most exciting work you could do without getting arrested. By the fifties, Hollywood preferred to set the mating dances of bright urban professionals in the sleeker environments of ad agencies and fashion magazines; and when the studios ventured back into the newsroom, it was usually for a sombre, noirish melodrama or a stern liberal message picture.

"The Paper," cannily, acknowledges that daily newspapers don't have anything like the power and the allure they once had. This movie's fictional New York *Sun* is competing against the *News*, the *Post*, and *Newsday* in a dwindling tabloid market, and its financial state is obviously pretty dire; the editors and the writers have the haggard, frantic look of an undermanned crew trying to save a sinking ship. Howard and the screenwriters, David and Stephen Koepp, use the *Sun's* plight to create one of those panicky farces in which everyday life is portrayed as a diabolically rigged obstacle course. The picture—which follows its hero, the Metro editor, Henry Hackett (Michael Keaton),



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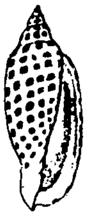

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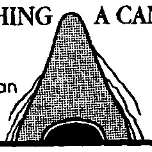

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through a single, absurdly gruelling day—gets most of its laughs by continually piling fresh difficulties on top of already impossible circumstances. The furious plot complications have the effect of confirming the it's-always-something consciousness of harried city folk, and this stressed-out fatalism gives "The Paper" an inexorable and oddly pleasing comic momentum.

Howard isn't an especially imaginative director; after the very funny "Splash" (1984), he settled into the lapel-grabbing mode of an A-list eighties filmmaker, shamelessly squeezing laughs and wringing tears out of audiences with slick, dumb, successful pictures like "Cocoon" (1985) and "Parenthood" (1989). But in a peculiar way his old-fashioned eagerness to please the crowd serves him well here. The chief danger of a genre-resuscitation project like "The Paper" is that the picture will slip into the precious, self-satisfied tone of a film-student homage. With Howard directing, there's no risk of academicism; he's interested only in what works—in keeping the ordinary viewer happy and absorbed. So in "The Paper" he goes for speed, punchy comic acting, and an over-all atmosphere of barely controlled chaos. What he ends up with doesn't adhere at all scrupulously to the classical newspaper-comedy form, but it sure does play.

For a while, anyway. The movie hits the ground running: Hackett wakes up, in his clothes, next to his hugely pregnant wife (Marisa Tomei), who, in the five frenzied minutes before he sprints out the door, warns him in ominous tones not to screw up his job interview at the *Sentinel* (a staid, prestigious nontabloid daily, which looks suspiciously like the *Times*). Having quickly established the immediate sources of private-life pressure on the hero, the movie deposits him in the hectic *Sun* offices, where his co-workers seem to be falling all over each other in their rush to dump professional problems in his lap. The paper has missed an important local crime story: its front page features a rather trivial City Hall scandal, while the *News* has full coverage of the overnight murder of two out-of-town businessmen, graced with the pungent headline "WELCOME TO NEW YORK—YOU'RE DEAD!" The paper's star columnist, McDougal (Randy Quaid), is asleep on Hackett's couch; he's afraid to go home, because he's convinced that a city commissioner he has been pillorying in print is out to kill him. The cranky editor-in-chief, Bernie White (Robert Duvall), is even more irascible than usual, because he has just discovered that he has prostate cancer. (At one moment of exasperation, he blurts out, for no particular reason, "Why do I have all these *columnists*?") And the managing editor, a chilly, dressed-for-success type named Alicia Clark (Glenn Close), makes life hell for everybody: she chews people out for spending too much money, and encourages them to cut corners, even if that means compromising the integrity of the paper's reporting. She's not just an unpleasant corporate scold; she's also a hypocrite, preaching austerity to the staff while privately angling for a substantial raise for herself.

Hackett and Alicia wind up at each other's throats over the *Sun's* coverage of the murder. Two poor black teen-agers have been arrested, and she wants to run a front-page picture of them, with the headline "GOTCHA!" Hackett, having stolen a tip from the *Sentinel* during his job interview, thinks that the kids are innocent; he wants to hold the front page until he can get a cop to go on the record doubting the validity of the arrest. Alicia will stop the presses only up to a certain point, and after that, truth be damned; she's concerned with the expense of paying the pressmen's overtime. The conflict between Hackett's slightly self-destructive integrity—snitching information from the *Sentinel* does sort of queer the big job opportunity—and Alicia's crass bottom-line philosophy is more than a little hokey, but Keaton's mercurial performance keeps his character from drowning in virtue. When Keaton is at his best, as he is throughout "The Paper," his mind appears to be working at warp speed, and with a berserk, reckless lucidity; the faster he throws out his comic ideas, the sharper they are. In this case, the great advantage of his Action-painting approach to creating a character is that it makes Hackett's journalistic heroism seem completely unpremeditated; his ethical principles bubble out of him spontaneously, just like all the other impulses that he simply doesn't have the time to suppress in the adrenaline-crazed course of his day.

Quaid, Tomei, Duvall, and Jason Alexander—who turns up, late in the picture, as the commissioner who hates McDougal—create lively, funny characters for Keaton to bounce off, and Howard lets the actors' energy drive the movie. If "The Paper" is finally a bit disappointing, it's perhaps because the filmmakers, knowing that the romantic aura of the thirties newspaper comedies is irrecoverably lost, don't fully trust the qualities that are left. Maybe it's no longer possible to treat tabloid reporters' activities as a highly charged, ultramodern form of erotic play, as "His Girl Friday" did. (Cary Grant pursued the big news story and his star female reporter with equally zealous opportunism, and both yielded.) But the newspaper world still has terrific potential for brisk, cynical, smart-mouthed comedy. Unfortunately, Howard and the Koepps aren't quite up to making a bracing, heartlessly clever farce about desperate people; they try to replace the missing romance with a different kind of emotional hook for the audience. Instead of sex, "The Paper" spices the genre formula with a variety of baby-boomer preoccupations: the miracle of birth, the mystery of death, and the burning question of whether one can "have it all."

As the picture approaches its frenetic conclusion, it becomes clear that the filmmakers could have used some lessons on the folly of trying to do too much. Duvall's character is burdened with a maudlin subplot about his attempt to repair his relationship with his grown daughter; he gets in touch with her but loses contact with the audience. Predictably, Hackett's wife must be rushed to the hospital at a particularly inopportune moment for her frazzled husband, and the movie, not satisfied with even this perilously high level of contrivance, jacks up the suspense by putting the baby's life in jeopardy. The shallow "What's it all about?" musings at the end of the picture are jarringly inappropriate in this genre, which should celebrate the joys of immediacy, throwaway wit, and the ability to plunge, head first and heedless, into the mess of city life. Still, "The Paper" is a more enjoyable movie than most, and it's probably unfair to expect a nineties newspaper picture to be any better than nineties newspapers. In the yuppie-wisdom pas-

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sages that clutter the second half of the picture, Howard may have found the perfect cinematic equivalent of the service features that crowd out the news in today's paper. You can almost read the column headings on the scenes: "Parent and Child," "Your Money," "Personal Health," "Life Style."

THE German documentary "The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl" (now playing at New York's Film Forum) is a profoundly unsettling three hours at the movies. At the beginning, a voice-over narration tells us that the movie intends to examine Riefenstahl's unique career "without preconception"—not an easy task, because her work has always been clouded by her reputation as "Hitler's favorite filmmaker." Riefenstahl, whom Pauline Kael once called "one of the dozen or so creative geniuses who have ever worked in the film medium," directed two undeniably brilliant movies, both of them tainted by the circumstances of their making: "Triumph of the Will" (1935), which records the 1934 Nazi Party Congress at Nuremberg, was commissioned by Hitler himself; "Olympia" (1938), a two-part documentary about the 1936 Olympics in Berlin, was officially commissioned by the International Olympic Committee but was largely—and lavishly—funded by the Third Reich's treasury. The filmmaker has always insisted that her movies were never meant to advance the political program of National Socialism—that she looked at the world with the pure, disinterested eye of an artist, and cared only about the noble task of giving vivid cinematic form to contemporary events. She's now ninety-one years old, and in full command of her faculties. And in "The Wonderful, Horrible Life" she holds up impressively under the on-camera interrogation of the film's director, Ray Müller; she sticks to her story.

If you believe her, she's one kind of monster; if you don't, she's another. Her version of her career makes her a tragic figure, an artist seduced into the service of evil by her blind, obsessive dedication to aesthetic principles. She was a victim, she maintains, of her naïveté and misplaced idealism, and has paid a heavy price for her errors: she hasn't made a film since the end of the war. She asserts that when she first met Hitler, in the early thirties, she had never heard of him. She thought his anti-Semitic rhetoric was just "electioneering"—nothing serious. For her, "Triumph of the Will" was about "peace" and "creating jobs," and to support that dubious interpretation she points out that Hitler's speeches in the film make no reference to his racial ideology; it doesn't occur to her that this omission undermines her claim to be a scrupulous recorder of history. At one point in "The Wonderful, Horrible Life," she tearfully evokes her disillusionment at the end of the war, when she confronted the evidence of the Holocaust; her "ideals," she says, were "shattered." It's difficult to feel much sympathy for someone whose "ideals" were flexible enough to have remained undisturbed by the virulent racism of Hitler's oratory, or by the invasions of Poland and Czechoslovakia, or by the Reich's instigation, for nakedly imperial purposes, of a war that devastated Europe, or by the mysterious, total disappearance of the Jews from German life.

In Primo Levi's final book, "The Drowned and the Saved," there's a section in which the author reprints letters he received from Germans after the publication in that country of his "Survival in Auschwitz" and discusses his replies to them. The only letter that made him truly angry, he writes, was from a couple who tried to argue that Hitler's anti-Semitism was "never popular" among Germans, and that his followers had been innocently duped by his "beautiful words." Levi doesn't let them get away with this transparent, self-serving fiction: "There's neither a page nor a speech of Hitler's in which hatred against the Jews is not reiterated to the point of obsession. It was not marginal to Nazism: it was its ideological center." Levi's succinct, furious reply to these revisionist correspondents might also serve as a response to Leni Riefenstahl's grotesque apologia for her life as a Nazi artist. Her beautiful images matched her leader's "beautiful words" with uncanny precision. And, as this strange, fascinating documentary reveals, the carefully composed story that she tells the world about herself has the same sort of worthless, destructive beauty—the inhuman perfection that the ideal shares with the merely unreal. ♦

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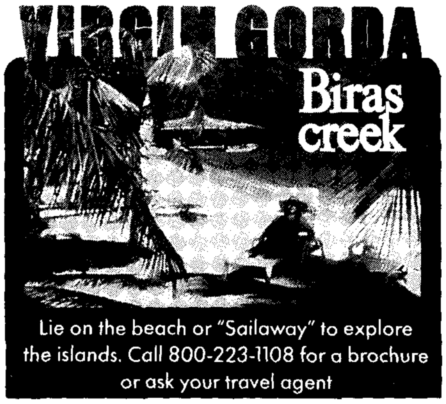

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BOOKS

BUILDING A BETTER HUMAN

BY JOHN SEABROOK

The Gene Wars
by Robert Cook-Deegan
(Norton; $25)

THE Human Genome Project is the United States government's adventure in the field of human genetics, and it may be the most expensive and elaborate marriage of public policy and human genes since Nazi Germany. Robert Cook-Deegan's book tells the story of how this occurred—how the Human Genome Project became the moon landing of our time. Whether the genome project should have happened is less the author's concern than how it happened, and that is both what's good about the book and what's wrong with it. Cook-Deegan is a physician and a specialist in human genetics who has spent the last seven years serving as an adviser to the Human Genome Project; in a sense, he works for the operation. His straightforward account of the technology, politics, and controversy surrounding the project is rich in detail and is accessible to nonscientists, but his point of view is absent from almost all of it.

Soon people may know what flawed genes they carry, but how will that knowledge be used?

IRVING GEIS/PHOTO RESEARCHERS

One consequence of the knowledge produced by the Human Genome Project and other genetic research is that within ten years many people will be able to have a good idea of the nature and time of their own deaths. In the last two years, tests for the genes that cause Huntington's disease and an inherited form of Alzheimer's have been developed, and people whose relatives have these diseases can now find out what their fate will be. Last year, scientists identified a gene that is present in one-third of the people who get a hereditary form of colon cancer; a test for that gene should be available soon. A research team in California is said to be on the verge of finding a similar gene for breast cancer. Genes that influence chronic heart, lung, and liver disease will probably also be identified soon.

What good will this knowledge do? This is a fundamental question that the project as a whole raises, and it is one that Cook-Deegan seems somewhat reluctant to tangle with. In the long run, scientists hope to use the new knowledge to cure genetic disorders, but there will be an unknown period of time—decades, perhaps—between the point at which we can identify flaws in the genetic code which cause disease and the point at which we will have the technology to repair them. People who know they carry a gene for colon cancer will be able to modify their diet, get tested regularly, and use new drugs, which will be one major commercial application of this knowledge. (The gene-screening tests themselves are another.) But other people will have little or no chance to do anything about their flawed genes; finding out their genetic profile will be like hearing their death sentence.

Parents will have access to the same knowledge about their unborn child's genetic profile, and they will have an option: if they don't like what they find out, they could decide to terminate the pregnancy and start over, with a new set of genes. Many parents now abort fetuses with genes for Huntington's and cystic fibrosis, but what do you do with the knowledge that your unborn child has a sixty-five-per-cent chance of contracting breast cancer in her forties, or a ninety-per-cent chance of developing

Alzheimer's in his fifties? Or that your child carries a gene for manic depression? Or a gene for obesity? In a recent survey, eleven per cent of the respondents said they would abort a fetus that carried an obesity gene.

Insurance companies will want to know who carries defective bits of code, and people who know they have genetic defects will want to buy a lot of insurance. One can imagine employers wanting to know about an employee's gene for early heart disease, and the military wanting to know about a recruit's gene for homosexuality, and voters wanting to know about a Presidential candidate's gene for manic depression. Since every human cell (hair, blood, fingernail parings) carries a complete set of a person's genes, genetic profiles won't be hard to come by. At the moment, there are no federal laws to protect genetic privacy. The environmental activist Jeremy Rifkin drafted a genetic-privacy bill that became H.R. 2405, introduced in 1991, which sought to insure all citizens the right to keep their genetic information private, but that bill died in the House.

According to Cook-Deegan, four per cent of the Human Genome Project's annual budget (a hundred and sixty-five million dollars this year) is devoted to studying ethical and privacy issues that the project raises, so at least people are thinking about these issues, but it is difficult to imagine that the level of ethical concern will ever rise high enough to match the hot attractiveness of the technology for finding genes, and of the knowledge itself. The chair of the main ethics panel is Nancy Wexler, whose mother and grandfather died of Huntington's disease, and who herself has a fifty-per-cent chance of carrying the gene. Cook-Deegan reports that before the Huntington's test existed Wexler had been confident she would want to know her destiny, but when the test finally became available she wasn't so sure, and she now declines to say whether she has the knowledge or not.

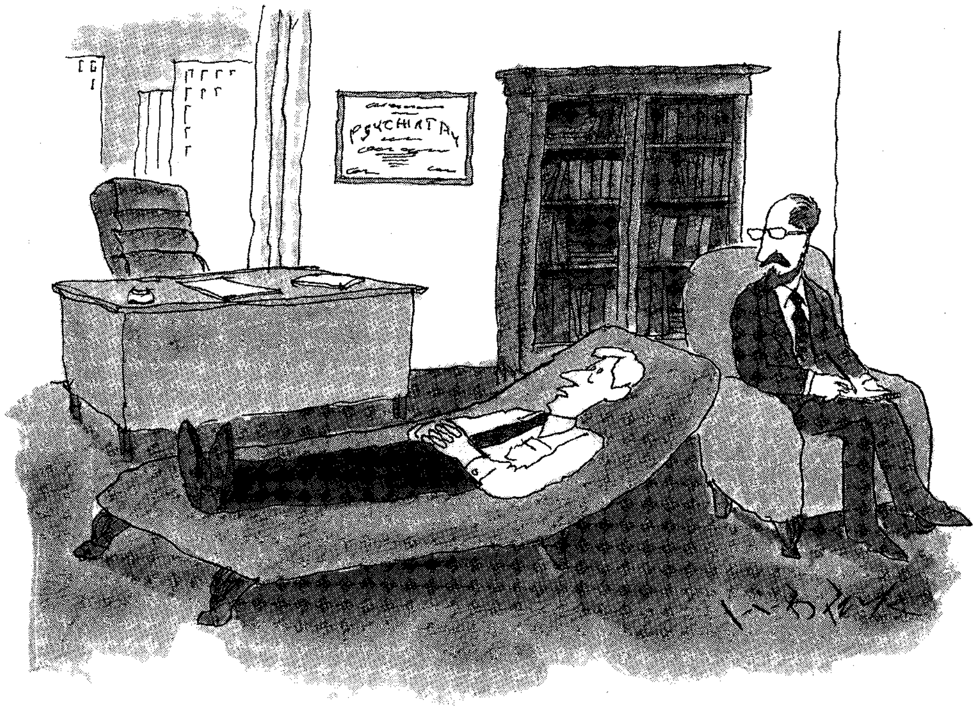
"THE human genome" is a term for all the information stored in a complete strand of human DNA, which is coiled inside all human cells, and which if straightened out would be six feet long. Human beings have between fifty thousand and a hundred thousand genes, but the genes themselves take up only about five to ten per cent of the genome. The rest of the genome is composed of long stretches of DNA, running between the genes, that scientists don't understand, and which they sometimes call "junk DNA." The genes and the junk are made of the same four chemicals, known as nucleotide bases: they are adenine, guanine, thymine, and cytosine, represented by the letters A, G, T, and C. Each human genome has six billion of these chemicals altogether, or three billion pairs; each pair constitutes one of those rungs in the twisted ladder you may remember from biology class. The sequence of these chemicals is the most important thing about DNA: the sequence is a code that contains a complete set of instructions for making and operating a human being. The code looks like this:

CGCGCGACTATAGAGCG
CGAGCGGCGTGAGCGAGA
CCAGTTCGCAATGACT
ACGGTGCCACGCAAGG
GTCGTGCCTGGCTCACG

and one person's code would take up enough space to fill about a hundred and twenty-five Manhattan telephone books. DNA may be the point at which people and computers ultimately converge: both, it turns out, operate digitally. (Bill Gates, the chairman of Microsoft, has spent twelve million dollars to build a gene-sequencing lab at the University of Washington.)

Every human being is encoded differently, but the differences are very slight. The difference between a human being and a chimpanzee is a one-per-cent change in the spelling of the chemicals. A human being and a mouse are two per cent different. The difference in spelling between human beings is a tiny fraction of one per cent, so small that you could theoretically use one individual's DNA to stand for the genome of all mankind. We carry bits of code for mice, ants, fish, plants, and all other living things within our code, which is what you'd expect if you believe in evolution, but which is nevertheless shocking to realize.

The long-range goal of the Human Genome Project is to decipher this code, but no one knows how long that will take. The short-term goal, which is supposed to cost three billion dollars and to be attained by the year 2005, is to determine the exact sequence of the six billion letters and record them all in a data base. The striking thing about gene sequencing is how banal it is: the technique is so simple in its basic form that high-school students now use it, and in the top labs the sequencing is done



"I had the dream about meaningful employment again last night."

almost entirely by machines. In a modern Frankenstein movie you would not have a basement lab full of wild electrical gadgetry; you'd have a white room filled with gene-sequencing machines, which are about the size of big photocopying machines, humming quietly and spitting out rows of As, Gs, Ts, and Cs.

The mechanical aspect of the Human Genome Project is something that many biologists object to: they say that just sequencing the genome, without trying to understand the function of the genes, is a waste of time and money. At the present rate of progress—three years into the project, two million pairs sequenced, about five hundred million dollars spent so far—Cook-Deegan estimates that the genome project will take hundreds of years and may cost hundreds of billions of dollars. (A tenfold improvement in sequencing technology every five years is built into the budget plan.) Some molecular biologists believe that we should first separate the junk from the genes, and just sequence the latter, which would be cheaper, but at the moment they are losing the argument to those who think we should sequence the whole genome first.

The Human Genome Project should be understood in the context of all other United States forays into what is known in Washington as Big Science. Like the space shuttle or the Manhattan Project, it is more a technological tour de force than experimental science in the traditional sense. Just as we decided to build an eight-billion-dollar supercollider in order to better understand particle physics (a project that was recently canned by the Clinton Administration), so we launch a three-billion-dollar sequencing project to understand genes. Whether a brute-force approach like that of the Human Genome Project will work with such an infinitely delicate problem as the function of human genes remains to be seen. Unlike the physical sciences, which have received hundreds of billions in research funds from the government, the life sciences have always relied on fieldwork, small teams of researchers, and human observation. The genome project represents a stark break with that tradition.

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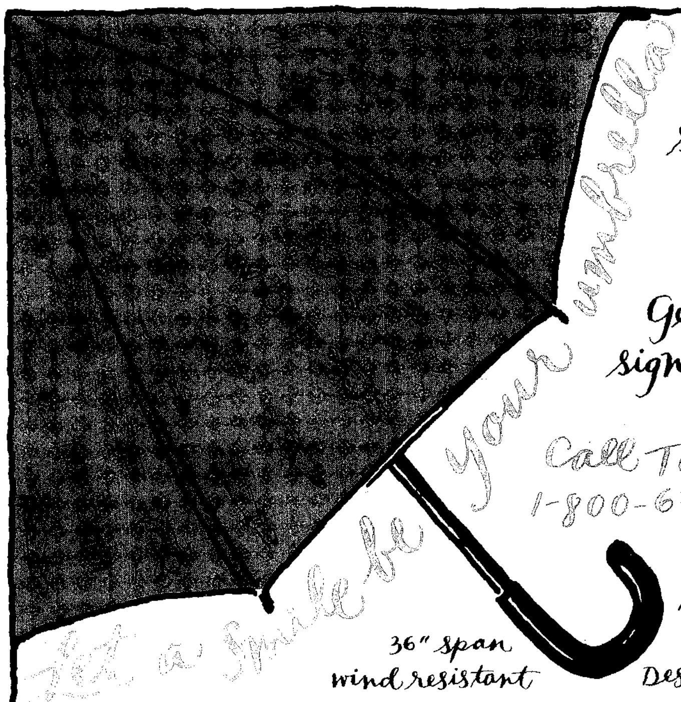
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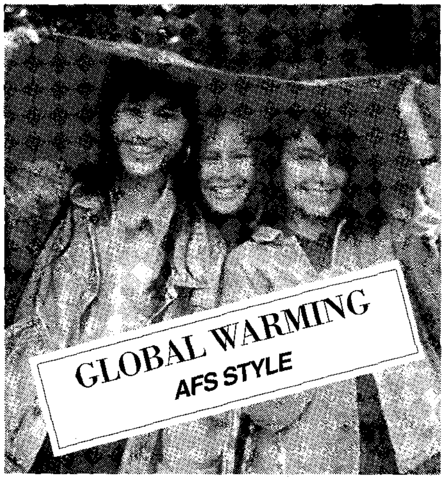

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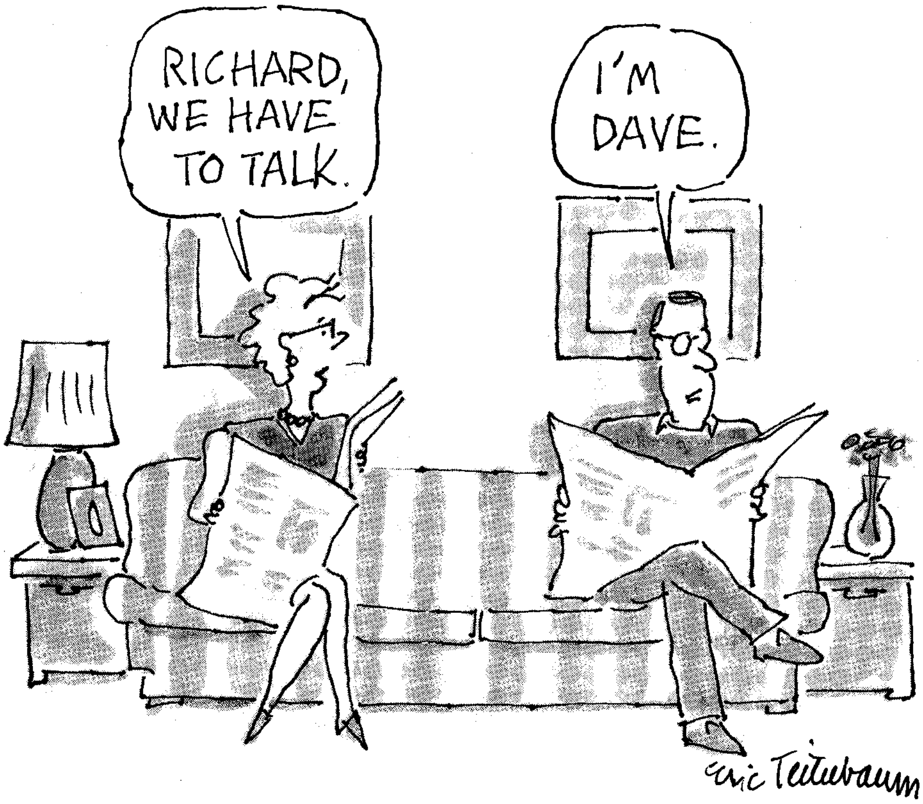
RICHARD, WE HAVE TO TALK.
I'M DAVE.
Eric Teitelbaum

• •

Genome Project possible. These are a simple set of tools that are collectively known as recombinant DNA and were developed mostly in the mid-seventies and early eighties. The three most important tools are restriction enzymes, which cut DNA at predictable spots in the sequence; polymerases, which paste the fragments back together; and polymerase chain reaction (PCR), a way of making millions of copies of the fragments, which Michael Crichton used as a premise for cloning dinosaurs in his novel "Jurassic Park." In the mid-eighties, new, super-fast gene-sequencing machines began to appear on the market, and they made the sequencing of the entire human genome theoretically possible. Once all these tools were available, it was inevitable that some molecular biologists, like Walter Gilbert, of Harvard, and Leroy Hood, of the University of Washington, would begin looking for ways to use the new techniques on the human genome—that's where the glory and the funds were. Sequencing the entire human genome might not be the best way, or even a good way, to understand how genes work, but it is an excellent way to direct a large amount of federal funds into the science of molecular biology.

The first serious discussion of sequencing the human genome occurred in the spring of 1985, when Robert Sinsheimer, of the University of California, got a group of scientists together to talk about it. That fall Charles DeLisi, a director with the Department of Energy, had the same idea. D.O.E. appropriations for bomb testing and cyclotron building were beginning to be threatened by the trend toward disarmament, and the agency was casting around for a new focus. The D.O.E. had been conducting long-term research into the effect of the nuclear weapons used at Hiroshima and Nagasaki on the DNA of the survivors: from a technical and bureaucratic point of view, the transition from splitting atoms to sequencing genes made sense. However, when James Wyngaarden, then the director of the National Institutes of Health, heard about D.O.E. interest in the genome project, in the spring of 1986, he said it was "like the National Bureau of Standards proposing to build the B-2 bomber." The N.I.H. considered itself the agency responsible for biomedical research, and saw the D.O.E. initiative as an attempt to poach on its turf.

Two years of congressional hearings and special commissions followed, in an effort to sort out which agency ought to be in charge of the project. Cook-Deegan served as a director on one of these commissions, and he reports the interagency wrangling in great detail. There is a good moment as Leroy Hood, leaving a committee room in 1987, asks, "Is that it? Do we get the money?" When a scientist named Norman Anderson, testifying on behalf of the D.O.E.'s genome effort before Senator Pete Domenici, says, "The man who first proposes to do the genome project in the United States Congress is in history," Cook-Deegan comments dryly, "It was a good way to get the senator's attention." In the end, however, N.I.H. outmaneuvered D.O.E. by recruiting James D. Watson, the co-discoverer (with Francis H. C. Crick) of the double-helix structure of DNA, to head the N.I.H.'s genome effort. "Although his direct authority extended only over the N.I.H. program, the scope of Watson's informal influence was far vaster," Cook-Deegan writes. "By appointing Watson, Wyngaarden made N.I.H. the center of power in genome politics and harnessed one of the dominant talents in molecular biology."

Watson, pale and blotchy, his head partly covered with white fuzz, is the most compelling character in "The Gene Wars," and with a little more fancy on Cook-Deegan's part he might have come across as a tragic figure: a flawed human being with noble goals who finds himself in circumstances that cause his downfall. Watson's career as a scientist has been distinguished by an odd combination of deep, pure curiosity and almost childish willfulness, and, while these qualities may be useful in the pursuit of knowledge, they aren't so useful in running a large, complex organization like the Human Genome Project. And the Human Genome Project is an especially difficult organization to run, because it is, on the one hand, a public-spirited venture devoted to relieving human misery and, on the other, a classic example of "technology transfer"; it was up to Watson to serve both constituencies. The bad end to which Watson came is a measure of how irreconcilable the two cultures are.

Technology transfer, a phrase that was popular in the Reagan-Bush years, means the transfer of the ownership of inventions created with government research grants from the public to the private sector, in order to create jobs and wealth. In the nineteen-eighties, several important pieces of legislation made it possible for universities and corporations to own patents on inventions that had been developed with federal money. At the same time, the government offered tax breaks to corporations that invested in those federally funded research projects. These policies helped to create the biotechnology industry, and made the health sector the engine of growth that it was throughout the decade (drug companies took in sixty-seven billion dollars in 1990), but they also meant that in some cases the public was paying for medicine twice—once in the form of taxes, to develop it, and the second time in the form of medical bills, to buy it back from a private company that the government had transferred the patent rights to. Cook-Deegan coins the term "the research-industrial complex" to describe the monolithic combine of biomedical researchers, drug companies, and the government which these policies created, and he compares it with the military-industrial complex that emerged in the late fifties. The Human Genome Project is at the very heart of the research-industrial complex.

Watson's interest was clearly more in pure science than in the commercial potential of the project. He wanted it to be a worldwide coöperative effort that would create a free data base the whole world could use. This, however, was not what some people in the United States government had in mind. In June of 1991, Watson's vision collided with the Bush Administration's decision to seek patents on gene sequences that the project was beginning to turn up. Watson publicly called the patent applications "sheer lunacy," arguing that the Human Genome Project would become a land grab, with the different nations rushing to patent different segments of the genome. He also said that "virtually any monkey" could have uncovered the gene fragments with a gene-sequencing machine. (What outraged many people about the government's patent applications was that the scientists who were cranking out the sequences did not understand the function of the genes.) The Bush Administration argued that if the United States didn't try to patent the genes the Japanese might, or that the gene sequences would enter the public domain and no one would be able to patent them.

Bernadine Healy, who was the director of the N.I.H. at the time, had little choice but to support the Administration's policy, and as Watson's boss it was her responsibility to get him to go along with it, too, or at least to stop him from criticizing it in the press. Cook-Deegan recounts an earlier contretemps between Watson and Healy to set the stage for their final conflict. When Healy was deputy director in the Office of Science and Technology Policy, Watson, in response to a policy he didn't like, told the press, "The person in charge of biology is either a woman or unimportant"—a remark that Healy called "an offense to both men and women," and about which Watson later said, "Anyone who heard me would know I meant it as a slap at the Reagan Administration, not at Bernadine." Their disagreement over gene patenting was augmented by this previous encounter. "On policy grounds, the fight was avoidable, but for the main characters there seemed no way out," Cook-Deegan writes. "Healy's gaze fixed on the commercial promise of genome research and the increasingly strong mandate to N.I.H. from Congress and the Administration to make science into technology and economic power." Watson faxed his resignation to Healy in April of 1992, saying (in the Washington *Post*), "I have a fine reputation, and they are trying to soil it when I've worked very hard for three and a half years on behalf of the country. I would say this is the lowest moment of my life—to work so hard and to be treated so badly."

Watson was partly vindicated in August of 1993, when the Patent Office rejected the first batch of applications for patents on gene fragments, on the ground that a patentable invention has to be useful, and the genome-project scientists did not know what the genes did. Last month, the N.I.H. decided to abandon entirely its pursuit of patents on the gene fragments.

IT is hard to escape the feeling while reading this book that we are returning to a culture of genetic determinism much like the one prevalent in this country and in Europe in the first few decades of this century. Looking for genes that influence the more than four thousand genetically linked diseases has

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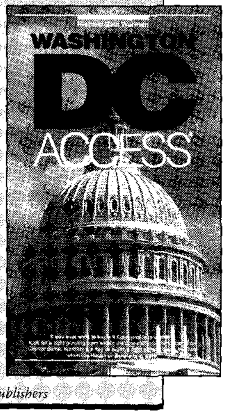

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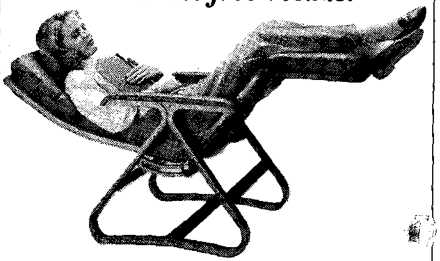
become one of the most exciting pursuits in all the sciences; it has the panache that particle physics had in the forties, when we were first trying to split the atom. A scientist who finds a gene is assured fame, fortune (if he wants it), and a secure place in the biomedical-research establishment. James Gusella, who led the team that found the gene for Huntington's disease, and Francis Collins, who helped find the gene for cystic fibrosis and has succeeded Watson as the director of the Human Genome Project, are just two examples of scientists who have built glorious careers on genes.

The trouble is that once you start down the road of genetic determination it becomes difficult to stop yourself from explaining human behavior in terms of genes. That has already begun to happen in this country: in 1990, a research group in California announced it had found a gene for alcoholism, and in 1992 another team announced it had located a gene for homosexuality. Some other scientists were quick to condemn these findings as based on faulty and hasty research, but the "discoveries" were no surprise, given the extraordinary rewards that await the finders of new genes. How long will it be before we hear that someone has found a gene for athletic ability, or for intelligence? Cook-Deegan quotes Evelyn Fox Keller, a historian of genetics at Berkeley, on this subject:

> The concept of genetic disease, enthusiastically appropriated by the medical sciences for complex institutional and economic reasons, represents an expansion of molecular biology far beyond its technical successes. . . .Today we are being told—and judging from media accounts, we are apparently coming to believe—that what makes us human is our genes. Indeed, the very notion of "culture" as distinct from "biology" seems to have vanished.

The reason eugenics turned out badly the first time around is not that the idea of designing better people is inherently evil but that the wrong people got to define what "better" was. The science was converted into an ideology that nonscientists could use to justify their dislike of minorities, criminals, the poor, and "the feebleminded." The challenge for the Human Genome Project is to prevent this from happening again. One group that is trying to do so is the Committee on Assessing Genetic Risks, a government organization whose mission is to establish guidelines for genetic counselling. In an article by Cook-Deegan published last month in *The Sciences*, he quotes a few of their recommendations: "A goal of reducing the incidence of genetic conditions is not acceptable, since this aim is explicitly eugenic. Also, professionals should not harbor implicitly eugenic goals of preventing births or otherwise influencing reproductive or other decisions." The distinction appears to be that a eugenicist makes decisions about genes on the basis of whether or not they are socially desirable, whereas a geneticist simply tries to identify what the gene does, although in "The Gene Wars" Cook-Deegan doesn't offer the reader much help with this difficult question—so crucial to everything the book implies—of where genetics ends and eugenics begins. Clearly, parents aren't going to be content just knowing that their unborn child carries a gene for breast cancer: as soon as they know it, they'll want to fix it, and fixing it, in the short run, will mean aborting the fetuses that have the gene, so that in several generations there could be far fewer genes for breast cancer in the gene pool. And even if we do resist these eugenic impulses in the United States, other countries may not. Last December, China announced that it would begin sterilizing some people and forcing others to have abortions in order to "avoid new births of inferior quality and heighten the standards."

At the very end of "The Gene Wars," Cook-Deegan offers a cautious endorsement of the Human Genome Project: "If it can preserve its noble aims and promote social policies to thwart the demonstrably destructive power of genetic information, the genome project can build a permanent monument of new knowledge—a solid structure of great beauty but also immense practical significance. Understanding ourselves better can benefit everyone." Actually, I would have accepted this last sentence as true on principle if I had read it at the beginning of the book, but coming to it at the end I wasn't sure I believed it. ♦



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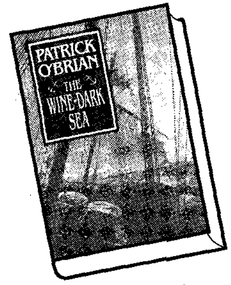

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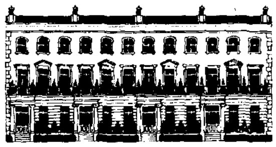

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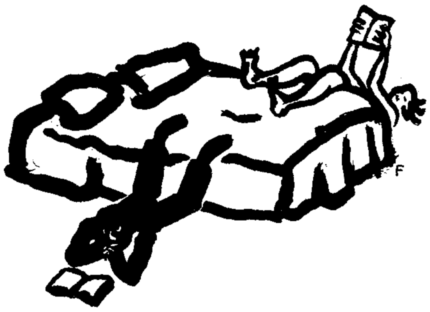


BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Air & Fire

by Rupert Thomson

(Knopf; $23)

SANTA SOFÍA, the setting of this absorbing novel, is a nineteenth-century Mexican mining town populated by impoverished Indians, eccentric Mexicans, and wealthy colonial French: a tinderbox ready to ignite. The spark appears in the form of Suzanne, a young Frenchwoman, and her husband, Théo, an engineer who has come to build the community's first church. As Théo becomes increasingly engrossed in his work, and increasingly identified—as the employer of Indian laborers—with the colonial mission, Suzanne slowly awakens to the colonial dynamic between her and her husband: a passionate woman married to a cerebral older man, she has long been the passive target of civilizing forces. Innocently nurturing her rebellion is Wilson Pharaoh, the novel's real subject and its greatest character. Pharaoh is a penniless prospecting American whose resolutely platonic and silent love for Suzanne parallels his feelings for gold, "the *idea* of it . . . the looking for it." His harrowing stories about a life spent looking would make a compelling novel by themselves. More than anything else, it is the prose in which Thomson evokes Pharaoh's mental life that, with the concentration of a magnifying glass, kindles this novel's fire.

Heart Conditions

by Sara Lewis

(Harcourt Brace; $21.95)

WHEN Alice Hammond discovers she's pregnant, she has just been ditched by her newly successful actor boyfriend, who calls her on the phone to announce that he's having an affair with someone else. "Now, don't tell me you haven't known for months," he says. "Please. I couldn't stand that." The author has an unerring ear for the subtle verbal humiliations we use against those we can afford to take for granted—and, in this funny and assured first novel, a lot of people take Alice for granted. Her caustic grandmother is becoming increasingly demanding because of a heart condition; her bosses at the publishing company continue to load her up with late-Friday-afternoon xeroxing that's not in her job description. At thirty-three, Alice finds herself with no money, few friends, dead parents, and a small circle of relatives who choose to remain steadfastly ignorant of her virtues. Nevertheless, sitting in the abortion clinic, thinking about her mother, she decides to have the baby after all. Lewis is such an immediate writer that we become immersed in the minutiae of Alice's daily travails (When will she stop throwing up? Will her grandmother ever learn to say thank you?) as the course of her life is gradually, profoundly altered. This journey of quiet surprises is one that we come to care about a great deal.

GENERAL

Time and Chance: Gerald Ford's Appointment with History

by James Cannon

(HarperCollins; $25)

THIS study of a former President offers a persuasive portrait of an able, experienced man whose personality remained so innocent that he was not prepared to recognize nastiness (or evil) when he was confronted by Watergate. The book begins its close scrutiny with the burglary of Democratic National Committee headquarters during Nixon's 1972 reëlection campaign, and tells what happened afterward from two points of view: that of the participants in the coverup, struggling to evade detection and punishment, and that of a loyal supporter forced to stand by while the government ceased to function. Cannon recalls the political turmoil when Vice-President Agnew resigned and the temporary reassurance when Ford, still trusting Nixon—whom he had known since 1949—was chosen to replace Agnew, in December of 1973. In the months before Ford's assumption of the Presidency, in August of 1974, his faith in Nixon gradually eroded, but he pardoned his guilty predecessor, Cannon explains, because he wanted the distracted, divided nation to forget the scandal and concentrate on its real problems. This miscalculation, which may have cost Ford the 1976 election, demonstrates how a man's good nature can prove his undoing.

FROM OUR PAGES

(*All or part of these recently published books originally appeared in The New Yorker.*)

The Heart That Bleeds: Latin America Now

by Alma Guillermoprieto

(Knopf; $24)

Sandcastles: The Arabs in Search of the Modern World

by Milton Viorst

(Knopf; $25)

Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil

by John Berendt

(Random House; $23)

TWO stories make up this book: the detailed account of a 1981 murder case involving Jim Williams, a prominent citizen of Savannah, and Danny Hansford, a young hustler who died in the study of Williams's antique-laden mansion; and a quirky travelogue devoted to the history, architecture, and citizenry of Savannah, where Berendt lived off and on during the nineteen-eighties. Although the twin narratives are not always seamlessly joined, and the prose suffers occasionally from overripeness, there is plenty of local color here to keep the reader up at night. An inscrutable voodoo practitioner, a bubba-boosting defense attorney, and a cadging piano-bar owner are memorable, but it is in the chapters given over to Chablis, a tough, sassy transvestite performer, that Berendt transforms his book from an amusing document into a work of art. Summing up her burgeoning stage career, Chablis tells the author, "The South is one big drag show, honey, and they all know The Lady. They all know The Doll." Thanks to Berendt, the rest of the country can now know her, too. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

ADVENTURES IN EXPERIMENTATION

BY LARRY DOYLE

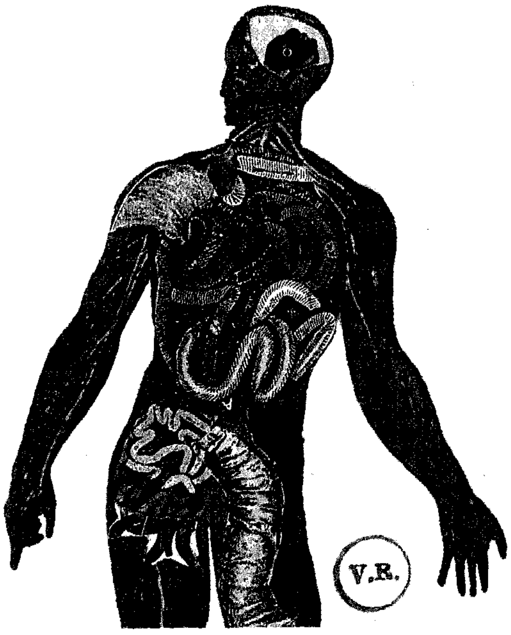
> A scientist has set off an international furor by suggesting that it might soon be feasible to transplant ovaries from aborted fetuses into infertile women who do not make viable eggs of their own. Dr. Roger Gosden, a researcher at Edinburgh University, said . . . he already has accomplished this in mice.
>
> "If you take a more adventuresome and experimentalist approach . . . you have a chance to see if it does more harm than good," said Dr. John Fletcher, an ethicist at the University of Virginia. —*The Times.*

MUCH of what I know about human anatomy I owe to Brenda King, and, before her, to Leonardo da Vinci. It was Brenda who, in the eighth grade, allowed me to run my finger along the entire length of her appendectomy scar, and it was da Vinci whose sixteenth-century dissections of corpses at the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova in Florence laid the groundwork for modern science's triumphant experimental subject: the Visible Man.

The Visible Man, with its transparent "skin," durable hand-painted organs, and raw-pink plastic guts, taught me more about physiology than four years at any stupid medical school would have. Many were the happy hours I hunkered down in my bedroom laboratory, rapturously disassembling my Visible Men and putting them back together again, remaking them into startling new bioconfigurations: the four-armed dual-cardiac Visible Man with double pumping action; the all-liver-and-kidneys Visible Man, theoretically capable of drinking his weight every forty minutes; the gutless Visible Man with secret storage compartment for steelies, clearies, and cat's-eyes. Who knows what I might have accomplished if Pete Maguire's brother hadn't gotten a whole mess of M-80s on a trip to Indiana that summer?

Just as my parents and teachers were shocked and frightened by my notebook sketches, so too were da Vinci's contemporaries disturbed by his dismantling of dead Florentines. He was called a ghoul by citizens without the foresight to see the rewards that his anatomical studies would reap—not just Visible Man but the Operation and Twister board games, and "Fantastic Voyage." As a freelance experimentalist, I must persevere, then, despite rejection from the medical establishment and the lack of federal funding; I must publish my work, wherever I can, in hopes of generating badly needed funds for some fresh tools:

EXPERIMENT 107: Grafting the hands of a capuchin monkey onto a Labrador retriever, I created a dog that can not only throw a tennis ball sixty yards while playing fetch with itself, but also scratch the back of its master, a task that many outdoor dogs long to do but, sadly, cannot. (Originally published in *Puppy Master*, April, 1991.)



EXPERIMENT 113B: Using a gene-splicing technique featured on "Nova," I incorporated genetic material from a Dow Scrubbing Bubble into a purr-free feline zygote, producing a Siamese cat with a less neurotic disposition and claws that extrude rug-and-furniture shampoo. (*Industrial Pet*, Winter, 1992.)

EXPERIMENT 235F: By sewing live white mice directly onto the heads of male American bald eagles, I hoped to cosmetically augment their thinning pates and thus increase the breeding success of this species. Unfortunately, the subjects were brutally attacked by their mates—out of jealousy, I hypothesize. (*Annals of Mice*, March, 1993.)

EXPERIMENT 482: Just last Friday, we xenotransplanted one hundred and fifty hummingbird hearts into a sixty-eight-year-old man suffering from congestive heart failure. I theorized that if the man's body rejected one or even several of the hearts there would still be dozens left to do the job. However, the operation proved more complicated than anticipated, taking nearly an hour and necessitating a side trip to the drugstore for more thread. As the last stitch was put in place, the man jumped off the kitchen table, ran one hundred metres in 8.64 seconds, and expired. Based on these results, I have decided to use artichoke hearts next time. (*Reader's Digest*, under review.)

I am currently seeking volunteers for two experiments: 486— "Transgrafting Eyebrows to Outer Ear in Human Subject"; and 487— "Box Turtles Surgically Installed in Human Large Intestine." In the former case, the goal is to create natural, renewable earmuffs; in the latter, the hope is it will make a nice home for turtles. ♦

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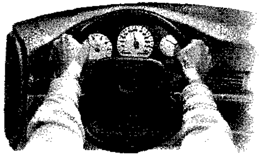

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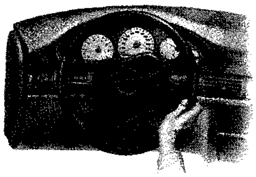

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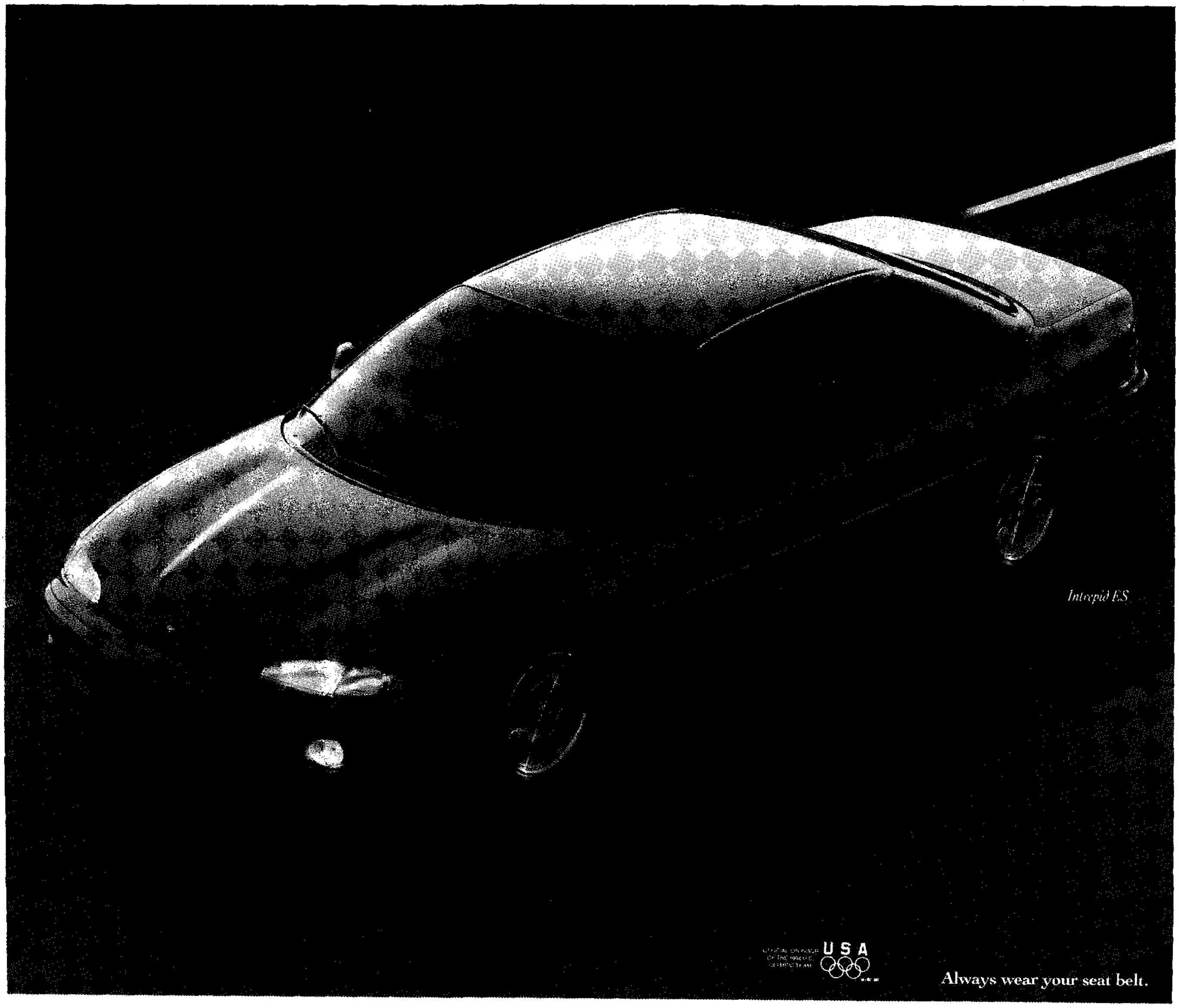

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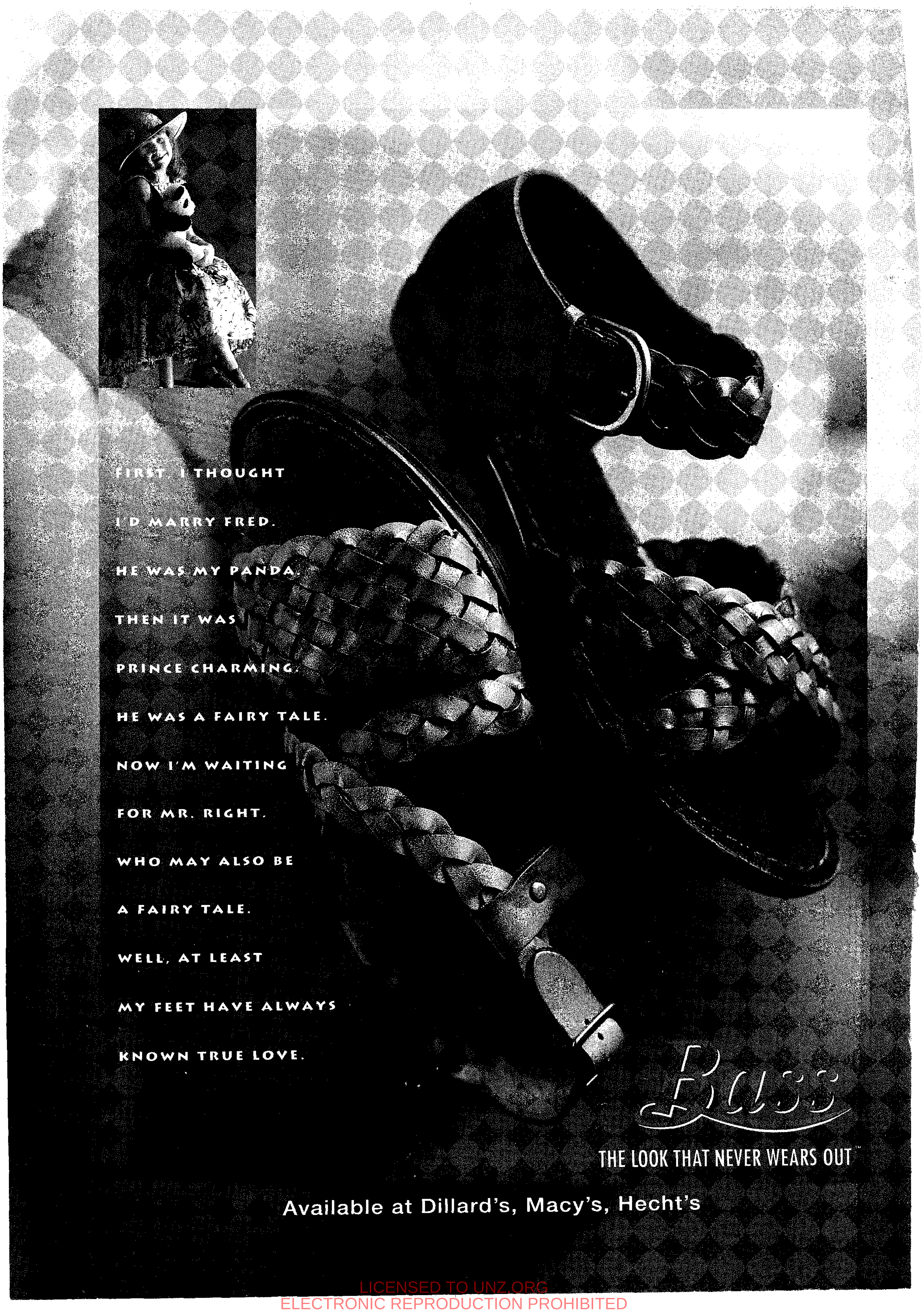

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